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"DECIES REPETITA PLACEBIT."

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PICTURESQUE  
RHODE ISLAND.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

OF THE SCENERY AND HISTORY OF ITS CITIES, TOWNS AND HAM-  
LETS, AND OF MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEM FAMOUS.

BY

WILFRED H. MUNRO.

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PROVIDENCE: J. A. & R. A. REID, PUBLISHERS.  
1881.

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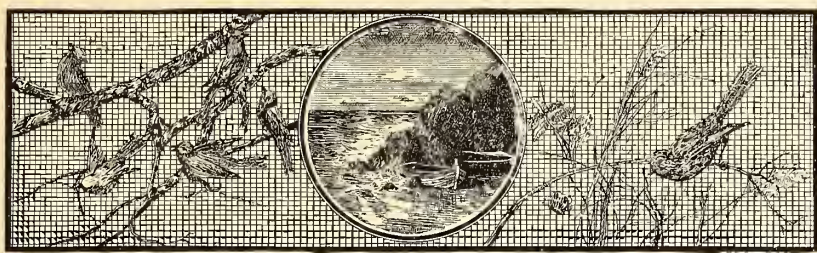
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## PREFACE.

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“DECIES REPETITA PLACEBIT.” — Though ten times repeated, the story of the earlier and later days of the towns and cities of his native state will always be pleasing to every true-hearted American. PICTURESQUE RHODE ISLAND is not meant to be a history of the “State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations;” the extended and comprehensive work of Mr. Samuel G. Arnold, and the admirable little volume of Professor Greene, render further labors in the Rhode Island historical field unnecessary at the present time. Its object is to give in concise and simple form a picturesque account of the origin and growth of the several towns of the State, and to note the prominent features they now present to the eyes of those who look upon them. To accomplish this object both pen and pencil have been employed. Brief sketches of the careers of men whose lives have been unusually noteworthy have been given, and many particulars, which, though interesting in themselves, would possibly be crowded by stern necessity from the chapters of a purely historical work, have found a place in its pages.

As is almost always the case where a preface is written before all the pages that are to follow it have been placed in the hands of the

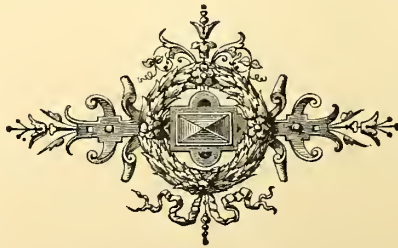


printer, it has become necessary to make a few additions to the "fore-words" put forth some four months ago, in the preceding paragraph.

Before the first half of this book had been placed in type it had become plainly evident that if I adhered to the plan previously marked out it would be quite impossible to complete the work in time for its publication for the summer season. Unexpected events had made such an inroad upon my time that assistance became absolutely necessary. The pen of Mr. Robert Grieve, of Providence, was therefore placed at my disposal. To Mr. Grieve must be given most of the credit for the articles upon Pawtucket, North Providence and Lincoln, the two Smithfields, Johnston, Cranston, Scituate, Foster, Coventry, Exeter, Hopkinton and Jamestown; and for the notes upon the commerce and the manufactures of Providence and of Warwick. The sketches of Woonsocket, Burrillville, Gloucester, East and West Greenwich, Westerly, Charlestown, Richmond and New Shoreham, and most of the historical portion of the article upon Providence are from the careful hand of Miss Ellen R. Luther, of Bristol.

WILFRED H. MUNRO.

BRISTOL, R. I., June 15, 1881.





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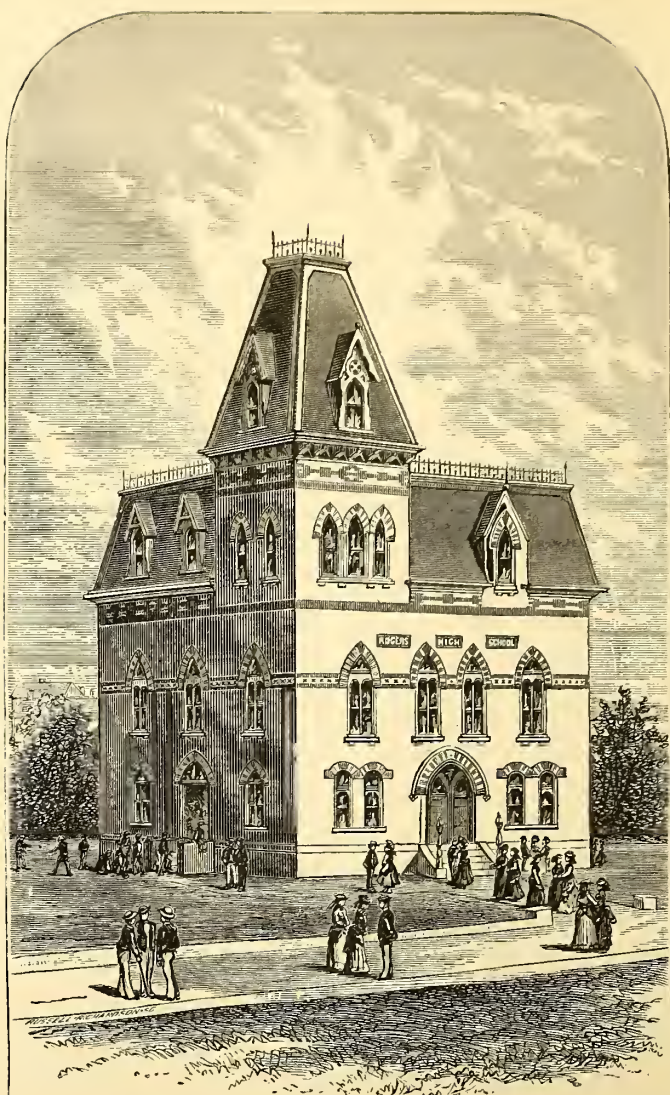
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The Rogers High School, Newport.





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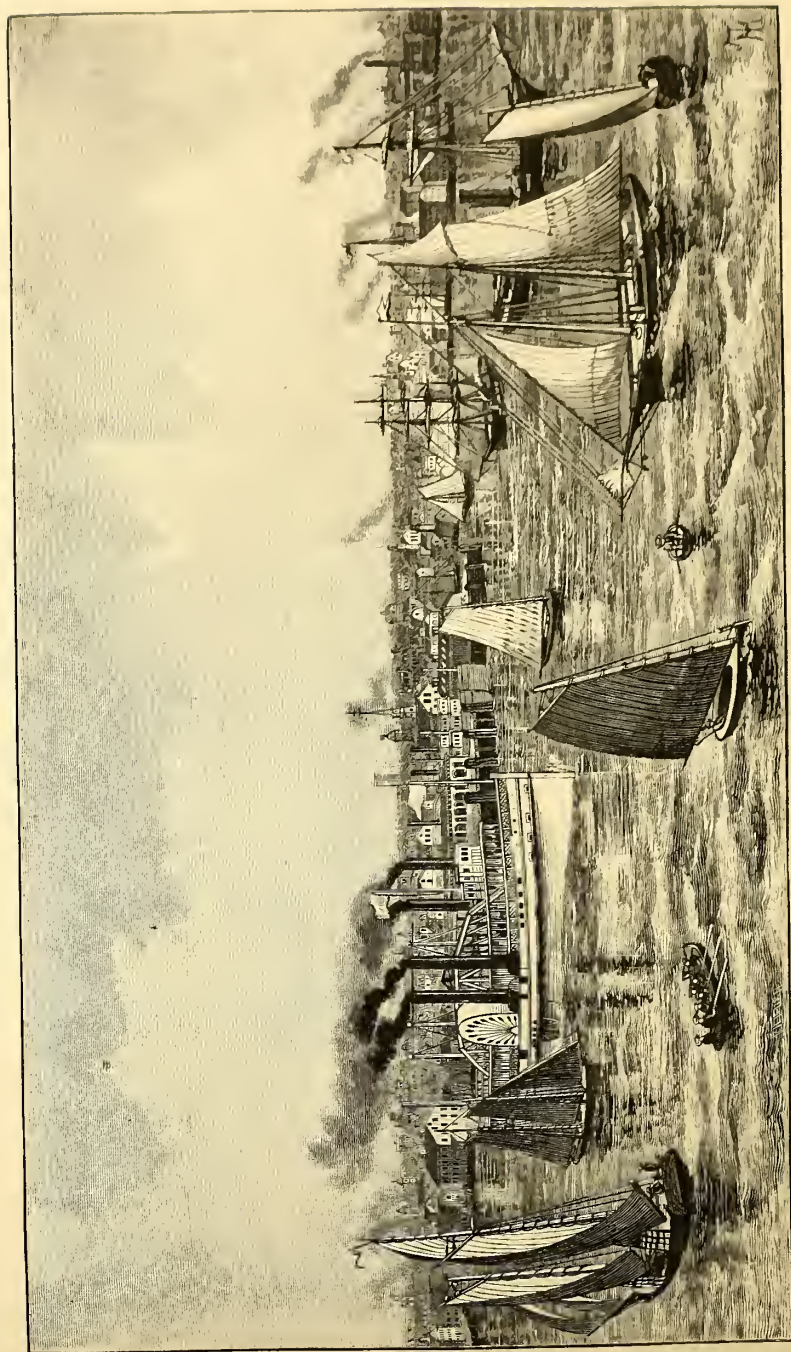


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View of Newport, from the Harbor.



## CHAPTER I.

---

THE EARLY VOYAGERS ALONG THE COAST OF RHODE ISLAND—THE NORTHMEN  
—SEBASTIAN CABOT—VERRAZANI—BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD  
AND HIS COLONY—ADRIAN BLOCK, THE DUTCH NAVIGATOR—  
LATER VOYAGERS.

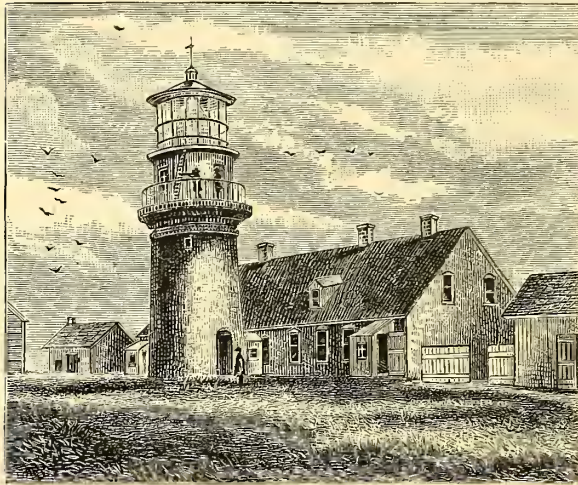


ROCKED incessantly by the heaving billows of the Atlantic Ocean, at one time soothed by their gentle caresses, as the infant in its cradle is lulled to repose by the tender hand of its mother, at another tossed wildly about by the raging tempests when the demons of the storm hold high carnival upon the ocean; in summer a pleasant refuge from the scorching breezes that sweep over the land; in winter a dreadful prison, whose thick walls of oak are often cased with thicker walls of ice; always, in summer breezes and winter storms, alike hailed with delight by the homeward-bound mariner, rides the Brenton's Reef Lightship.

Like the sea which it inhabits, the stout vessel upon whose seaworthiness the safety of so many lives depends, appears never to change. Just as it challenged the attention of the sailor when its home was first fixed near its dangerous reef, so it demands the notice of every one who sails through the entrance of Narragansett Bay to-day. As one wave sweeps onward and gives place to another while the ocean itself seems always the same, so lightship may have yielded to lightship, but the change has been unnoticed by the passing voyager. Almost unconsciously the mind of him who gazes upon it is carried backward to the earliest days of American history. As the sun goes down in the western sky and the evening shadows creep slowly over land and sea, visions of the ships that once sailed these waters come crowding before our eyes.



Dimly seen through the shrouding mists of almost nine centuries, the ships of the Northmen come speeding onward. Strong arms, that have gathered strength from life-long contests with the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean, send the long keels leaping from billow to billow as the sight of the strange shores inspires the breast of each sturdy oarsman. Wild and savage is the appearance of those fair-haired sailors. More brightly even than their terrible weapons, gleam the fierce eyes under their shaggy brows. No longer the Vikings sang of "chanting mass with their lances;" they were Christians when they landed upon the shores of New England, but the softening influence of Christianity had hardly begun to make itself felt among them. Other ships from Iceland and Greenland succeed the pioneer vessel of Leif Ericson. One of these bears within its ice-scarred walls a mother and her infant son, the first child of European descent born upon the shores of the American continent. Snorri Thorfinnson was the name of the boy. Thorvaldsen, the famous sculptor, claimed him as his ancestor. As the last of the

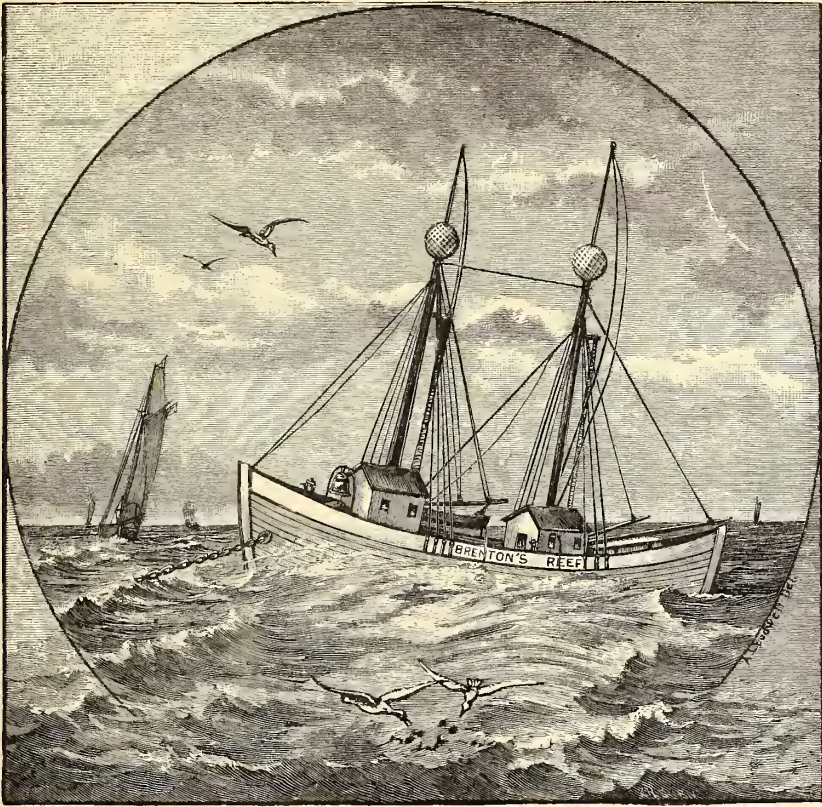


Gay Head Light.

long keels from Greenland are drawn up upon the shores of "Vinland the Good," their crews are telling of the immense glaciers that are creeping down upon their northern homes, and wondering why no vessel for so many years has reached their ice-bound colony from the shores of their Norwegian fatherland. The

darkness of midnight settles down upon the ocean as the sails of that hardy race sink below the horizon.

The bold hand of Sebastian Cabot, "The Great Seaman," of whom it has been said, "he gave England a continent — and no one knows his burial-place," thrusts it aside. In 1498, with two ships and 300 men, Cabot sailed from Bristol, England, to search for the northwest passage to China and Japan. From Labrador to Mary-



Brenton's Reef Lightship.

land he sailed along the coast, and then went back to England. He had opened a new world to English enterprise, and almost regal honors greeted his return.

Next, a ship from the pleasant shores of France comes sailing into view. The Italian Verrazani, is her commander; he bears a commission from King Francis I. In the spring of 1524 Verrazani sailed along the coast from North Carolina to Newfoundland. To the whole country he gave the name of New France. Of his voyage, an account, which is generally received as authentic, may be found in *Hakluyt's Voyages*. It contains the earliest full description of the North American coast. For more than a fortnight the ship of Verrazani lay at anchor in the harbor of Newport, and every day the natives of the country, "the goodliest people" he had found in his voyage, repaired to see his ship. As we read his picturesque narrative their dusky forms seem to rise in bodily presence before us, so vividly and perfectly does he describe them.

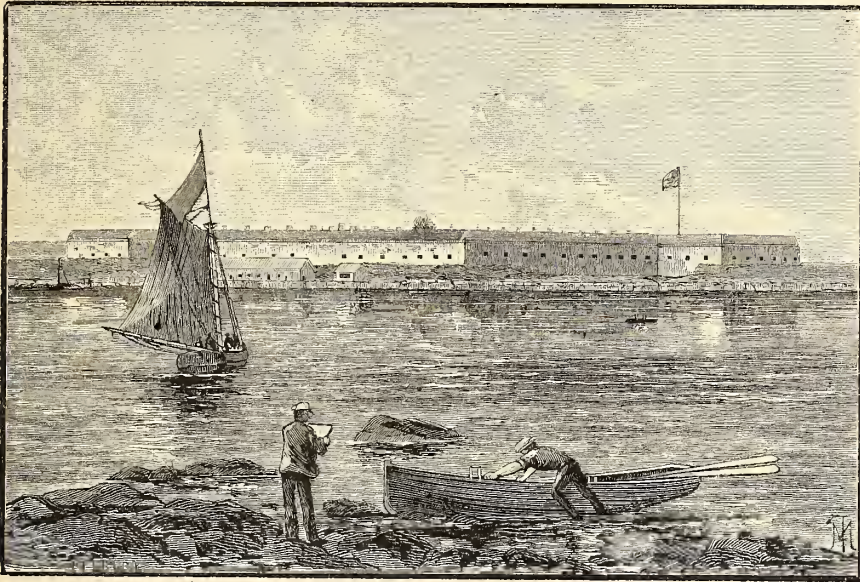


The bark of Bartholomew Gosnold follows in the wake of the French exploring ship. Friday, March 26, 1602, Captain Gosnold sailed from Falmouth, England. His vessel, the "Concord," carried thirty-two men, twenty of whom were intending to remain as settlers in the New World. Gosnold sighted land on Friday, May 14. The next day he anchored near a cape, in fifteen fathoms of water, and "took a great store of codfish." The name Cape Cod is due to that chance anchorage. Sailing by No Man's Land, then a "disinhabited island," and Gay Head, which he called "Dover Cliff," the Englishman landed upon the shores of Cuttyhunk. This island was also "altogether unpeopled and uninhabited." The name of Elizabeth's Island was bestowed upon it. The colonists determined to make their abode and plantation upon a rocky islet in a pond of fresh water not far from the place where they had landed. The project was afterwards given up, but the fact remains that upon this island was founded the first English settlement in North America. In 1797 the "cellar of Gosnold's store-house" was easily found by a



Landing of Gosnold, 1602.





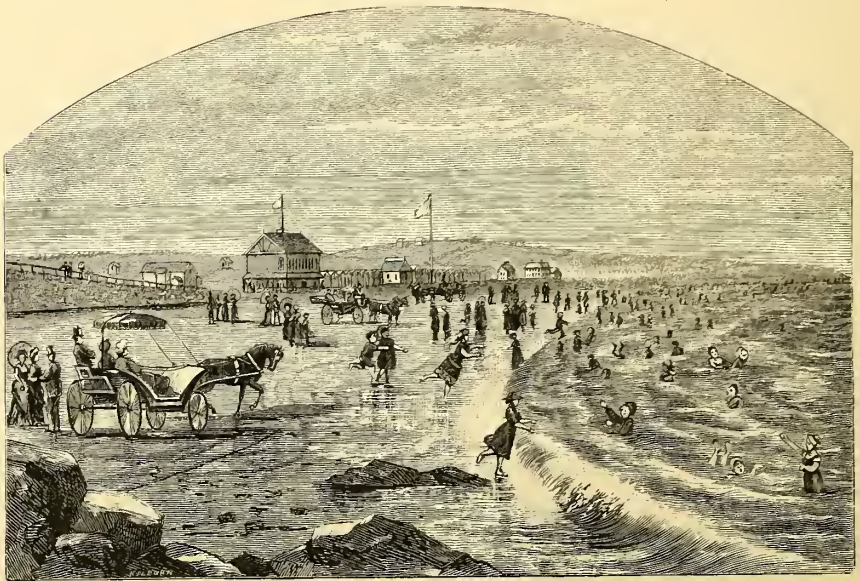
Fort Adams, Newport.

company of antiquarians ; in 1848 another company “ examined the locality, described with minute exactness in the journals of Gosnold’s voyage, and the outlines of their works were then distinctly visible.”

Adrian Block, the Dutch navigator, who first of all Europeans sailed through Hurlgate, succeeds Gosnold. Sailing into Narragansett Bay he “ commemorated the fiery aspect of the place, caused by the red clay in some portions of its shores, by giving it the name of Roodt Eylandt, the Red Island. The names Rhode Island and Block Island still testify to his visit.

The shadowy sails thicken upon the ocean. With their faces lighted with the stern joy that danger always gave them, the men of Plymouth and of Boston urge their little shallops over the boiling surges. The ships of Rhode Island come next. The expanding commerce of the little colony stretches out over all seas. Into the harbors of Newport and Bristol and Providence sail vessels from the West Indies, from the Spanish Main, from the ports of Northern and Southern Europe. From a greater distance still come some of these little craft. They are engaged in a hideous traffic, though the world did not then regard it as such. The dark-skinned forms that lie listlessly about their decks have been torn from the wilds of their native Africa to serve as slaves in the country that called itself *free* America.

Peaceful merchantmen give place to black war-ships, and the thunders of a naval battle reverberate over the waters as the French and English fleets of D'Estaing and Howe engage in a contest which is terminated by the irresistible force of outraged Nature. Primitive steamboats succeed the sailing-vessels. At first they pick their way cautiously from point to point, but gradually plow fearlessly onward through the opposing waves. Waking at last from the dreams of the past to the wonderful realities of the present, we behold within the horizon's rim the ocean studded with sails so numerous that the eyes grow wearied as we attempt to count them. Almost every day, during the warm months, more vessels than the coasts of America saw during the first two centuries after the discovery of Columbus, pass within sight of the Brenton's Reef Lightship.



The Beach at Newport.





## CHAPTER II.

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NEWPORT—HOW THE TOWN CAME TO BE FOUNDED—ALONG THE WHARVES—PIRATES AND PRIVATEERS—THE JEWS—FAMOUS MEN AND PRINCELY MERCHANTS OF THE OLDEN TIME—THE BRITISH OCCUPATION AND ITS RESULTS—THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH TROOPS—THE BELLES OF AQUIDNECK—AFTER THE WAR—THE WONDERFUL REVIVAL OF THE “CITY BY THE SEA.”



UPON the shore of the beautiful island of Aquidneck, Nicholas Easton, William Brenton, and Thomas Hazard were standing one day in great perplexity. It was in the Year of Our Lord 1639. A few weeks before, they had chosen a site for the town they proposed to build. The great forest trees that shot upward from its hillsides had been felled, but a low, swampy ground, covered with a dense growth of underbrush, had been reached, which seemed to render additional labor futile. The tremendous waves rolling in upon Easton's Beach had shown them it was useless to hope for a safe anchorage there. Reluctantly they had turned away, and had decided to place their dwellings upon the spot where the city of Newport now stands. Nature again appeared to defy their feeble powers. An Indian canoe approached the spot where the three men were standing. One of the white men addressed its occupants and asked them “How much they would take to clear that swamp.” After a short consultation one of the Indians replied, “If you will give me your coat, the pale-faces shall have the land made clear.” The coat was given. The warrior cut from it its large brass buttons, and put them upon a string. Then he tied the coveted ornament around his neck, and went to summon his companions to assist him in fulfilling his

agreement. The Indians shortly afterwards set fire to the underbrush, and thus, without any difficulty, disposed of one great obstacle that had hindered the work of the colonists. By the united efforts of the Indians and Englishmen the swamp was cleared of timber, filled in with gravel and sand, and made sufficiently firm for building lots.

The founders and first officers of the little settlement were: William Coddington, Judge; Nicholas Easton, John Coggeshall, William Brenton, John Clarke, Jeremy Clerke, Thomas Hazard, and Henry Bull, Elders; William Dyre, Clerk. All these men had once been prominent citizens of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Having espoused the weaker side in the famous Hutchinson controversy, they, with nine others, had been first disarmed and afterwards forced to leave Massachusetts by their triumphant opponents. After examining various lands that had been offered them for settlement, they determined to make their new home in Delaware. With this end in view the colonists had sent their household goods by ship around Cape Cod, intending themselves to go overland and take the vessel at Providence. After they had reached Providence the representations of Roger Williams and his influence with the Indian owners of

the island induced them to change their plans, and to take up their abode upon Aquidneck. Accordingly, on the 24th of March, 1638, they began a settlement at Pocasset, now called Portsmouth, upon the northern end of the island. So rapidly did the colony increase, that in the following year it was



\* Thames Street, Newport.





The Casino, Newport.

decided to found the new town upon the southwestern part of the island, whose beginning has just been traced.

On the first day of May, 1639, they landed near the site of Newport; on the 16th the town was laid out and named. Four acres were assigned for each house-lot, and six acres were granted to Mr. Coddington for an orchard. (This was the second orchard planted in the State. William Blackstone had planted the first in 1635.) The first street marked out was Thames Street. It was about a mile in length, and was laid out "according to the convenience of the shore," as the quaint phrase of the olden time puts it. Almost all of the dwelling-houses were placed upon the east side of the street. It was hardly supposed that buildings would ever be placed upon the west side, except in a few unusually favorable locations. No room was therefore left for the purpose. But in course of time the necessities of commerce called for the erection of stores and warehouses, the owners of the adjoining land encroached more and more upon the highway, and the narrow street which now so surprises the visitor, is the result.



The Channing Memorial Church, Newport.

As the traveler lands to-day upon the wharves of Newport, it is almost impossible for him to realize that he has reached the most famous summer resort upon the Western Continent. Instead of the beautiful residences he had expected to see — those palatial structures, rich with all the treasures wealth and taste can gather together, which have made the Newport “Cottage” so famous throughout America, — his eye rests only upon old and weather-worn buildings, standing like

monuments to commemorate the spot where once a world-wide commerce found its home. He hardly needs to be told in his guide-book that Newport was once, with the exception of Boston, the most flourishing commercial town in America. Every old building seems to speak in pathetic accents of that dead past. It requires only a slight effort of the imagination to make these old wharves groan once more beneath the load of rich freight, and to crowd these old warehouses again, almost to bursting, with the varied merchandise from lands that lie far beyond the swelling seas. The eighteenth century was the period of Newport’s commercial importance. During the fifty years that preceded the American Revolution it reached the zenith of its maritime prosperity. When the Revolutionary War broke out its population was over 11,000. In the town were seventeen manufactories of sperm oil and candles, five rope-walks, three



sugar refineries, one brewery, and twenty-two distilleries for the manufacture of rum. In its foreign commerce upwards of two hundred ships were employed; its domestic trade called for the services of nearly four hundred coasting vessels. In the two months of June and July, 1774, sixty-four vessels from foreign voyages were entered at the Newport Custom House. In the same time one hundred and thirty-two coastwise vessels, and seventeen engaged in the whale-fishery, were also entered. A regular line of packets kept up communication with London. At this time at least three thousand seamen thronged the streets of the port, or found employment upon the ships which lined its docks. In many cases goods could not be stored for lack of room, though the coasters would take the foreign freight directly from the wharves to the less important ports which depended upon Newport for their supplies. As many as eighteen Indiamen are recorded to have arrived in one day. It was about this time that a far-seeing writer in the *Newport Mercury*, after congratulating New York upon its healthy growth, ventured to predict that the home of the Knickerbockers might one day, in the far-distant future, "rival Newport in commercial prosperity and greatness." The British fleet which anchored in its harbor in 1775, gave the



Spouting Rock.

death-blow to its commercial supremacy. "Its manufactories were soon closed, its ships, one by one, fell into the hands of the enemy, and its patriotic population, impoverished and despairing, were forced to flee for safety to the inland towns. From the effects of 'the British occupation' Newport never recovered. Not until 1850 did it again number as many inhabitants as in 1775; its lost ships have never been replaced."

The oldest wharf in the city is Long Wharf. This has lately been more than doubled in size by the "filling-in" of the shallows near it. There, in the very earliest days, the nine founders of the town and those who joined fortunes with them, used to land. "Queen-hithe," the wharf was then called, and on the earlier

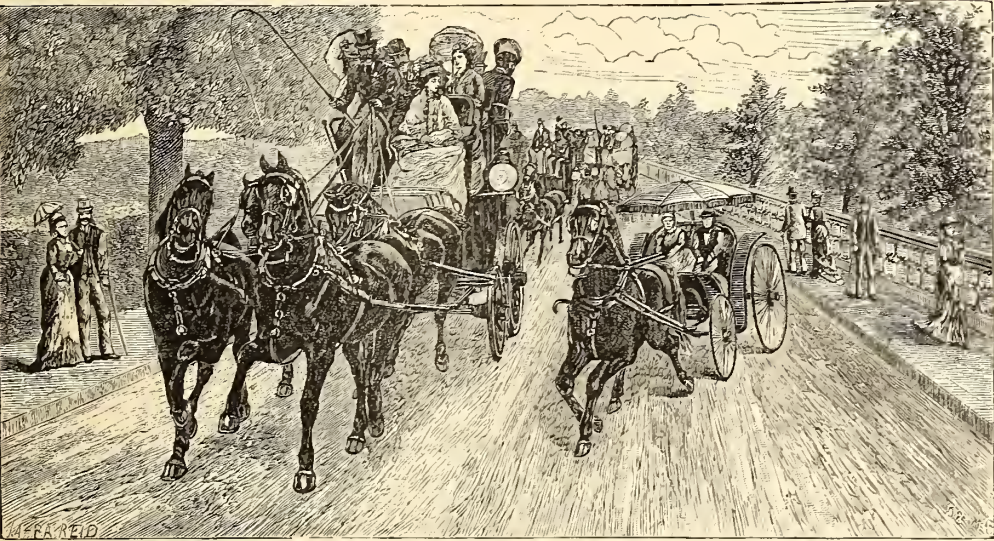


Lime Rocks.

maps this name always appears. Hithe or Hythe means a small harbor; the termination is found in many English names. Many a strange scene has this old wharf beheld. Thither, in 1729, rushed the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, prayer-book in hand, to welcome a "great dignitary of the Church of England, called the Dean." Mr. Honeyman was holding a service in Trinity Church when the letter from Dean Berkeley was handed to him. He read it aloud, and then, accompanied by all his flock, ran down to the wharf to greet the distinguished stranger. There, during the wars with France, that began in 1744 and in 1756, were landed the freights the swift-sailing privateers had plundered from the Spanish Main. In the year 1745 more than twenty prizes were sent into Newport, and from 1756 to 1763 almost fifty private armed vessels of war sailed out from the port. Along the old wharf Washington and Rochambeau walked bare-headed between lines of enthusiastic soldiers, when, in March, 1781, the American Commander-in-Chief came to confer with his French allies. Washington wore that day the insignia of a Marshal of France. The office had been bestowed upon him when the French troops were sent to aid the struggling Americans. Without the honor he could not have commanded the French army. Once it was used as a market-place. Upon the side of the patient creature that was waiting to be slaughtered, each hungry purchaser marked with a piece of chalk the cut he desired to have from the fresh carcass. A refinement of cruelty the practice seems, as we look back upon it. How hideous would have been the thoughts of the victim, could it have understood the speech of those who surrounded it.



Upon the southern side of the Long Wharf of to-day is a row of boat-builders' shops, carefully placed to catch the brightest rays of the winter's sun. Various other buildings also encumber its surface. The intricate by-ways among them recall the days when vessels of doubtful antecedents lay at anchor in the outer harbor, and the swarthy ruffians who manned them lurked about the wharves to meet the cautious purchasers of their ill-gotten merchandise. Mention of pirates is frequently made in the colonial records of Rhode Island. In 1723 two sloops, which had been committing extensive piracies in the West Indies, and robbing the vessels that plied along

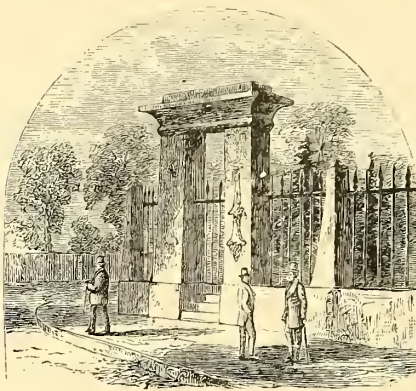


The Drives.

the coast of the Southern Colonies, sailed northward in search of more profitable cruising-grounds. Near the coast of Long Island they made several valuable captures, and at last attacked what they supposed was a rich merchant ship. It proved to be His Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war "Greyhound," of twenty guns. The pirate vessels were not long in finding out their mistake. One of them succeeded in making its escape; the other was not so fortunate. After a desperate struggle it was captured, and the thirty-six men who formed its crew were taken into Newport to be tried. Their trial lasted two days, and resulted in the conviction of twenty-six of the number. They were straightway sentenced to be hung. The execution took place July 19, on Gravelly Point (called also Bull's

Point). The bodies were buried on the Goat Island shore, between high and low-water mark. It was a great event for Newport. People flocked into the town from all the surrounding country to see the wonderful sight. One of the more æsthetic spirits among the pirates composed a poem for the occasion, and almost all of them took advantage of the unequalled opportunity which was afforded them to address the spectators in most edifying terms.

North of the Long Wharf light row-boats pass to-day over submerged capstones. The merry oarsmen little think of the tales of departed commerce those immense masses of granite tell. Through those great iron rings, that are sometimes seen in the depths of the clear waters, were passed the detaining cables of many a stout ship; and where the tide each day sweeps onward without obstruction, the products of many lands once lay piled in rich profusion. At one time this was the busiest portion of the busy port. The Revolutionary War caused this part of the harbor to be deserted. The feeble commerce that was revived after peace came chose other wharves for its home. The old piers had survived their usefulness, and when the great gale of 1815 burst in fury upon the town, the swelling seas of that terrible September day found nothing here to oppose them. Exultingly they seized the opportunity to satiate



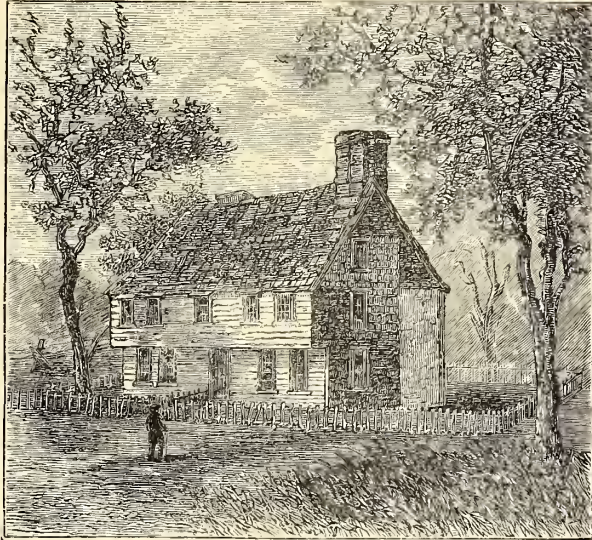
The Jewish Cemetery.

their vengeance upon the solid walls that had so long withstood the ocean's power. Along the abandoned wharves scarcely one stone was left upon another when the wind went down.

Upon some of the smaller wharves, to the southward, the battered warehouses of past generations are yet standing. A grisly tale is told of one of them. Instead of the stout wooden shutters which now close its windows, rows of iron bars once shocked the gaze, and the dark faces of those to whom liberty had forever ceased to be anything more than a name, looked despairingly through them. The building was used for a slave-pen many, many years ago, before the consciences of Englishmen had been awakened to a sense of the sinfulness of the traffic in human flesh. In the second story of some



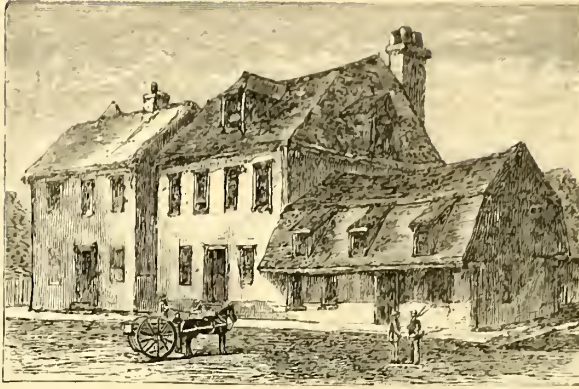
of these warehouses were the counting-rooms of the Jews, whose enterprise did so much to enhance the commercial prosperity of the town. The name of Aaron Lopez is connected with one. Lopez is said at one time to have owned eighty vessels. Many of these were whalers; twenty-seven were square-rigged. All were of light tonnage; a ship of three hundred tons was considered an enormous vessel in those days.



The Old Coddington House.

The first Jews came to Newport during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The deed of their burial-place is dated in 1677. They were of Dutch extraction, and came from Curaçoa. After the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, many of their Portuguese countrymen came to settle with them. There were more than sixty families of the Hebrew faith in the town in 1763. Many of these Portuguese Jews became naturalized citizens. The privilege of naturalization was sometimes denied them, though it is difficult to conjecture why the distinction was made. Thus, in 1761 "Lucena the Portuguese" was naturalized by the General Assembly, and in the following year the petition of Aaron Lopez for the same privilege was rejected. The case of Lopez was peculiar in every respect. When the Court rejected his petition, a synagogue, the only one in America, had been commenced. It was dedicated in the following year, and the Hebrew faith was here most amply protected, while in every other colony it was denounced.

The Jews brought many new branches of industry into the town. Thus, Jacob Rodriguez Riveira introduced the manufacture of spermaceti, of which Newport enjoyed the monopoly before the Revolution; and Moses Lopez obtained from the Colonial Assembly a patent for



"Ancient Days."

an improved method of making potash. In 1774 there were three hundred Jewish families in Newport. All of them left the place very soon after the war began, and very few ever came back. Joseph Lopez was the only one of the race who resumed business in the

ruined town. Not one of the descendants of those princely merchants now remains in the island metropolis.

"Closed are the portals of their synagogue,  
No Psalms of David now their silence break,  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

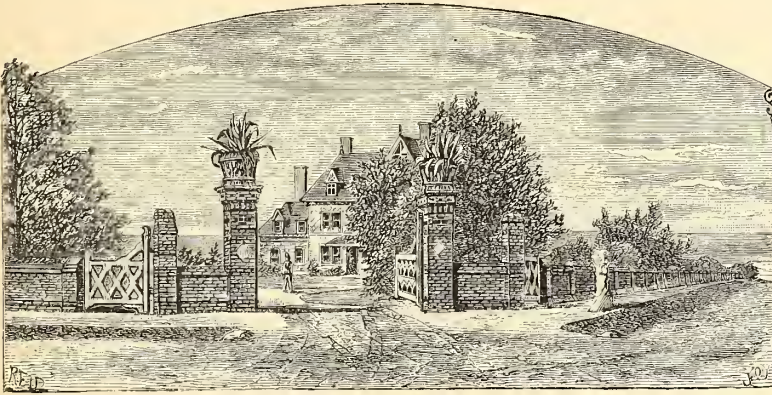
Gone are the living, but the dead remain,  
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,  
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,  
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green."

Isaac Touro, the priest, fled to Jamaica when the British troops took possession of the town. His son Abraham, who died in Boston in 1822, left a fund of \$10,000 for the support of the synagogue and cemetery, and \$5,000 to keep in repair the street on which they front — Touro Street. Another son, Judah Touro, born in Newport in 1775, was a philanthropist, and a staunch patriot also. When a young man he removed to New Orleans, and there acquired a large fortune. He served as a volunteer at the battle of New Orleans, and was wounded by a cannon-ball in the hip. In 1842 he erected the granite entrance and the railing around the cemetery, at a cost of \$11,000. Though a Jew, he contributed generously to many Christian church enterprises. Towards the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument he gave \$10,000.

A story told of Abraham Riveira illustrates the sterling worth of those Hebrew merchants. At one time, losses upon the sea had so



crippled his resources that he was obliged to make an assignment of his property. Recognizing his honesty and his great ability, his English creditors offered him very easy terms of settlement, and provided him with money and goods with which to resume business. Success once more smiled upon him. After a few prosperous years he gave a great dinner-party, to which he invited all of his old creditors who could possibly be reached. Beside his plate, every one



A Newport Cottage.

of his guests found a check for the amount that was originally due him, with interest added from the date of the failure.

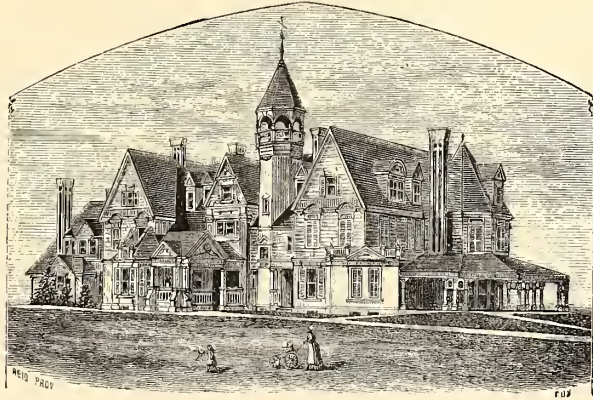
The names of many of the founders of Newport are heard upon its streets to-day. The family of Coddington has become extinct. William Coddington, the first governor, was born in England. He was a man of considerable influence, and of large landed property in his native country, and was named an Assistant in the Massachusetts Colony before he left England. In the records of the early days of Boston he is often spoken of as one of its principal citizens, and is said to have built the first brick house in that town. He became perhaps the largest land-holder upon Rhode Island, and was probably the wealthiest of the Newport settlers. All things went well with him until his ambition led him to procure for himself greater official station than his own qualifications or the wishes of his associates seemed to warrant. Then he fell from his high estate, and never recovered his lost influence. At present a shadow rests upon his name, and Rhode Island historical authorities by no means agree as to the place he should hold in the records of the State. The story goes that his last male descendant in his early years inherited an ample estate. This he gradually wasted away in reckless dissipation,

until at length nothing was left to him but the ancestral shield which bore the arms of his family. Through all his reverses this degenerate scion of a noble race maintained the lofty bearing of a high-toned gentleman. One day, when his well-worn suit of clothes had for a long time been shining with the unwelcome gloss of age, he was offered a new suit in exchange for the old escutcheon. With the greatest indignation he repulsed the offer. "What," said he, "sell the coat-of-arms of a Coddington!" The ancient relic hangs to-day in the City Hall, for the old roué ended his days in the poor-house, and the city inherited this last remnant of his patrimonial estate.

Upon the Brenton family, Fate has smiled more kindly. William Brenton, the surveyor, was the first of the race in America. Coming to this country in 1634, he brought with him a commission from King Charles I., which allowed him a certain number of acres per mile on all lands he should survey in the New England Colonies. The tract he chose for his home in Newport comprised very nearly two thousand acres of the best land in the Colony. Brenton's Point, at the extremity of which Fort Adams now stands, formed a part of it. Upon this farm was built the edifice commonly called "The Four Chimney House," said to be the largest house in the colonies at the time of its erection. It was one hundred and fifty feet square. Through it extended a hall that was sixteen feet wide. Upon its roof, which was surrounded by a railing, seats were built and a promenade was constructed. The grounds surrounding it were laid out in the most artistic manner, and were kept in a high state of cultivation. The fruit trees in the orchards were mostly imported from England. Among them were found many varieties never before cultivated in this country. It is said that the "yellow russet" apple was first grown upon the Brenton grounds. A wall of granite, five feet in height, surrounded the estate, which was named Hammersmith, from its owner's English birth-place.

In 1660 Mr. Brenton was chosen President of the Rhode Island Colony, and thus happened to be its chief officer when the family of the Stuarts was placed again upon the English throne. The Court of Commissioners for the Colony was sitting at Warwick when the news of the Restoration was received. President Brenton, as a loyal subject of King Charles II., immediately appointed a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, to be observed throughout the Colony. He also directed that processions in each town should commemorate the event, and that a holiday should be given to servants and children.

Tradition says that a long procession passed through the streets of Newport on the night of the celebration. The thronging people carried lanterns with which to illumine the darkness, and kettle-drums, hand-bells, and fifes for the more perfect manifestation of their joy. Upon a platform was carried a person dressed to represent the late Lord Protector. Behind him stood one who was supposed to personate His Satanic Majesty. One of the hands of the ruler of the lower world was placed upon Cromwell's head, while the other brandished a spear in air. From time to time the procession halted to listen to the repetition of these lines :



The Lorillard Cottage.

“ Old Cromwell — man ! your time is come,  
 We tell it here with fife and drum ;  
 And Satan's hand is on your head,  
 He's come for you before you 're dead,  
 And on his spear he 'll throw you in  
 The very worst place that ever was seen,  
 For good King Charles is on his throne,  
 And Parliament now you 'll let alone.”

This practice of marching through the streets on the anniversary of the Restoration was maintained for many years. At last it became simply a nuisance, and as such was suppressed by the town authorities.

Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton and Captain Edward Pelham Brenton, both of the British navy, and Sir Brenton Halliburton, long the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, were all descended from William Brenton, and were all born in Newport.

William Brenton's son, Jahleel, was about twenty-one years of age when King Philip's War broke out. When the news of the destruction of Providence by the Indians was received in Newport, he quickly manned a schooner and hastened to the relief of the home-



less fugitives. Jahleel Brenton, after serving as His Majesty's Collector of Customs in Boston, for some years, came back to end his days in Newport. He was for a time Collector of Customs for Newport also, and thus became very prominently identified with the commercial history of the port. In 1720, he built the famous Channing House, which is still standing upon Thames Street.

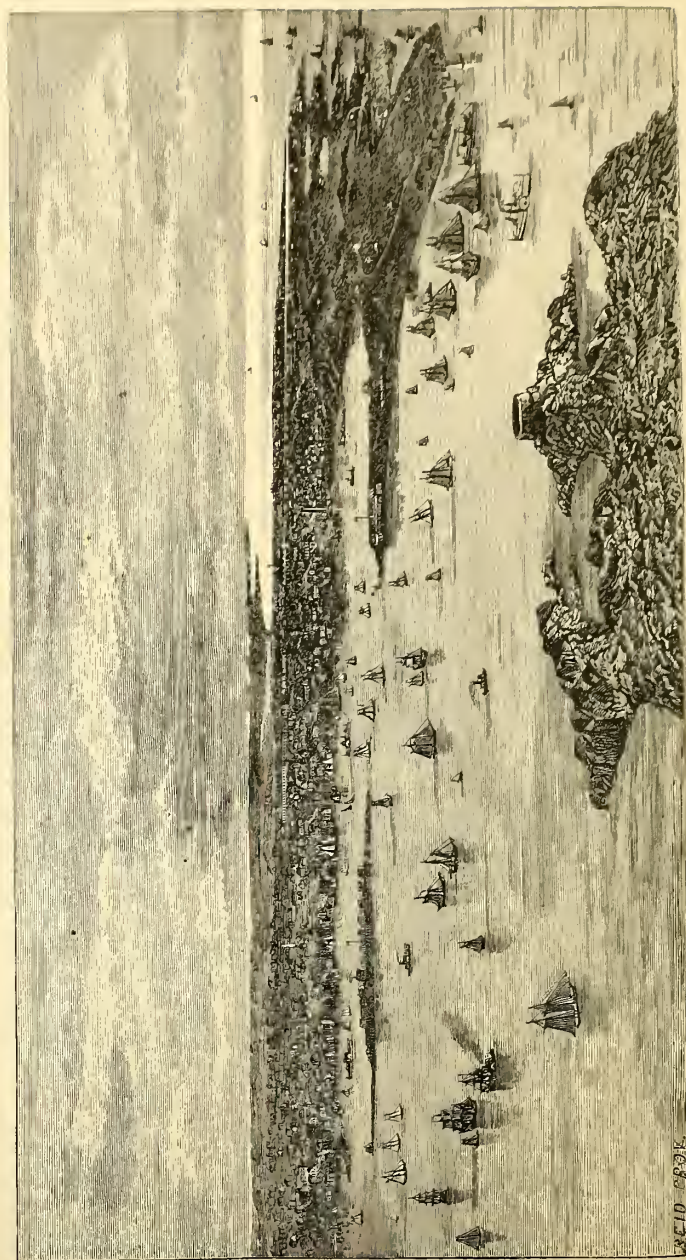
Says the novelist Cooper, in the *Red Rover*: "Enjoying the four great requisites of a safe and commodious haven,—a placid basin, an outer harbor, and a convenient roadstead with a clear offing,—Newport appeared to the eyes of our European ancestors designed to shelter fleets and to nurse a race of hardy and expert seamen." During the collectorship of Brenton, and from that time forward until the Revolution, Newport seemed in a fair way to realize that splendid commercial future of which its people dreamed.

The name which stands forth most prominently, as we peruse the records of those golden days, is that of Wanton. Four of the family—William, John, Gideon, and Joseph—were at different times elected governor of the Colony; another, Joseph, Jr., held for two years the office of deputy-governor. The Wantons were shipwrights when they took up their abode upon Aquidneck. Edward Wanton, first of the name in America, was an officer of the guard at Boston when Mary Dyer (wife of the first secretary of Newport) suffered death because guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a Quaker. The unshaken firmness with which she submitted to her fate moved Wanton greatly. "Alas! Mother!" said he, as he went into his house after the execution, "We have been murdering the Lord's people;" and, taking off his sword, he made a solemn vow never to wear it again. Not long afterward he became a member of the society of Friends, and, moving to Scituate, Mass., established a shipyard in that town. Like their father, the sons were also members of the society of Friends, but the spirit sometimes moved them to deeds their quiet sire by no means approved. For resenting an insult to their father they were forced to flee from Scituate. This is the story of one of their exploits after they had taken up their abode upon Rhode Island. It won them fame not only throughout the length and breadth of the American Colonies, but in England as well. "A piratical ship, of three hundred tons, mounting twenty cannon, appeared off the harbor of Newport, cruising between Block Island and Point Judith, interrupting every vessel that attempted to pass, capturing property, and treating the officers and crews with great

severity. To remove an annoyance so injurious to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants of Newport, two young men, William and John Wanton, sons of the first Edward, determined to attempt her capture, and the means they resorted to were as novel as the success was glorious. No sooner had they made known their intention than they were joined by about thirty young men of their acquaintance, and a sloop of thirty tons was engaged for the enterprise. The brave fellows went on board with only their small-arms to defend themselves, and sailed out of the harbor, apparently on a little coasting excursion, every person being concealed below except the few required to navigate the vessel. After cruising a few days they espied the object of their search. As they drew near the piratical vessel, with the intention, apparently, to pass, the pirate fired a shot at them. This was what they desired, in order to give them an opportunity to approach the pirate. The sloop immediately lowered the peak of her mainsail and luffed up for the pirate, but instead of going alongside they came directly under her stern. Her men at once sprang upon deck, and, with irons prepared for the purpose, grappled their sloop to the ship and wedged her rudder to the stern-post so as to render it unmanageable. Having so far succeeded in their purpose without alarming the piratical crew, or leading them to suppose they were approached by anything but a little coaster, each man seized his musket, and taking deliberate aim, shot every pirate as he appeared on deck. After making great efforts to disengage themselves, and finding it impossible so to do, the rest surrendered, and were taken into the harbor of Newport by their brave and gallant captors, and turned over to the authorities, where, after a trial, they suffered the penalty of their crimes by being hanged. When this affair took place William Wanton was but twenty-four, and John twenty-two years of age." Many like stories might be told concerning these brothers. They were fit leaders for the adventure-loving young men who thronged the streets of Newport. In 1702 they went to London, and were received at court with other heroes who had contributed to swell the renown of the English navy. Queen Anne granted them an addition to their coat-of-arms, and presented them each with two pieces of plate. A complimentary inscription (in Latin, of course,) adorned each silver vessel.

William Wanton did not long remain a Quaker. When he was twenty-one years old he married Ruth, the beautiful daughter of Deacon John Bryant, of Scituate. There was much opposition to





Bird's-eye View of Newport.

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the match from both their families. Deacon Bryant was a rigid Presbyterian. He detested Quakers. The Wanton family, on the other hand, frowned whenever the idea of a Presbyterian daughter-in-law was brought forward. The eager lover quickly cut the Gordian knot. "Ruth," said he to the maiden one day, as they were standing in the spacious "sitting-room" of her father's house, "let us break from this unreasonable bondage. *I* will give up *my* religion, and *thou* shalt *thine*; we will both go to the Church of England and to the devil together." A happy marriage it proved to be.

Joseph Wanton was the last of his race to hold the office of governor. The Revolution terminated his political life. He was a Tory, and his large estates were therefore confiscated and sold. But though he was thus despoiled of his property, he never lost the respect of his fellow-townsmen. During the British occupation he remained in Newport, living very quietly and unostentatiously. After the departure of the troops he was not molested by the patriot party, but continued to reside until his death in the town of which, for almost a century, his ancestors had been the most conspicuous citizens.

Another famous merchant of that early time was Godfrey Malbone. When a mere lad he ran away to sea, and was not heard from for many a year. About the beginning of the last century he settled in Newport, and soon became the most noted of all its merchant princes. Dark and full of mystery are some of the tales that are told concerning him. His ventures upon the sea seem to have been unusually lawless, even for that lawless age, and the fair fame of the city in which he dwelt suffered in consequence. During the French war, which began in 1744, Newport sent forth more than a score of privateers. The Frenchmen called the town a "nursery of corsairs," and planned its capture. "Perhaps we had better burn it as a pernicious hole, from the number of privateers there fitted out, *as dangerous in peace as in war*," wrote one officer to his superior in rank. Smuggling, Malbone of course indulged in. It was hardly deemed discreditable to any one, — not at all to be censured if he who engaged in it happened to be a man of wealth. Persons now living have seen upon the estate Malbone once owned, the entrance to an underground passage which afforded easy communication with the beach, and thus enabled him to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers. It is said that his "corsairs" preyed upon both Spaniard and Frenchman with an impartial disregard for treaties; and it is a well-established

fact that large sums of money were recovered from him in England, by legal process, for the spoiliations he systematically practiced upon the Dutch. In 1745 two of his privateers, large and beautiful vessels, fresh from the stocks, sailed out of the harbor on the day before Christmas, bound for the Spanish Main. A violent snow-storm came up, and the gale soon changed to a hurricane. Newport had two hundred widows in consequence, for the ships were never heard of afterward.

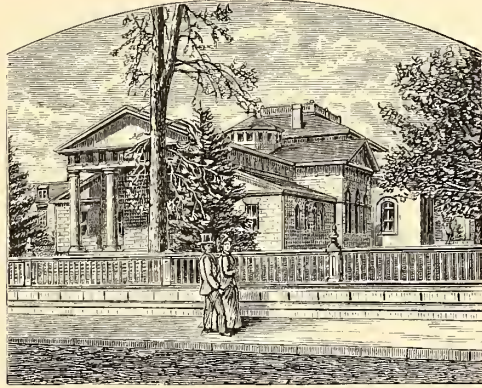
The hospitality of Malbone was proverbial. Sometimes tempered with shrewdness it was, withal. Thus, the gossips affirm that after a successful voyage he was accustomed always to invite his buccaneering crews to a splendid feast in his princely banquet-hall. At the close of the repast, when the fun was waxing fierce and furious, the shipping-books were produced, and his impulsive guests were easily induced to enroll themselves for new ventures.

The building of the famous country-house of Godfrey Malbone was commenced in 1744. It was without doubt the finest mansion in the colonies when it was completed. It was built of stone brought from a Connecticut quarry (some of this stone was used in the construction of the house which now occupies its site), was two stories high, and had in the centre a circular staircase, leading to the cupola upon its roof. This staircase was esteemed an architectural marvel, and is reputed to have cost much more than an ordinary house. In the construction of the edifice \$100,000 was expended; an enormous sum for the days when one might live in elegant style for \$500 a year. One day, in the year 1766, the owner of the mansion—*Colonel* Malbone he was then—had bidden a select company of the *élite* of Aquidneck to a more than usually magnificent feast. More costly than even his lavish hospitality had designed, it proved to be. Just as the slaves were placing the viands upon the table, the house caught fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that all attempts to save it were in vain. It was early summer, and with one of those great oaths that rolled so easily from his lips, the owner swore that though his house was undoubtedly lost, his dinner should not be. By his orders the tables were spread once more upon the lawn, the rare old wines were brought forth from the cellar, and so, by the light of the burning dwelling, the feast was finished. One version of the story ascribes the loss of the house to the fastidious pride of Mrs. Malbone. That elegant lady refused to allow the rude tread of plebeian feet to soil her beautiful drawing-rooms, even for the pur-



pose of saving the mansion from destruction. The gulf which separated the two classes of society was much broader and deeper in the old colonial days of Newport, than that which the more enlightened judgment of a later age deems necessary for the welfare of mankind.

The most prominent of the contemporaries of Malbone was Abraham Redwood. Radically different were the characters and lives of the two men. Redwood was a Quaker, a native of the island of Antigua. He was born the heir to an immense estate, and was educated at Philadelphia in the enjoyment of all the advantages that unlimited wealth could command. Very early



Redwood Library.

in life he became a resident of Newport. For almost seventy years (he died March 8, 1788), his stately presence graced the streets of the town. "He lived in a style of opulence becoming his fortune, mixed with the elegant simplicity of a Quaker. His town house and country house were appointed with every refined luxury, and his munificence not only made his name famous by donations to public institutions, but inspired a hundred private charities which made it blessed." The famous "Literary Club," which numbered among its members such men as Callender, Ellery, Ward, Honeyman, Checkley, Updike and Johnson, flourished with wondrous vigor in those days. That genial society of scholars did much to make Dean Berkeley (of whom more will be said in another chapter) such an ardent lover of the town. The gentle English scholar, charmed with the unusual attainments and pleasant converse of his companions,—all the more delightful to him because entirely unlooked for,—is said to have suggested the formation of a permanent literary society which should perpetuate these happy features of Aquidneck life.

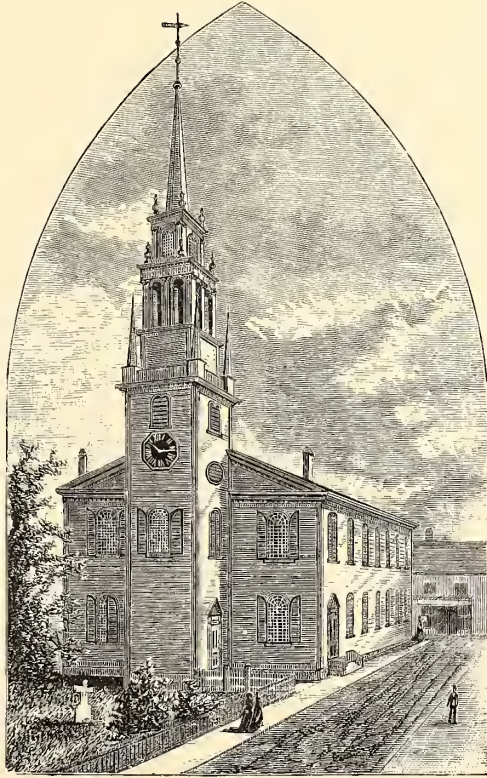
The Redwood Library is the result of that suggestion, although the "Library Company" was not formed until several years after Berkeley had gone back to England. In 1747 the society was incorporated. Toward the purchase of the books that were most needed, Abraham Redwood contributed £500. Stimulated by this ready gene-



rosity, his fellow-townsmen experienced but little difficulty in raising £5,000 for the erection of the building to which they gratefully gave his name. A more beautiful and more enduring monument than the chaste, Doric structure, it would be difficult to find. Henry Collins, "the Lorenzo de Medici of Rhode Island," presented to the society the lot of land upon which the edifice was erected. Peter Harrison was the architect employed. In this age of cheap books and free libraries, it is almost impossible for us to realize how much the Redwood Library has done for Newport. When it was founded books were a rare luxury in America. The acquisition of learning was regarded as the happy privilege of the few, and not the inherent birth-right of the many. There were then only four colleges in the colonies. All of these were poorly endowed, and the eager aspirants for knowledge were for the most part obliged to seek it in the lands beyond the sea. To this little temple, with its precious store of books, flocked not only thoughtful students of limited means, but polished, scholarly gentlemen also, from all parts of the country. Thus the town quickly acquired the enviable distinction which it enjoyed in the days that preceded the Revolution — of being the most congenial abode for learned opulence which could be found in America. The ruthless hands of the British invaders despoiled the Library of the greater portion of its treasures, and in those dreary, hopeless years that followed the war, it seemed hardly possible that its lost fortunes could ever be repaired. Of those years, one of Newport's most eminent sons, who was then in his quiet, studious boyhood, William Ellery Channing, afterward wrote: "The edifice was then so deserted that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor." Gradually the wounds the war had inflicted were healed, but it was not until late in the present century that a healthy life was infused again into the languid veins of the historic society. Then such generous contributions of money, books, and works of art were poured in from all quarters, that the old building was no longer able to accommodate its ever-increasing treasures, and in 1875 its enlargement became an imperative necessity. The most prominent benefactor of the Library in these later days was Charles Bird King. At his death he bequeathed to it real estate amounting in value to \$9,000, his valuable library, his carefully selected engravings, and more than two hundred of the paintings which now adorn its walls. The jealous restrictions which once kept the general public away from its carefully-guarded precincts have

been gradually removed, and the Library has become a popular and much frequented reading-room.

Peter Harrison was the assistant architect of Blenheim House — that magnificent residence which grateful England erected at a cost of £500,000, as a slight token of its esteem for the Duke of Marlborough. He was for many years a resident of Newport, and the Redwood Library is not the only evidence of his skill which the city possesses. The ancient State House, from the balcony of which the election of the governor of the “State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations” is annually proclaimed with a pomp that savors of the dusty flavor of colonial days, was designed by him. From the steps of this old building the Declaration of Independence was read on the twentieth day of July, 1776. During the war which followed, it was used as a hospital, both by the English and French troops.



Trinity Church.

Stuart's famous life-size portrait of Washington — a present from the artist to the city in which he once dwelt — graces its senate-chamber. In the early part of the eighteenth century it is recorded that the street leading to this building was paved from the funds derived from the importation of slaves.

Trinity Church is another of his buildings. This edifice, “acknowledged by the people of that day to be the most beautiful timber structure in America,” was completed in 1726. Harrison also designed King's Chapel, Boston. He was the recognized head of his profession in New England, and, as a late writer has well said, “he did what he could to drag architecture out of the mire of Puritan

ugliness and neglect." Notwithstanding the frequent changes that have been made in Trinity Church since the day when the first services were held within its walls, it still retains many of the features with which those who built it were familiar. Upon its spire is fixed the crown which typified the sovereignty of Great Britain. Below the crown, the clock Jableel Brenton presented even now holds an honored place. William Claggett, a Welshman who lived for a quarter of a century in the town, was the maker of this clock. A "cunning workman," was this old horologer; he is said to have constructed the first electrical machine ever known in America. Within the church, the organ Berkeley presented, and the pulpit from which the famous dean was wont to preach, still greet the eye. The organist tells us that his quaint instrument, after a hundred and fifty years of service, still possesses some pipes of unrivaled excellence. A crown surmounts it, supported by a mitre on either side. A huge, old-fashioned sounding-board over the pulpit, and square, high-backed pews, with their seats facing in four directions, quickly awaken the mind of the visitor to recollections of the earlier days of the town. Sitting in one of these pews, when the mellow notes of the old organ are floating through the air, it is easy to fancy the church filled once more with the congregation of a hundred years ago, — with the forms of those now sleeping peacefully in the quiet graves around it. All the other places of worship were converted into riding-schools or hospitals when the English troops held possession of the town. The old church, which their own "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts" had fostered for many years, they did not desecrate. Its congregation continued to worship within its walls during all the Sundays of the British occupation. The greater proportion of the Church of England people were, very naturally, Royalists. They followed the troops to New York, and adversity seized upon Old Trinity. The hot-blooded young patriots of the town hastened to despoil the edifice that had been cherished by their hated foes. The emblems of royalty upon the spire and the organ they were unable to reach. Thus those relics happily remain, to delight the eye of the antiquarian. The altar-piece, a most conspicuous feature of the church, was the principal object upon which their wrath was expended. It had been placed against the great east window, and consisted of the king's arms, the lion and the unicorn. These the iconoclasts quickly tore from their place, and vengefully trampled under foot. Afterward, they carried them away



from the church and used them for a target until so riddled with musket-balls as to be no longer serviceable, even for that purpose. The church itself was closed, and no services were held in it for several years.

On Sunday, the eighth day of December, 1776, the British fleet and army, under command of General Clinton, took possession of the island of Rhode Island. The land forces consisted of five British regiments and four regiments of Hessians. They were quartered in farm-houses scattered over the whole island, as well as in the larger dwellings of Newport. For three years they maintained their position upon Aquidneck, and almost as terrible as one of the plagues of Egypt their stay proved to be. Not only on this one island was their destructive presence felt. All along the shores of the Bay, desolation and devastation marked the path of their foraging parties. Most dreaded of all foragers were the German mercenaries. Frightful excesses not seldom attended their steps. The unfamiliar language the Hessians spoke naturally intensified the feeling of abhorrence with which they were regarded, but their conduct upon the island only served to deepen the cordial hatred their first coming had excited.

How could it be otherwise! For the humblest and most ignorant soldier among the British troops there was a possibility of future advancement. Chance might some day open for him the way to honorable distinction, if only his courage and his manhood did not fail when the hour of trial came. For the Hessian there was no such possibility. Never could he hope to attain to exalted station. To procure for himself the means with which to indulge in more extended debaucheries, the petty tyrant in whose dominions he had been born had sold him and his companions to a foreign king. From these unfortunate creatures every incentive to honorable conduct had been taken away, and they had been made to feel that they were hardly better than brute beasts. Whether they lived or died was a matter of but little concern to their careless owner. Fresh victims to fill their places he could easily draw from his too-crowded dominions when they fell.



Perry Monument.

There are few tales in the story of the Revolution more pathetic than that of the fate which befell so many of these poor wretches during the terrible winter of 1778. Never, since the settlement of the English colonists upon the shores of the Narragansett, had such



Forty Steps.

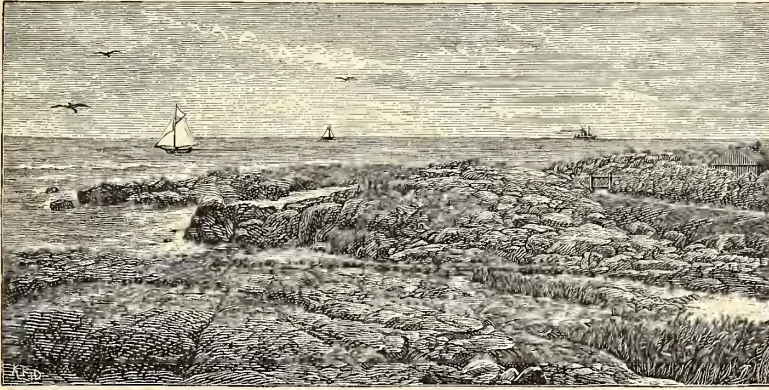
a season of cold been known. For six weeks the bay was frozen from shore to shore, and as far as the eye could reach the ice extended out to sea. On the twelfth day of December, when immense drifts of snow already covered the earth, another blinding storm came sweeping over the island, and raged for hours with irresistible fury. The intensity of cold also was unparalleled, yet the Hessian sentinels were stationed at their posts, as on the balmy days of summer.

Though the snow was whirling in stifling sheets around them, and the piercing wind was congealing their very life-blood, they were compelled to perform their accustomed duty. After the storm had ceased, the frozen bodies of some of them were found standing bolt upright, amid the deadly drifts, with the useless weapons tightly grasped in their icy fingers. So many perished from cold and exposure on that awful night, that the gale has ever since been known in Newport as the "Hessian storm."

On the twenty-ninth day of July, 1778, the first ray of light broke through the dark war-cloud that had for so long a time shrouded Aquidneck. On that day twelve ships of the line and four frigates, under command of Count D'Estaing, arrived off Newport. Most of the English ships in the harbor were at once scuttled or burnt, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. But the gleam of hope which the coming of the French fleet had lighted, quickly faded away. Lord Howe, with an English fleet of thirty-six sail, came in sight of the island on the ninth of the following month, and a few days later D'Estaing sailed forth to meet him. A most violent hurricane prevented the conflict, although some of the ships attempted to fight in the midst of the gale. Three of the French vessels were dismasted; all were more or less disabled, and the admiral deemed it necessary to proceed to Boston to refit. Not until

Oct. 25, 1779, was Newport relieved from the presence of the enemy. At sunset of that day the English garrison sailed away, and the town's people realized that they were once more free.

To the dismal period of the British occupation, the brilliant episode of the French sojourn succeeded. Never was there contrast



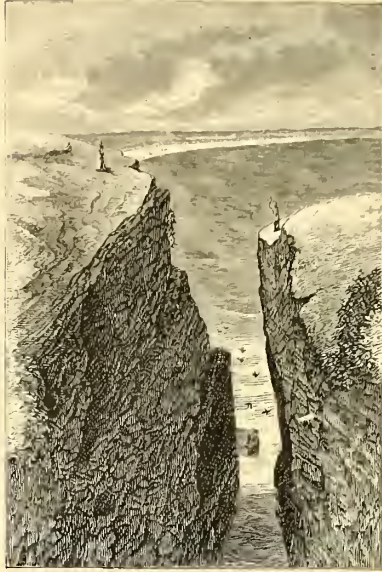
Land's End.

more marked. Life and property had never been safe while the mercenaries of King George held possession of the town. The country people who came to view the French camp ("the different deputations of savages," our polished allies called them, in the epistles they sent back to *La Belle France*,) "could not recover from their astonishment at seeing apple-trees loaded with fruit above the tents which the soldiers had been occupying for three months." Ordinarily, in time of war the property of the citizens of a garrisoned town is almost equally preyed upon by friend and foe. The French soldiers, with the most scrupulous care, paid for the slightest article of value they converted to their own uses. Their coming had been dreaded, but their departure was lamented by all.

Some of the most accomplished soldiers and gentlemen of France were numbered among these troops. It must be confessed, however, that their military career in America did not add lustre to the reputation these distinguished soldiers had gained by their bravery and skill upon the famous battle-fields of Europe. The unfamiliar conditions of their life in this country, and their disgust at being obliged to serve under American generals, who were not soldiers but "only lawyers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths," may have had something to do with this. They could not realize that patriotism might inspire



in these same blacksmiths, shoemakers, and lawyers, a courage that could not be subdued, an invincible determination that not even a regular military education in the most famous military schools of Europe could supply. When their own fair land was deluged with



Purgatory.

blood, not many years afterward, the ideas of many of these gay courtiers were strangely broadened, and not a few of them paid the penalty for their lack of knowledge upon the crimson platform of the guillotine.

The Chevalier de Tiernay commanded the fleet, the Count de Rochambeau the French army. Admiral de Tiernay died not long after his arrival in Newport, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard. He could not endure the reproaches heaped upon him for his seeming lack of energy and courage. The brave old Rochambeau was made of sterner stuff, but even this gallant general was scarcely able to bear the taunts of

his impetuous allies. It is quite possible that, hampered by his instructions, he was unable to act as his own judgment dictated. This is the note he wrote to one of his young officers who had urged him at once to join battle :

“ I owe it to the most scrupulous examination of my conscience, that of about fifteen thousand men killed or wounded under my orders in different grades and in the bloodiest actions, I have not to reproach myself with having caused the death of a single one to gratify my own ambition.

“ *Le vieux père* ROCHAMBEAU.”

How many names, famous in French history, greet the eye as we peruse the records those brilliant officers have left us of their stay in Newport. That of the Duc de Lauzun, the most noted gallant of his times, a man whose amours were almost as endless as they were entirely unscrupulous, heads the list. The Viscount de Noailles is

almost as prominent; in his regiment Napoleon afterwards served as a subaltern; to his happy lot, when ambassador to England, it fell to convey to Lord Weymouth the tidings of the acknowledgment of the independence of the American Colonies. The Marquis de Chastellux was the "host beyond compare." Tender recollections of his *petits soupers* continued for long years to tantalize the thoughts of those who had sat around his festal board. Vioménil, Bozon de Talleyrand, Dumas, Désoteux, afterward a Chouan leader in the French Revolution, Broglie, Jourdan, the future commander of the army of the *Sambre et Meuse*, Berthier, friend of Napoleon, all these we find, — many others beside might be mentioned.

These men were fresh from the intrigues of the most licentious capital of Europe. From earliest youth they had been accustomed to breathe its tainted air, and they had engaged in this expedition mainly because it seemed to promise distraction and fresh excitements to their wearied senses. The stern patriots who remained with their families in the city, looked forward with the gloomiest apprehension to their coming. Very different from the picture paternal fears had painted, its realization proved to be. He who reads the French memoirs of that period will note with astonishment the tone of respectful admiration their authors use in speaking of American women. From the easy smiles of the noble ladies whose presence graced the Court of France at the very culmination of the old régime, these jaded voluptuaries fled with delight when the prospect of new conquests in untried fields was held out. The most hardened debauchee among them was forced to kneel in reverence before the beauty, the dignity, and the purity of the daughters of Newport. In the reputation of these fair maidens, the busy tongue of scandal could find no vulnerable point through which to thrust its envenomed darts.

The daughter of Abraham Redwood was one of the leading belles. It is said that when she walked the streets of the town, even the rough sailors involuntarily raised their hats in homage, and turned to look back with sincerest admiration upon her retreating form. "The beautiful Miss Champlin" attained even a higher fame. Her, *Washington* selected for his partner, at the ball the citizens gave in honor of his visit to his allies, and asked to select the dance. She chose "A Successful Campaign," and the gallant French officers, taking the instruments from the hands of the musicians, themselves furnished the music for the distinguished couple, as they stepped

through the stately minuet. The two Misses Hunter, "of noble aspect, an air of high breeding, and spiritual face and grace of movement," also attracted universal admiration. Both these ladies afterwards found homes in Europe. The elder became the bride of the Count de Cardignan; the younger was married to M. Falconnet, an opulent Swiss banker, who was engaged in business at Naples.

But by unanimous consent, the most charming of all that galaxy of beauties was the Quaker vestal, Polly Lawton. (With the ingenuous disregard for the plain and simple English orthography, which always characterizes the French nation, her infatuated admirers either spelled her name Leighton or Leyton; never Lawton.) This is the account of his visit to the maiden, which the Prince de Broglie has sent down to an appreciative posterity. In company with his friend, M. de Vauban, he entered the house of her father. "A silent, serious old man, who very seldom bared his thoughts, and never his head," received them with a gravity somewhat amusing from its singularity, and yet hardly satisfactory to their fevered imaginations. "Suddenly we beheld the Goddess of grace and of beauty, Minerva in person having exchanged her sterner attributes for pastoral charms. It was the daughter of the Quaker, Polly Lawton. In accordance with the customs of her sect, she addressed us familiarly (*nous parla en nous tutoyant*), but with a simplicity and grace which I can only compare to that of her toilet. It was a kind of English dress, fitting the figure closely, and was white as milk, a muslin apron of the same color, and a large handkerchief gathered close around the neck. Her coiffure, composed of a simple little cap of *baptiste*, with round plaits, and permitting only a half-inch of hair to be perceived, completed the virgin attire of Polly Lawton. I confess that this seductive Lawton appeared to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Nature; and whenever I recall her image, I am tempted to write a great book against the finery, the factitious graces, and the coquetry of many ladies whom the world admires." The Count de Segur is equally enthusiastic: "So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty," says he, enchanted, "were perhaps never combined in the same person." We can readily believe these fascinated swains when they confess that the beautiful Quakeress drew their minds away from the frivolities which, up to that time, they had deemed so necessary to their happiness.

Even after the war had ceased the gallant Frenchmen came back from time to time, across the ocean, to bask once more in the



light of the smiles that had so charmed them. But while they still dilate with unfailing rapture upon the never-fading beauty of its maidens, they all lament the decay that seemed the inevitable lot of the town. Most melancholy is this description, from the pen of Brissot de Warville, the exiled Girondist :

“The solitude which reigns here, and which is only interrupted by groups of idlers who stand listlessly at the street corners, the general dilapidation of the houses, the wretched look of the shops, which offer for sale nothing but bunches of matches and baskets of apples, or other articles of little value, the grass growing in the square opposite the Court House, the muddy and ill-paved streets, the rags at the windows or which cover either hideous women” (the citizen Brissot sighed in vain to enter that charmed circle which had welcomed the members of the old noblesse), “lean children, or pale, wan men, with deep eyes and sinister looks, making the observer very uncomfortable, all proclaim misery, the reign of bad faith, and the influence of a bad government.” Not without some reason, this dismal chronicler believes paper money to be the principal cause of all this misery which he beholds.

For almost half a century the town remained in this state of extreme prostration. The feeble symptoms of reviving life which it manifested in the early part of this century, quickly vanished when the War of 1812 began. From 1815 to 1828 not a house was built within its limits. Not until 1830 did its renaissance commence. In that year boarding-house keepers began to find their resources taxed to furnish accommodations for the summer visitors. From Providence, from the Southern States, and from Cuba came the first of the returning tide of pilgrims to this island Mecca. Ten years later the hotels could no longer contain the swelling throngs. About that time some man of genius conceived the idea of building for himself a habitation which might protect him from the mild inclemencies of the summer months. It did not cost much to live in Newport in those days. Land was cheap, and a very respectable dwelling could be erected at a comparatively slight cost. So, without a thought of the immense de-



The Old Mill

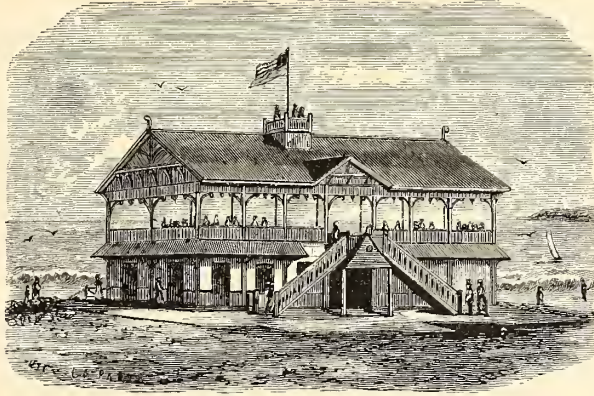
velopment it would afterwards attain, the system which is the marked feature of this great watering-place was begun. According to the guide-book of last year, more than two hundred and fifty persons owned "summer cottages" in the city. For the last thirty years the annual sales of real estate have averaged more than half a million dollars. In all that time the value of land has been steadily increasing. There have been no "real estate panics" in this "City by the Sea."

To the eye of the visitor, searching, like Dr. Syntax, for "the picturesque," Newport presents very many attractive features. Naturally and properly, on the first favorable day, the venturesome enthusiast turns his steps toward the *Spouting Rock*, just beyond the western end of Bailey's beach. Huge rocks surround on every side a great cavern. During the violent easterly storms that sometimes sweep along this coast, fierce seas rushing in from the open ocean fill this cavern with a boiling mass of water. The waves, following steadily in constant succession, force the imprisoned surges out through an opening in its roof, and fill the air with dense clouds of foam. Not far from Sachuest Beach is *Purgatory* (represented in the cut upon page 48). The story common to such places, — of the careless maiden who tested her lover's devotion by requiring him to leap across the chasm (it is from eight to fourteen feet wide), — is, of course, told concerning it. The guide-books also speak of satanic (?) foot-prints, plainly visible in the rough *graywacke*, and give vague traditions of the terrible fate that once befell a sinning Indian maiden in this romantic spot. Toward the *Lime Rock Lighthouse*, the eyes of all those who enter Newport from the Bay instinctively turn. It is the home of Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of America." In Touro Park stands the monument which commemorates Com. M. C. Perry, of the United States Navy, the officer who commanded the famous expedition to Japan. In the Island Cemetery, a plain, granite shaft marks the grave of Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie; he, also, was a son of Newport. On Bellevue Avenue, not far from the Ocean House, stands the *Casino*, the pioneer building of its class in America. On Easton's Beach stands the cool and commodious structure, called "The Tent on the Beach." On Church Street stands the Rogers High School. For the erection of this building, William Sanford Rogers left in his will the sum of \$100,000. To prolong the enumeration is needless. More than to mention the places of interest would be impossible. In the guide-

books glowing descriptions of them can be read. To the guide-books, therefore, the reader is respectfully referred.

For the transportation of visitors, the facilities are ample and convenient. The city may be reached by the Old Colony Line, of which J. H. Jordan, is the agent in Newport; by the Newport and Wickford Line, Theodore Warren, agent; or by the Continental Steamboat Line.

The leading hotels of Newport to-day, are the Ocean House, J. G. Weaver & Sons, proprietors, with accom-



"The Tent on the Beach"

modations for 300 guests; Hotel Aquidneck, L. P. Attleton, proprietor, accommodating 150; Perry House, 100 guests, E. V. Westcott, proprietor; United States Hotel, 100 guests, W. B. Hathaway, proprietor; Cliff Cottage Hotel, 75 guests, M. S. Flagg, manager; and Hall's Cliff House, 50 guests, William T. Hall.

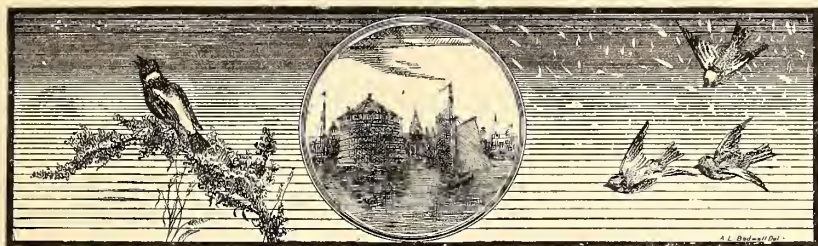
Newport is not a manufacturing city. The two manufactories of special note are the Perry Mill and the Aquidneck Mill, both cotton factories.

Among the many enterprising business men of to-day, to whom the city is indebted for much of its reviving prosperity, may be mentioned: T. M. Seabury, John C. Seabury, Wm. C. Cozzens & Co., A. C. Titus, J. F. Marden, M. Cottrell, Bateman & Gardner, Julius Sayer, J. H. Crosby, Jr., Slocum & Black, Bull & Powell, Job T. Langley, J. B. Finch, Albert Hammett, H. D. Scott, J. D. Richardson, Swinburne & Peckham, R. S. & W. B. Franklin, Caswell, Hazard & Co., H. E. Turner & Co., King & McLeod, Wm. Sherman, Caswell, Massey & Co., Walter Sherman, B. F. Downing, R. H. Taylor, W. H. Colton, W. S. N. Allan, J. S. Hazard & Co., Wm. Fludder & Co., G. P. Lawton, A. L. Burdick, W. C. Langley, J. Alderson, C. S. Murray & Co., A. H. Hayward, A. Stewart & Co., H. M. Castoff, W. T. Bowler, Hiram Murray, E. P. Swan, Gould & Son, Geo. A. Weaver, Langley & Bennett, J. M. R.



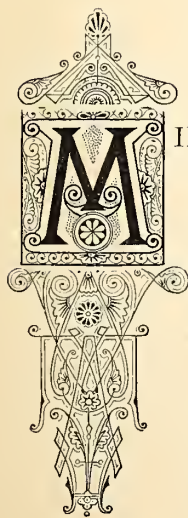
Southwick, C. H. Burdick & Co., J. T. Burdick & Co., H. A. Heath & Co., E. C. Blain, D. C. Denham, D. L. Cummings, G. O. Herrmann, Geo. C. Barker & Son, J. C. Stoddard, T. Gladding & Son, Ira E. Wilson, W. K. Covell, Jr., Langley & Sharpe, Alfred Smith & Sons, F. B. Porter & Co., T. G. Ford, J. N. Howard & Co., C. P. Barber, Peckham & Manchester, Stafford Bryer, McAdam & Openshaw, C. Sherman & Co., R. S. Barker, E. P. Allan, A. C. Landers, Smith Bosworth & Co., J. H. Hammett, Carry Brothers, G. B. Reynolds & Co., Pinniger & Manchester, Wm. Swinburne, Perry Brothers, Brown & Howard, C. E. Hammett, W. P. Clarke, E. W. Lawton, J. H. Cozzens & Son, A. Goffe, Wm. B. Sherman, and Taylor & Bennett.

“It is more difficult to find the end of this oration than the beginning,” said the immortal Tully, almost two thousand years ago, when he was about to pronounce that splendid panegyric upon the eminent virtues and the extraordinary talents of Gneius Pompey, with which every classical student is so familiar. Again and again will the words of the Roman orator recur to the mind of him who attempts to describe the ancient glories of Newport,—to tell the fascinating story of its later days. Even before the task is fairly outlined the reluctant pen must be forced away from the enchanting theme. To do it justice would require not one book but many. As the eye of the philosopher scans the varied and peculiar phases of its social life, the flying hours glide by unheeded. The heart of the biographer swells with delight as he thinks of the fame the city’s sons have won by their achievements in literature, in science, and in art—of their matchless valor upon land and sea. The imaginative writer, be he novelist or poet, grows rapturous as he contemplates the possibilities one only of its treasures—the Old Stone Mill—affords him. Already volumes have been written concerning this quaint structure, and volume upon volume must follow in the years to come. The brain of the soberest historian reels as he strives to pierce the mystery of its erection. We can never hope to know surely who its builders were—whether it is a relic of the old Vikings, a martello tower of the years between Guanahani and Plymouth Rock, or simply the “stone built wind mill” of Gov. Benedict Arnold. Why should we seek to know it? Better the old ruin as it is; better than any certainty is the unique position it holds in American history.



## CHAPTER III.

MIDDLETOWN — DEAN BERKELEY — ISAAC BARKER'S SERVICES DURING THE REVOLUTION. PORTSMOUTH — THE SETTLEMENT AT POCASSET — THE CAPTURE OF PRESCOTT. LITTLE COMPTON — AWASHONKS, THE SQUAW SACHEM, AND CAPT. BENJAMIN CHURCH. TIVERTON — WEETAMOE, QUEEN OF POCASSET — THE CAPTURE OF THE "PIGOT" GALLEY.



MIDDLETOWN owes its existence to the feeling of jealousy and opposition which is sure to arise, sooner or later, between those who dwell in the "compact part" of a town and those who live in "the woods." In Newport more than a century elapsed before the feeling became sufficiently strong to necessitate division. It was not until August, 1743, that the inhabitants of "the woods" secured the incorporation of the new town. Before that time the people of Middletown rightly claim for their own a share in the fame which fell to Newport. When Dean Berkeley came to reside in the chief city of Rhode Island, it was in what

is now the town of Middletown that he chose the spot upon which to build his house. Any sketch of our colonial days would be incomplete in which mention was not made of George, Bishop of Cloyne, and of his sojourn upon Aquidneck. It would be difficult to select a verse which has been more familiar to Americans (and more frequently misquoted) than the four lines in which, one hundred and fifty years ago, he foretold the destiny that awaited the Nation.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

George Berkeley was born at Kilerin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, March 12, 1684. His father was Collector of Belfast. He came from a family noted for its loyalty to Charles I. Before he was twenty, young Berkeley had written a famous book. In 1707 he became a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. His unusual talents secured for him the acquaintance of the famous men of his time; his sweet and gentle disposition quickly won their friendship. With Swift and Steele he became specially intimate. Pope has left a striking testimonial of his friendship, in the line in which he ascribes

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven."

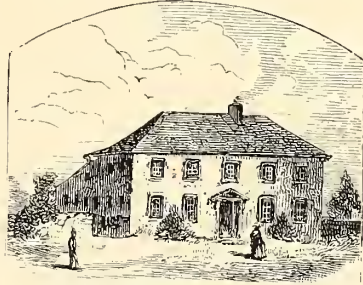
Bishop Atterbury said of him: "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman."

In 1713 Berkeley accompanied the Earl of Peterborough to Italy, as Chaplain and Secretary of the Legation. Two years later he paid his famous visit to Malebranche, the celebrated French philosopher. The two entered into a discussion on the theory of the non-existence of matter, and the arguments of the English scholar so excited his opponent that his frail system was not able to withstand the shock, and he died a few days afterward. In 1724 Berkeley was made Dean of Derry, with an income of £1,100 per annum. The following year he published *A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected upon the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda*. It was in delightful anticipation of the results about to follow the carrying out of his scheme, that he wrote the stanzas *On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Sciences in America*, from which the verse lately quoted is taken.

The possession of worldly wealth seems to have afforded the gentle enthusiast but little gratification. As soon as his proposal was published, he offered to resign his living and devote his life to the instruction of the "Savage Americans," for the sum of £100 a year. Writing of him at this time to one of his noble friends, Swift says: "His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to go to your lordship's disposal." In 1728 Berkeley's plan was laid before Parliament by Sir Robert Walpole, and but little difficulty was experienced in obtaining a preliminary grant of £20,000. Full of hope, the philosopher sailed at once for the New



World. After a tedious passage of five months, he reached Newport, intending thence to sail for Bermuda after he should have recovered from the debilitating effects of the long voyage. His wife, whom he had just married, accompanied him. Several gentlemen of note also came in the ship. One of these was the painter, John Smybert; his presence for some years in Newport, and the paintings he left behind him, did much to stimulate the love of art in America, and to encourage the young efforts of Copley, Trumbull, Allston, and Malbone. This is the way a letter from Newport in the *New England Weekly Journal* (of Boston), notes the arrival: "Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship.



Whitehall.

He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'T is said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months."

One account says that it was not Dean Berkeley's intention to land at Newport, but that the captain of the ship, after searching in vain for the Summer Islands, was forced to turn the prow of his vessel northward, toward lands more accurately placed on his chart. He who on one of the calm, bright days of spring has seen the "Still vexed Bermoothes" rising just above the tossing billows that always encircle them, can easily realize how difficult it was for the earlier voyagers to descry the little group when the whole horizon was foaming with raging waves. It is related, moreover, that one of the Newport captains of half a century ago, who had sailed for Bermuda with an assorted cargo, came back after a voyage of some months with his hatches unopened, confidently affirming that the islands had sunk.

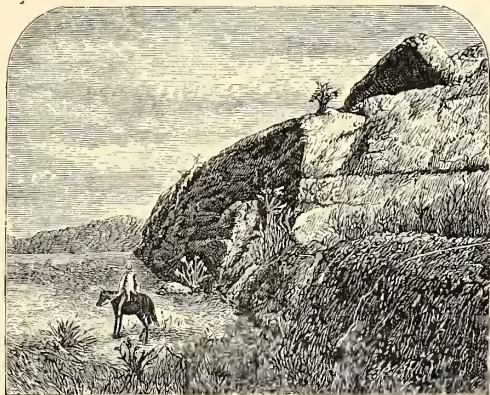
This account, however, is not the correct one. The dean's own letters show that Rhode Island was his intended destination. Having once tasted the sweets of Aquidneck life, he became so enamored of the spot that he determined to fix his residence there. To his friend Smybert, who did not agree with him in his sanguine views respecting the coming importance of the town, he is reported

to have said: "Truly, you have very little foresight, for in fifty years' time every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as in Cheapside." He was but a century out of the way in his reckoning. Very shortly afterward he purchased a farm of a hundred acres, some three miles distant from the town. Upon this yet stands the unpretentious mansion which he built. *Whitchall* was the name he gave it, the name of the best-loved residence of the king, for whom his ancestors had suffered so much. This house is placed not upon the summit of a hill, where one would naturally expect to find it, but in a valley. Its builder feared that the magnificent view the hill commands might lose its charm if seen too constantly. Not far away is Sachuest Beach. In a natural alcove, in the most elevated part of the hanging rocks which overlook this beach, Berkeley had his chair and writing-materials placed. There, without doubt, *Alciphron, the Minute Philosopher*, was meditated and composed. "Antiquated," the critics of to-day call the book; and yet the sermon it preaches will never be out of date as long as the world lasts. The work is, of course, mainly argumentative, but it abounds in delightful paragraphs, descriptive of the scenery and customs of the country, like these which follow:

"The Library is a gallery on the ground floor, with an arched door at one end, opening into a walk of limes, where, as soon as we had drunk tea, we were tempted by fine weather to take a walk, which led us to a small mount of easy ascent, on the top whereof we found a seat under a spreading tree. Here we had a prospect, on one hand, of a narrow bay, or creek, of the sea, inclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farm houses. At the end of the bay was a small town, placed upon the slope of a hill, which from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing-boats and lighters gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and as bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other hand, we looked down on green pastures, flocks and herds basking beneath in sunshine, while we in our superior situation, enjoyed the freshness of air and shade."

"We had hardly seated ourselves and looked about us, when we saw a fox run by the foot of our mount into an adjacent thicket. A few minutes after, we heard a confused noise of the opening of hounds, and winding of horns, and the roaring of country squires. While our attention was suspended by this event, a servant came running out of breath, and told Crito that his neighbor Ctessipus, a

squire of note, was fallen from his horse, attempting to leap over a hedge, and brought into the hall, where he lay for dead. Upon which we all rose and walked hastily to the house, where we found Ctessipus just come to himself, in the midst of half a dozen sun-burnt squires in frocks, and short wigs, and jockey boots. Being asked how he did, he answered it was only a broken rib. With some difficulty Crito persuaded him to lie on a bed till the chirurgeon came. These fox-hunters having been up early at their sport, were eager for dinner, which was accordingly hastened. They passed the afternoon in a loud, rustic mirth, gave proof of their religion and loyalty by the healths they drank, talked of hounds,



Happy Valley.

and horses, and elections, and country fairs, till the chirurgeon, who had been employed about Ctessipus, desired he might be put into Crito's coach, and sent home, having refused to stay all night."

A very short residence in Newport was sufficient to convince Berkeley that his college should be established upon the main land rather than upon the Summer Islands. "The truth is, I should like it better than Bermuda," he wrote to a friend. But the money promised for his college never came, and after a residence of two and a half years in America he went back to his native country, confessing, when he went, that "no spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach." (Sachuest Beach, he meant, of course.) It may well be questioned whether any man ever did more in so short a time to form the society in which he lived. The genial, elevating influence of his presence in Rhode Island was felt for many years after the gracious bishop had passed away from earth. He was appointed to the See of Cloyne in 1734, and died, full of years and of honor, in 1753.

Middletown has always been simply an agricultural town. Very naturally, therefore, the historian searches in vain for striking events in its history. Isaac Barker's conduct during the Revolution well deserves notice. When the British took possession of the island he



pretended to be a Tory, and remained on his farm. This was situated on the east side of the island. His dwelling could plainly be seen from the Seaconnet shore. In this house a British colonel established his quarters. From this officer Barker was often able to learn the plans of the enemy. Between him and Lieutenant Chapin, of Colonel Sherburne's regiment of Rhode Island troops, a system of signals was arranged. It consisted of a peculiar arrangement of bars and stakes in a stone wall, and was easily visible to one using a spy-glass upon the main land. When any information of importance had been gained, a letter would be deposited by Barker in a certain crevice in a neighboring ledge of rocks. He would then arrange his signals, and the lieutenant would cross over at night and get the letter. For more than fourteen months, at the constant risk of his life, Barker continued to perform this service. The departure of the English troops at last released him from his perilous employment.

The population has not increased very largely during the 138 years of the town's existence. In 1748, 680 people were numbered within its limits. The last census showed it to contain 1,139 inhabitants. The residents of the town are awakening at last to a sense of the possibilities within their grasp, and are stretching out their hands to secure a portion of the summer throng that fills each year the cottages of the mother-town. Broad avenues, sweeping along the shores, and winding over the hills that command a prospect over the ocean, are projected. On these hills some of the most beautiful villa-sites in America are yet unoccupied. In the years to come, stately residences will rise upon them. The avenues may one day be crowded with a concourse rivaling that which now rolls onward, in the bright days of summer, along magnificent Bellevue.

POCASSET, was the Indian name of the place where the first English settlement upon Aquidneck was established. Not until the Newport settlers had withdrawn from it was the name of Portsmouth given to the town. By the Indians, the opposite shore of the mainland and the narrow strait lying between was also called Pocasset. For the fee of the island, and for the grass upon the neighboring islands, forty fathoms of white peage were paid. Ten coats and twenty hoes were given to the resident Indians to vacate the lands, and five fathoms of wampum were paid to the local sachem.

Before leaving Providence this civil compact was drawn up and signed:

“7TH DAY OF THE FIRST MONTH (MARCH), 1638.

“We whose names are underwritten do hereby solemnly, in the presence of Jehovah, incorporate ourselves into a body politic; and as he shall help, will submit our persons, lives and estates, unto our Lord Jesus Christ, The King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and to all those perfect and most absolute laws of his given us in his holy word of truth to be guided and judged thereby. Exod. xxiv., 3, 4; 2 Chron. xi., 3; 2 Kings, xi., 17.”

Its signers were William Coddington, John Clarke, William Hutchinson, John Coggeshall, William Aspinwall, Samuel Wilbore, John Porter, John Sanford, Edward Hutchinson, Jr., Thomas Savage, William Dyre, William Freeborne, Philip Shearman, John Walker, Richard Carder, William Baulstone, Edward Hutchinson, Sr., Henry Bull. Randall Holden's name is also affixed to the document, but the historian Arnold believes that Holden was not one of the proprietors, but simply one of the witnesses to the compact. The other witness was Roger Williams.

In his settlement at Providence, the great founder of the State made no provision whatever for religious worship. He welcomed gladly all persons who desired to cast in their lot with him, asking no questions whatever concerning their religious beliefs. Whether they were “Jews, Turks, Infidels or Heretics” mattered not to him. The Aquidneck settlers were not quite so liberal. But while they proposed to lay the foundation of a *Christian* State, they also meant that in that State every man should be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The differences between the followers of Roger Williams and those of Coddington and Hutchinson were but slight, and yet they served to bring to the island a more desirable class of inhabitants than those who settled at Providence.



The Glen.

It was the higher education and the superior social standing of the people of the island of Rhode Island which secured for it the controlling influence in the affairs of the State it enjoyed for so many years.

The building of the town of Portsmouth was begun March 24, 1638. Around the head of a cove on the northeastern part of the island, the first dwellings were erected. From this cove, an outlet deep enough for the passage of small vessels then extended to the bay. The people supposed that water sufficient to float the largest ships of the time might easily be found not far away. This deeper water could not be found, however, the action of the winds and waves gradually closed the outlet, and the first settlement was in time abandoned. Not many years ago traces of some of the houses could with difficulty be perceived; modern "improvement" has since swept them entirely away. The second hamlet received the name of Newtown, a designation still retained by that part of the town.

Portsmouth is still, and always has been, mainly an agricultural community, but for an agricultural town it is unusually rich in historical incident. Within its borders one of the most daring exploits of the Revolution was performed. Just north of the northern boundary line of Middletown, stands what is left of the house that was once the headquarters of the English General Prescott. Very little of the old dwelling remains, and the house wears a decidedly modern aspect. In May, 1777, Lord Percy departing from Newport, left Brig.-Gen. Richard Prescott in command of the British forces. "Prescott was a man advanced in years, of small stature, of harsh temper, who carried, even beyond the common measure of military insolence, his contempt and hatred for those whom he persistently refused to regard in any other light than as rebels against their king. He had brought with him to Rhode Island a reputation stained with many acts of cruelty; his conduct upon the island more than sustained the reputation he had before acquired. Thus, he ordered 300 lashes to be given to Thomas Austin, because he refused to yoke his team to carry a cannon across the island for use against the American troops. The remonstrances of attending physicians, who assured the tyrant that his bleeding victim could not possibly survive such torture, alone prevented the carrying out of the inhuman order.

In the latter part of the year 1776 General Charles Lee, second in command of the American forces, had been captured by a British scouting party, under circumstances that were deemed peculiarly disgraceful by all true patriots. The character of Lee was not un-





A Glimpse of Bristol Ferry.

derstood at the time ; his entire lack of principle had not then been made manifest. The Americans, for the most part, felt that a gallant officer was likely to be held in captivity for an indefinite time, because they held no English officer of equal rank, for whom to exchange him. No one felt the humiliation more keenly than Maj. William Barton, of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, a young man not yet twenty-nine years of age. Major Barton, with his own hand, afterward prepared an account of the capture of Prescott, which is still preserved in the cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society. In it he says : “ He had a very high opinion of the general’s ability, and used the greatest endeavors to get intelligence of some British officers of the same rank, and thus effect an exchange of that great man.”

On the tenth day of June, 1777, a fugitive from the island carried to the quarters of Barton at Tiverton, the intelligence that Prescott was quartered at Mr. Overing’s house, distant about five miles from Newport, and one mile from the west shore of the island. He also reported that no troops were stationed near the house, and that the general’s only protection was the guard-ship that lay opposite his quarters. Major Barton at once determined to effect his capture. Five whale-boats, large enough to contain forty men, were

quickly secured. His regiment having been assembled, Barton explained that a secret expedition of great danger was to be undertaken, and called for volunteers. The whole regiment at once stepped forward. Barton selected forty men, expert in rowing, and practiced his crews daily until he had become satisfied with their proficiency. On the 4th of July the little flotilla left Tiverton, passing first to Bristol, and afterward to Warwick, as the most suitable point for the final departure. While off Hog Island, in full view of the British ships, the object of the expedition was announced to the crews. Its tremendous risk deterred no one from continuing it. On the 9th of July the party, forty-one men in all, left Warwick. Their leader commanded them "to preserve the strictest order; to have no thought of plunder; to observe the profoundest silence, and to take with them no spirituous liquors." Wise directions they were, and most faithfully carried out. Barton closed his short address by invoking the Divine blessing upon his undertaking. With muffled oars, the boats pulled silently onward through the friendly darkness of the summer night, passing so near the enemy's ships that they heard distinctly the sentinel's "all's well," as the hours were called.

On reaching the shore, one man was left in charge of each boat. The rest of the party, forming in five divisions, crept cautiously on toward the house. They found their way beset with dangers greater than those their leader had reckoned upon. On their left was a guard-house in which a squad of soldiers had been quartered. Two hundred yards away, on their right, a company of light cavalry had been stationed. Twenty-five yards from the gate of the house they encountered a sentinel. When the gate was opened this sentinel at once challenged the party. He was seized and bound, and threatened with instant death if he made the slightest noise. In the first chamber they entered was found Mr. Overing, the owner of the house. At the noise of their entrance, Prescott awoke, and at once called out to know what the matter was. Almost immediately he found himself a prisoner. The story often told is, that the door of Prescott's room was forced open by the ram-like stroke of a negro's head, but Barton, in his narrative, mentions no such incident. The British general made no attempt to conceal his identity. Clad in exceedingly scanty attire, he was hurried from the house and across the fields, rough with wheat-stubble and with brambles, to the boats. The sentinel who had been first captured, and Major Barrington, Prescott's aid, who had leaped from the window at the first

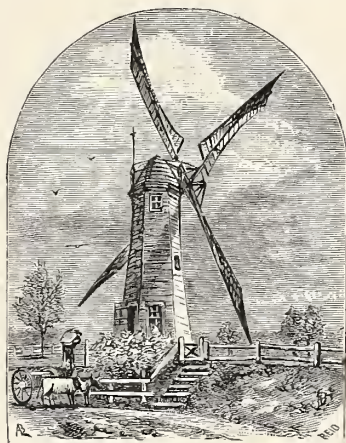








alarm, were also carried away prisoners. Hardly had the party pushed off from the shore, before the whole island seemed aroused, but the darkness of the night effectually concealed the Americans. Not until they received a dispatch from him at Providence, did his troops learn the fate of their commander. The track of his captors was easily traced to the water-side, but the rippling waves rendered further search hopeless. The party reached Warwick Neck at day-break, having been absent six hours and a half. The effect of Barton's exploit cannot be better told than in the words of the late Professor Diman, the orator of the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the event. "Wherever the news spread, it made a great impression. It came at a period of discouragement, when men were weary of the long inactivity of Spencer, and were watching with apprehension the advance of Burgoyne; and, of however



Old Wind-mill.

slight importance in its bearing on military operations, it had a prodigious effect in rousing the popular spirit. Thatcher writes, in his Journal, that when the intelligence reached the northern army 'it occasioned great joy and exultation.' It even lifted the dark cloud which hung over the face of Washington, who at once sent a dispatch to Congress announcing the capture of Prescott, and describing it as 'a bold enterprise.'"

On the hills of Portsmouth was fought the battle of Rhode Island, which the illustrious Lafayette is reported to have described as "the best-fought battle of the war." It showed the heroism undisciplined American troops could display, even when confronted with the veteran regiments of Great Britain. It was a victory for the Americans, but was followed by their retreat. Its moral effect was most important.

Among the most prominent features of the Portsmouth landscape to-day are the great wind-mills that surmount some of the loftiest hills of the town. No traveler passes by on the waters of the bay who does not admire their picturesque appearance, as their long arms revolve against the eastern sky. There are four of these antique

structures in the town. The town is also noted for its coal mines. The coal obtained is said to be most valuable for smelting purposes, but, probably from the ignorance of those who have attempted to use it, has not won great commendation for its heating properties. It only needs more intelligence in the methods of using it to become of great value. "It is hard to light it up, but it is harder to extinguish it." The poet Bryant thus apostrophizes it:

"Yea, they did wrong thee foully — they who mocked  
Thy honest face, and said thou would'st not burn;  
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,  
And grew profane — and swore in bitter scorn,  
That men might to thy inner caves retire,  
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire,"

THE NAME OF AWASHONKS, the "squaw sachem," often greets the eye as we peruse the pages of the history of King Philip's War. She ruled over the Seaconnet Indians, in the territory now mainly comprised within the limits of the town of LITTLE COMPTON. The Indian queen was a kinswoman of Philip of Pokanoket. For years before the war was planned her tribe had acknowledged his superior authority. The great chieftain very naturally reckoned her warriors among his surest allies in war, and his most steadfast friends in peace. But for one seemingly unimportant circumstance, the famous sachem would perhaps never have had occasion to bemoan their defection, and the horrors of Philip's War would have been prolonged for years.

In the year 1674 the first white settler took up his abode upon the lands belonging to the Seaconnet tribe. He was a tall and well-proportioned Englishman, with a frame so firmly knit and so finely developed that he seemed able to bid defiance to physical infirmity and bodily fatigue. Benjamin Church was then in the juicy prime of life, being about thirty-five years of age. His unusual muscular vigor, his constitutional cheerfulness, his remarkable tact, and above all, his dauntless courage, quickly compelled the respect of his savage neighbors. In the course of a year's residence among them he gained a keener insight into the Indian character, and a greater power to influence the Indian mind, than any man of his race has since been able to acquire. That year's residence at Seaconnet was, perhaps, the one thing that was needed to make Captain Church the unequalled "Indian fighter" that he soon proved himself to be. He was a native of Duxbury, a carpenter by trade, and had lived in many towns of Massachusetts, working at his trade in journeyman



fashion, as was the custom in the colony at that time, before he determined to make for himself a home at Seaconnet. Having purchased a farm, he at once erected two buildings upon it, and set himself diligently at work to improve it, "and had a fine prospect of doing no small things. Behold! the rumor of a war between the English and the natives gave check to his projects."

No one needs to be told of the part he took in that war. History has delighted to bestow her choicest encomiums upon him. The old hero himself, in the last years of his life, recognizing the fact that "every particle of historical truth is precious," wrote a very careful account of his participation in it. His narrative is told in plain and simple, and yet in exceedingly graphic style, is acknowledged to be singularly trustworthy in all its statements, and is written, as its author states in his preface, "with as little reflection as might be upon any particular person, alive or dead." From it, two striking descriptions of events which have made the territory of Little Compton historic ground, have been transferred to these pages.

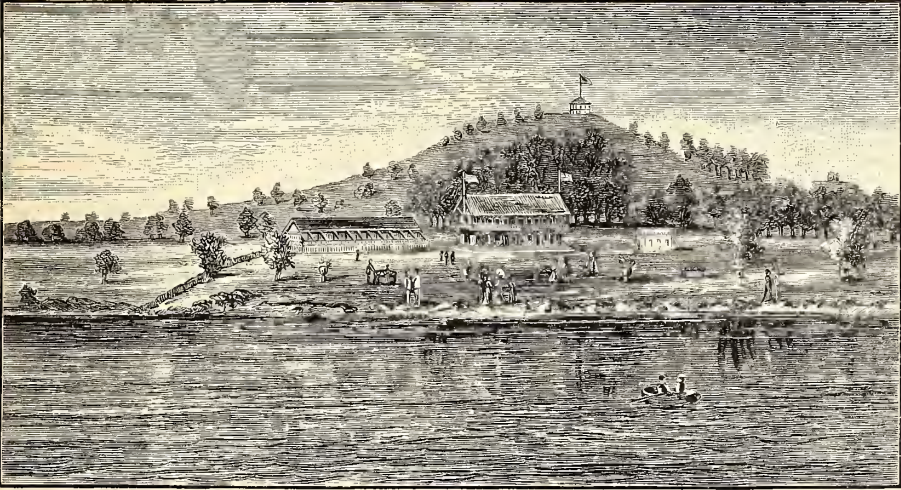
The "rumor of a war" was soon confirmed by a messenger sent from Awashonks to invite Mr. Church to be present at a great dance shortly to take place in her dominions. King Philip had already sent envoys urging the Seaconnets (*Sogkonates*, Captain Church always calls them) to join their fortunes with his, and at this dance the part they were to take in the war was to be decided. Mr. Church therefore hastened to accept the invitation. He found hundreds of warriors gathered together at the place appointed. Awashonks herself was leading the dance; but as soon as she learned of Church's arrival she broke off from it, called her nobles around her, and ordered him to be invited to her presence. After some minutes' conversation with him, during which she seemed much convinced by his arguments, she summoned the Mount Hope men,—the messengers from Philip. They presented a most formidable appearance; their faces were painted, "their hair was trimmed up in comb fashion," *i. e.*, like the comb of a cock; and their powder-horns and shot-bags were at their backs, as was the custom of their nation when war had been determined upon.

"Stepping up to the Mount Hopes, Mr. Church felt of their bags, and finding them filled with bullets, asked them what those bullets were for. They scoffingly replied, 'To shoot pigeons with. Then Mr. Church turned to Awashonks and told her that if Philip were resolved to make war, her best way would be to knock these

six Mount Hopes on the head, and shelter herself under the protection of the English; upon which the Mount Hopes were for the present dumb. But those two of Awashonks' men who had been at Mount Hope, expressed themselves in a furious manner against his advice. And Little Eyes, one of the queen's counsel, joined with them, and urged Mr. Church to go aside with him among the bushes, that he might have some private discourse with him, which other Indians immediately forbid; being sensible of his ill design. But the Indians began to side and grow very warm. Mr. Church, with undaunted courage, told the Mount Hopes that they were bloody wretches, and thirsted after the blood of their English neighbors, who had never injured them, but had always abounded in their kindness to them. That, for his own part, though he desired nothing more than peace, yet, if nothing but war would satisfy them, he believed he should prove a sharp thorn in their sides; bid the company observe these men that were of such bloody dispositions, whether Providence would suffer them to live to see the event of the war, which others, more peaceably disposed, might do, etc., etc."

Moved by Church's advice, Awashonks requested him to go to Plymouth in her behalf, to arrange a compact between her tribe and the English authorities. The war, breaking out sooner than was anticipated, rendered his mission useless at that time, but the part Church had taken had a very important bearing upon the issue of the contest. About a year afterward the English Captain happened to meet one of the Seaconnets, whose friendship he had won at this conference, and through him was enabled once more to open negotiations with the squaw sachem. A meeting was arranged between them, Church specifying that not more than three persons should attend the princess. He himself went to the place appointed in a canoe, with one man to attend him. Another canoe, with two other men in it, was stationed off the shore, to observe the fate which might befall the bold warrior.

"He was no sooner landed, but Awashonks and the rest that he had appointed to meet him there rose up and came down to meet him; and each of them successively gave him their hands, and expressed themselves glad to see him, and gave him thanks for exposing himself to visit them. They walked together about a gun-shot from the water, to a convenient place to sit down, when at once rose up a great body of Indians, who had lain hid in the grass (that was as high as a man's waist), and gathered around them, till they had



Mount Hope.

closed them in; being all armed with guns, spears, hatchets, etc., with their hairs trimmed and faces painted, in their war-like appearance. It was doubtless somewhat surprising to our gentleman at first, but without any visible discovery of it, after a small silent pause on each side, he spoke to Awashonks, and told her that George (the Indian through whom he had arranged the conference) had informed him that she had a desire to see him, and discourse about making peace with the English. She answered, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said Mr. Church, 'it is customary when people meet to treat of peace, to lay aside their arms, and not to appear in such hostile form as your people do.' He desired of her, that if they might talk about peace, which he desired they might, her men might lay aside their arms, and appear more treatable. Upon which there began a considerable noise and murmur among them in their own language, till Awashonks asked him what arms they should lay down, and where? He (perceiving the Indians looked very surly and much displeased) replied: 'Only their guns at some small distance, for formality's sake.' Upon which, with one consent, they laid aside their guns and came and sat down.

"Mr. Church pulled out his *calabash*, and asked Awashonks whether she had lived so long at *Wetuset* (Wachusset) as to forget to drink *occapeches*? and drinking to her, he perceived that she watched him very diligently, to see whether he swallowed any of the rum. He offered her the shell, but she desired him to drink again first.



He then told her that there was no poison in it; and pouring some in the palm of his hand sipped it up. And took the shell and drank to her again, and drank a good swig, which indeed was no more than he needed. Then they all standing up he said to Awashonks, 'You won't drink for fear there should be poison in it,' and then handed it to a little ill-looking fellow, who caught it readily enough, and as greedily would have swallowed the liquor when he had it at his mouth. But Mr. Church caught him by the throat, and took it from him, asking him whether he intended to swallow it shell and all; and then handed it to Awashonks. She ventured to take a good hearty draw, and passed it among her attendants. The shell being emptied, he pulled out his tobacco; and having distributed it, they began to talk.

"Awashonks demanded of him the reason why he had not (agreeable to his promise when she saw him last) been down at Sogkonate before now? Saying, that probably if he had come then, according to his promise, they had never joined with Philip against the English. He told her that he was prevented by the war's breaking out so suddenly; and yet he was afterwards coming down, and came as far as Punkateese, where a great many Indians set upon him, and fought him a whole afternoon, though he did not come prepared to fight, and had but nineteen men with him, whose chief design was to gain an opportunity to discourse some Sogkonate Indians. Upon this there at once arose a mighty murmur, confused noise, and talk among the fierce-looking creatures, and all rising up in a hubbub. And a great surly-looking fellow took up his tomhog, or wooden cutlass, to kill Mr. Church, but some others prevented him. The interpreter asked Mr. Church if he understood what it was that the great fellow they had hold of said? He answered him 'No.' 'Why,' said the interpreter, 'he says you killed his brother at Punkateese, and therefore he thirsts for your blood.' Mr. Church bid the interpreter tell him that his brother began first; that if he had kept at Sogkonate, according to his desire and order, he should not have hurt him. Then the chief captain commanded silence; and told them they should talk no more about old things, etc., and quelled the tumult so that they sat down again, and began upon a discourse of making peace with the English."

The arguments of Captain Church were successful. At last "the chief captain rose up, and expressed the great value and respect he had for Mr. Church; and bowing to him, said, 'Sir, if you will

please to accept of me and my men, and will head us, we will fight for you, and will help you to Philip's head before the Indian corn be ripe.' And when he had ended, they all expressed their consent to what he had said, and told Mr. Church they loved him, and were willing to go with him and fight for him as long as the English had one enemy left in the country." The defection of Awashonks and her tribe sealed the doom of Philip. The broken-hearted sachem was never known to smile after the news was received. He felt that his days were numbered, and that henceforth he must live like a wild beast, hunted from one hiding-place to another by Indians and Englishmen alike.

Not until many years after the war had ceased did Captain Church go back to dwell at Seaconnet. When the town of Bristol was founded he became one of its most prominent citizens, and continued to live for several years upon the land that had once belonged to his dead foe. From Bristol he removed to Fall River, and at last went back to end his days at Little Compton. Returning one day from a visit of condolence which he had paid his only sister, his horse stumbled, and the old hero was thrown with great force upon the frozen ground. He had become exceedingly corpulent, and the fall ruptured a blood-vessel. From the effects of this accident he died Jan. 17, 1718.

Little Compton probably took its name from the Little Compton of Oxfordshire, England. It was incorporated as a town in 1682. Its Indian inhabitants continued for many years to reside within its borders in perfect harmony with their white neighbors. In 1790 there were 1,542 white inhabitants and twenty-three slaves in the town. Its population, according to the census of 1880, is 1,201. It was one of the five towns transferred from Massachusetts to the colony of Rhode Island in January, 1746-7. Once a popular summer resort, it still attracts many visitors, by reason of the unequalled advantages for fishing which it affords. A stone in the village



Cold Spring Monument, Mount Hope.

cemetery marks the resting-place of Elizabeth Alden, said to have been the first white woman born in New England. She became the wife of William Pabodie, and died May 31, 1717, in the ninety-fourth year of her age.

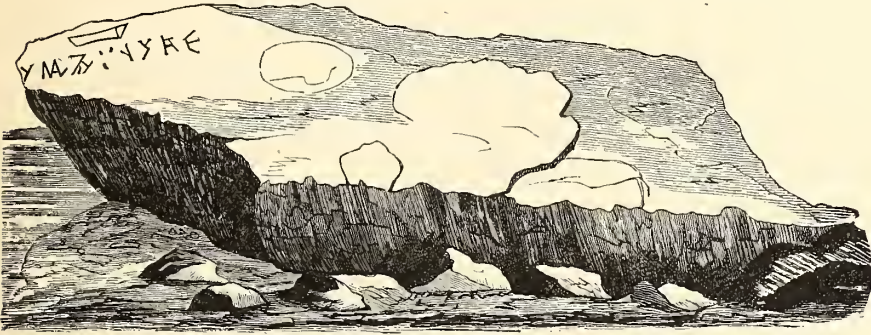
TIVERTON was another of the five towns. Its Indian name was Pocasset. Punkateest it was also called sometimes; but this name properly belonged to its southern portion only. It was purchased from the Indians by the Plymouth colonists in 1680, and was by them sold to Edward Gray and seven other Englishmen, for £1,100 (about \$3,666). The fact has already been noted that Portsmouth was originally called Pocasset. It was probably the greater prominence of the mainland Pocasset that compelled the islanders to change the name of their town. Not until 1694 was the town of Tiverton incorporated. The powerful Indian tribe to whom the territory had once belonged had then almost entirely disappeared. The Indian designation was therefore dropped, and an English name was taken in its stead. One point in connection with the early history of the town is specially worthy of notice. It had no settled minister, and maintained no regular religious services, until almost half a century had elapsed from the year in which it was founded. On this account presentments against the town were frequently made to the General Court of Massachusetts, but without any apparent effect upon the actions of its people. In striking contrast with the other towns of Massachusetts, it continued during this long period of time almost entirely to neglect its religious and educational duties. Not until August 20, 1746—five months before it became a part of Rhode Island—was the First Congregational Church organized by the people in the south part of the town.

Like its neighbor, Seaconnet, Pocasset was governed by a "squaw sachem" when King Philip's War broke out. Weetamoe was the queen of the Pocasset tribe. When the conflict began, the part she might take in it seemed somewhat doubtful. Captain Church, passing through her dominions on his way from Seaconnet to Plymouth, thought she might be induced to take the side of the English. Events soon proved him to have mistaken both her temper and her designs. She espoused the side of her kinsman, and upon the broad hunting-grounds of her tribe many a deadly combat was fought. The writers of that period agree that "the 'squaw sachem' of Pocasset was next unto Philip in respect to the mis-



chief that hath been done, and the blood that hath been shed in the war."

"A severe and proud dame was she," wrote an Englishwoman who was once her captive, "bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any of the gentry of the land. . . . She had a Kearsy coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the



"The Northmen's Rock," Mount Hope Bay.

loins upward. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets; there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red."

Many of her tribe, discouraged by the apparent hopelessness of their cause, in time sought the alliance of the English. (It was a Pocasset Indian from whom at last Philip received his death-wound.) Weetamoe wavered never. Faithfully she clung to the fortunes of the great chieftain, and a fate more tragic even than his fell to her unhappy lot. From 300 fighting men, her tribe was at last reduced to twenty-six warriors. In August, 1676, the colonists learned from a deserter that the princess, with her few remaining adherents, had taken refuge at Mettapoiset (now Gardiner's Neck, in Swansey). Twenty men at once volunteered to hunt down the defenceless woman. With the Indian traitor for a guide, they had no difficulty in surprising the Pocassetes in their hiding-place, and capturing all but two or three of their number. Weetamoe was one of the few who escaped. The wretched princess seems to have preferred any form of death to capture. In the tumult which followed the onslaught of the attacking party, she hastily gathered for a raft a few broken pieces of timber that had been cast by the waves upon the shore, and boldly pushed out upon the dark waters. No one after-

wards saw her alive. In a few days the naked body of an Indian woman was thrown upon the beach by the in-coming tide. The white settlers seized upon it without knowing whose it was, and with the brutality that was the prevailing characteristic of the age, decapitated it. Then, carrying the head to Taunton, they set it up upon a pole. Some Indian prisoners beholding it, broke forth at once in cries of heart-rending grief. To use the words of the Rev. Increase Mather, "they made a most *horrid* and *diabolical* lamentation, crying out that it was their Queen's head." The ill-starred Wectamoe, though dead, is not yet forgotten. On the banks of that river, over whose waters the cry of the despairing princess once rang upon the startled air, a great cotton-factory bears her name. The whirl of its thousand spindles, and the throb of its mighty engines, daily sound her requiem.

Into the dismal recesses of a great cedar swamp in the Pocasset Country, King Philip once fled when hard pressed. This swamp was seven miles long. Amid its trembling bogs the Wampanoag king calmly awaited the assault of the white soldiers. With great bravery the colonists charged the Indian stronghold, and were repulsed with the loss of sixteen men. Then they resolved to close the avenues leading to it and starve the Indians to surrender. Philip was well pleased with the plan; he was plentifully supplied with provisions, and was able to sustain a very protracted siege. For thirteen days he remained in his retreat. Then, having constructed canoes enough to carry all his party, he took advantage of an unusually dark night, fled from the swamp unperceived, and passed to the Nipmuck Country.

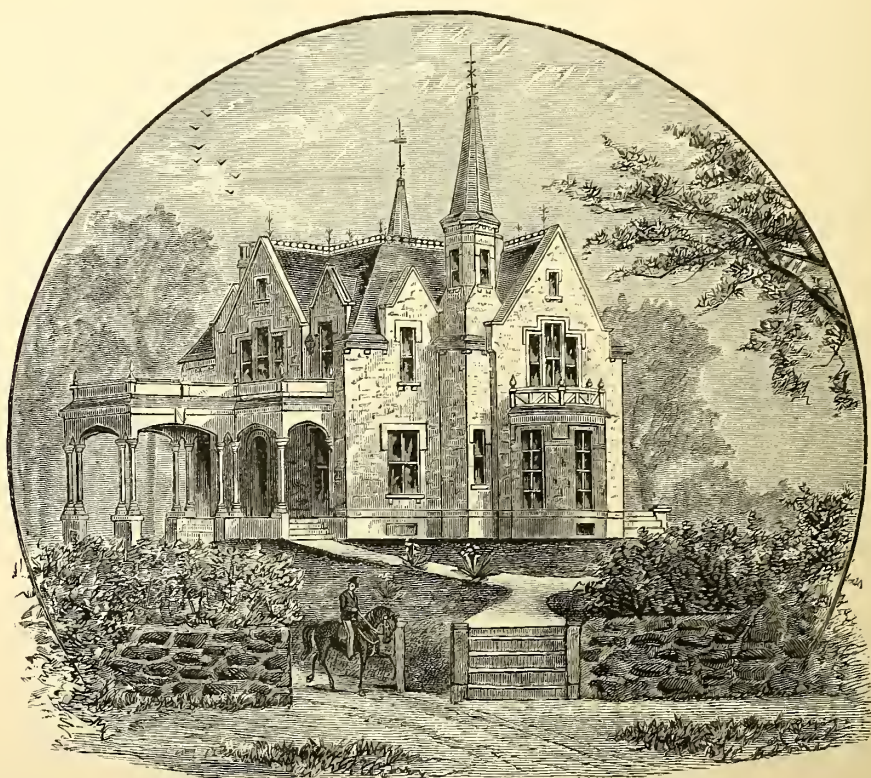
When the British held Rhode Island, during the Revolutionary War, upon Tiverton Heights was pitched one of the most important camps of the American army. It served as the great rallying-place for the patriot forces in the State. From it most of the attacking parties that so annoyed the British went forth. From Tiverton, as has lately been related, Barton set out on the "bold push" which resulted in the capture of Prescott. It will be remembered that Barton wisely ordered his men to abstain entirely from intoxicating liquors. After the object of the expedition had been accomplished and the boats were leaping joyfully homeward, the prohibition was removed. As a consequence, the courage of the crews rose to such a pitch, that it was seriously (?) debated, as they rowed past Bristol Ferry, whether it was not their duty at once to turn back to capture the whole British fleet.

With the waters of Tiverton a brilliant naval exploit is also connected. In the Seaconnet Passage an English man-of-war had been stationed to prevent the escape of the privateers that swarmed like wasps along the path of British commerce. It was the "Pigot" galley, a vessel of 200 tons burden. The "Pigot" carried eight twelve-pounders, was defended by strong boarding-nettings, and had a crew of forty-five men. Major Silas Talbot, of Providence, resolved to effect her capture. For this purpose he procured a small sloop called the "Hawk," placed on board two three-pounders and a crew of sixty men under Lieutenant Baker, and proceeded down the river. Anchoring his little craft in Mount Hope Bay, he started alone for Little Compton, that he might ascertain the exact position of the English vessel. He found the "Pigot" armed at all points, and much more thoroughly defended than he had believed was possible. He therefore secured fifteen more men from Popham's regiment, under the command of Lieut. William Helme. The next night (Oct. 28, 1778,) was favorable for his purpose. With a gentle wind the "Hawk" sailed slowly down toward the British fort at Fogland Ferry. There the sail was lowered, and the little sloop drifted unperceived past the dreaded batteries. The night was so dark that Major Talbot found it necessary to send out a boat, with muffled oars, to find the galley. This having been done, he crowded all sail and bore down upon her. The British captain was taken entirely unawares. Before he could bring his guns to bear upon his unseen foe, the jib-boom of the "Hawk" tore through the nettings of the "Pigot" and caught in its fore-shrouds. Immediately a line of boarders, with Lieutenant Helme at their head, ran along the bowsprit of the sloop and leaped upon the deck of the enemy. The combat that followed was short but decisive. The crew of the galley were quickly driven below, her commander alone disdaining to leave the deck, and fighting bravely after his men had deserted him. The English vessel was taken without the loss of a man on either side. The "Hawk" and her prize immediately set sail, and both reached Stonington in safety. The "Pigot" was not long after purchased by the American government, and stationed permanently in the bay. For this gallant exploit Talbot was made a lieutenant-colonel. During the war he distinguished himself by many like deeds of daring, seeming equally at home, whether on land or water. The Rhode Island Assembly voted swords both to him and Lieutenant Helme.

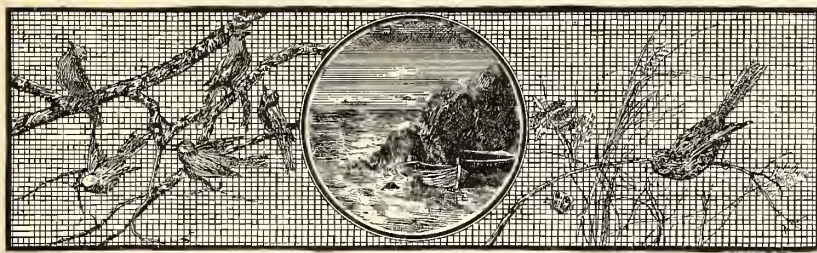
The interests of Tiverton to-day are mainly agricultural. Some



attention is also paid to "the fisheries." The old hotel at Stone Bridge—the Stone Bridge House—has been in the past, and still is, a noted summer resort. The town has not, of late years, shown any marked increase in the number of its inhabitants. In 1862 a change in the boundary line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts transferred a large portion of its territory to the jurisdiction of Fall River. It is quite possible that in the course of time it will develop into a manufacturing community. Already the mills of Fall River are crowding upon it. It may be that the next generation will see tall chimneys rising from its valleys, and its breezy hill-sides covered with a monotonous array of factory tenement-houses.



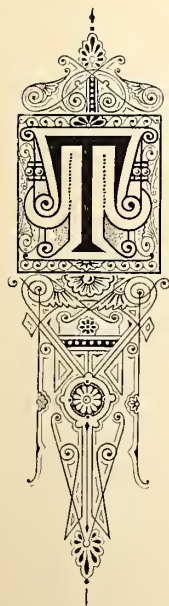
Residence of A. O. Bourn, Esq., Bristol.



## CHAPTER IV.

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BRISTOL—THE VOYAGES OF THE NORTHMEN—PHILIP OF POKANOKET—THE PRIVATEER “YANKEE”—THE SLAVE-TRADE—COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY AND DECAY. WARREN—MASSASOINET, THE FRIEND OF THE WHITE MAN—SOME FAMOUS SHIPS. BARRINGTON—THE THREE RANKS OF INHABITANTS—CAPT. THOMAS WILLETT.



THE history of Bristol is unusually varied and interesting. It goes back to the earliest ages of historic America, and claims for its own a share in the Icelandic sagas of six hundred years ago. A large number of antiquarian scholars, in Europe as well as in America, have united in pronouncing its Mount Hope to be the Hóp of the old Norse voyagers. That the Northmen were familiar with these shores, and even dwelt for many years upon them, no unprejudiced man can doubt. The established antiquity of the sagas, the fact that at the time they were written there could have been no possible motive for manufacturing such a mass of circumstantial evidence, makes it impossible for any one to deny that they are substantially true.

It is only because the advocates of the claims of the Northmen have attempted to prove too much, that they have thus far failed to win a more favorable verdict at the bar of public opinion. It must be granted that it is impossible for us to determine with absolute certainty the exact spot where the Vikings dwelt during their sojourn upon the coasts of America. The formidable array of details presented in the ancient parchments makes the conjecture that the booths of Leif Ericson were erected upon the shores of Mount Hope Bay seem a very reasonable one.



Up the Seaconnet River, in the year of our Lord 1000, the pioneer vessel of Leif is supposed to have come. Near the foot of Mount Hope itself, it is believed that his dwellings were erected. He found the waters of the bay crowded with many varieties of fish ; through the forests that lined its shores wild animals of many kinds

roamed unmolested.

The winter that followed his coming happened to be one of the unusually mild ones which sometimes visit us to astound our bitter New England climate. Not much snow fell that year, and the grass hardly seemed to wither. Subsequent voyagers had



The Oldest House in Bristol.

a very different experience. One of Lief's party was a German. Tyrker was his name. One day he strayed away from the exploring party Leif had sent out from the camp, and when he returned he hardly seemed to recognize his companions. His eyes rolled strangely about. He appeared to have forgotten the Norse language, and in German vaguely answered those who accosted him. After a while he came to his senses and his mysterious behavior was explained. He had found some vines with grapes yet remaining upon them, and the sight of the almost-forgotten fruit had awakened such a host of recollections that his mind was for a brief time thrown off its balance. The Vikings deemed his discovery so important that they gave to the country the name of Vinland, the land of vines. They also cured a quantity of grapes, and carried them with them in their ship when they went back to Iceland.

Of the voyagers who came after Leif, Thorfinn Karlsefni was the most prominent. He came with three ships and 151 men. Gudrid, his wife, and six other women sailed in the expedition. Thorfinn's object was to found a colony. He carried with him many kinds of live stock. His first winter is supposed, from his description of the country, to have been passed upon the shores of Buzzards Bay. There, in the year 1007, his wife Gudrid bore him a son, the first child



of European blood born upon the soil of this continent. In the following spring Thorfinn sailed up to the place the Northmen called Hóp. The dwellings Leif had built were not large enough to accommodate his men; additional booths were therefore erected not far away. The colonists, although well pleased with the quality of the lands, were yet deterred from making a permanent settlement by reason of the hostility of the natives. The expedition returned to Greenland in 1010.

Accounts of other voyages are also preserved, but the expeditions to Vinland soon became so frequent that they were no longer deemed worthy of record. From the annals of Iceland it would appear that in 1121 a permanent colony had been established in the country Leif had discovered. Two hundred years later, the arrival of a Greenland ship, bound to Markland (a country also discovered by Leif, supposed to be Nova Scotia), is recorded. The Greenland colony disappeared from history in 1406, the year when its last bishop was appointed. Its 280 villages were never afterwards heard of. Extensive ruins along the shores mark the places where they once stood.

Upon the western shore of Mount Hope Bay, between Mount Hope and the Narrows, lies a mass of *graywacke*, about ten feet long and six feet wide, which is commonly known as "The Northmen's Rock." At high tide its broad, flat surface affords a secure landing-place for those who approach it from the water: at low tide it presents an inviting seat to every one who chances to wander along the beach. (Upon page 73 a representation of it may be found.) It was often noticed by the early settlers of the town, and several references to it attest the curiosity its strange inscription aroused in their minds. For many years it was lost sight of, and has only recently been rediscovered. This is not remarkable; for the inscription covers but a small part of its surface, and is by no means prominent. The record graven upon it cannot be an Indian one, for the Indians had no written language. Popular conjecture has always associated it with the visits of the Northmen. It is supposed that one of their number, who had been left in charge of a boat while his comrades were exploring the country round about, seated himself upon it, just as would one of us to-day, and amused himself by tracing his name and the figure of his boat upon it.

More prominent than any other in the long list of the famous names that appear in connection with the history of Bristol, is that of



Residence of William T. C. Wardwell, Esq.

the Indian warrior and statesman, Philip of Pokanoket. Massasoiet, the father of King Philip (*Massasoit* the name is usually spelled), was, throughout his long life, one of the most faithful friends of the Plymouth colonists. He had hastened to conclude a treaty with them as soon as he had learned of their arrival. Until his death he observed all its provisions with unequaled good faith, fidelity, and honesty. The English repaid the many favors received at his hands by killing his son and successor before the turf was green upon the grave of the aged sachem. Before the unfortunate Alexander had given any decided indications of what his policy was to be, the English, assuming that it would be hostile, summoned him to Plymouth to answer a false accusation of treachery that had been brought against him. The haughty chieftain could not endure the indignity. The brutal treatment received at the hands of his unfeeling persecutors so wrought upon his sensitive spirit, that he sickened and died before the first year of his reign was concluded.

With the fate of his brother before his eyes, Philip was careful



to furnish his white neighbors no possible grounds for doubting his fidelity towards them. He showed no sign whatever of the rage that burned within him. In the earlier years of his reign he gave the English every reason to suppose that he would follow the peaceful policy his father had always pursued. He was only biding his time. He saw that his people must inevitably disappear before them unless the advance of the white men was checked, and his clear brain was ever devising measures by which to ward off the impending calamity. Very differently the page of New England history would run to-day, if his resources had been at all commensurate with his wonderful genius.

Philip's plan was to unite all the tribes of New England in a conspiracy against the English. From the Penobscot to the Hudson, his red-skinned warriors were to descend upon the settlements of the whites, and sweep the

A View of Bristol from the Harbor.







St. Michael's Church.

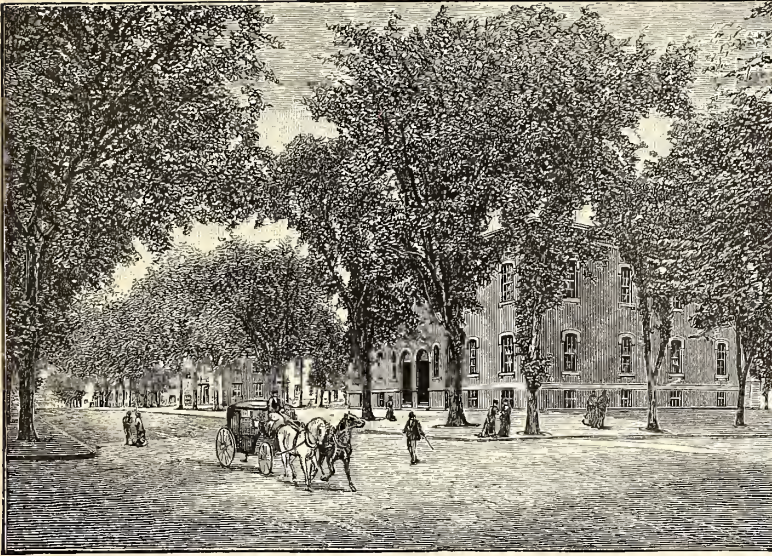
English back again into the sea. His consummate ability very nearly brought about the accomplishment of his design. But for an accident, which forced him to begin the war sooner than he had intended, he would, without doubt, have been successful. The colonists here and there heard vague rumors of impending danger, but hardly deemed them worthy of serious consideration. Thirty-eight years of peace had made them strangely careless.

When the report of the first hostile gun was heard, it seemed to many like a thunderbolt shot from a cloudless sky.

On Sunday, June 20, 1675, the war was begun. Its harrowing details need not here be given. "Driven from his paternal domains at Mount-Hope, Philip threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. In this way Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness, whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity. In whatever part of the widely extended frontier an eruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader."



Chapel of St. Michael's Church.

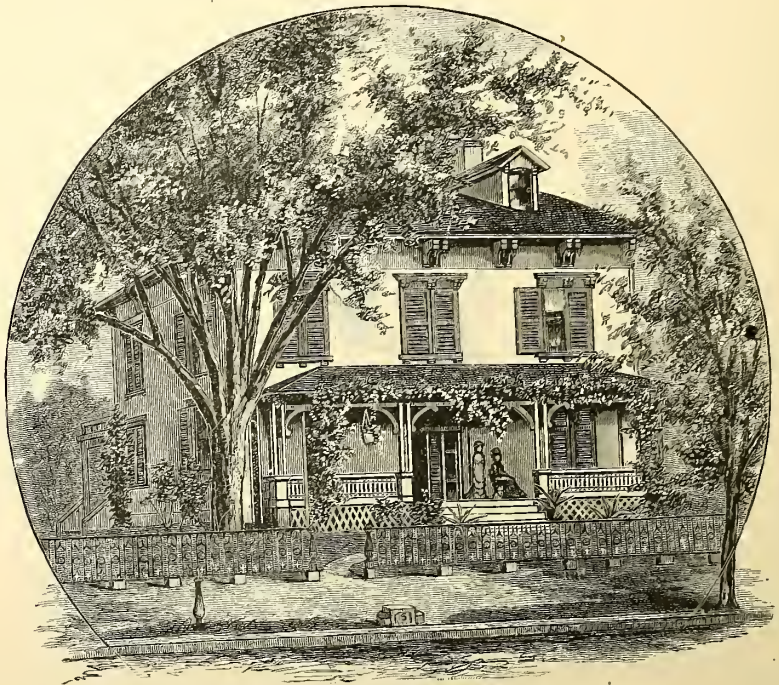


High Street, from Church to State.

For more than a year the bloody combat was prolonged. The colonists mourned the loss of more than six hundred men, the flower and strength of the country. Thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; many others were greatly damaged. Six hundred buildings, mostly dwelling-houses, were consumed by fire. The loss of the Indians was still more terrible. One by one, the followers of Philip deserted him; day by day, his dominions became more and more contracted as the deadly coil of colonial troops was slowly tightened around him. The capture of his wife and only son seemed almost to crush the very life out of the unfortunate monarch. From the woes that were heaped so heavily upon him, no refuge seemed to be left but death. He came back to the green fields and waving forests he had known from earliest childhood, and waited for his end to come. From the rifle of a renegade Indian sped the fatal bullet, and in the "miery swamp," near the foot of Mount Hope, the chieftain fell. Disappointed in the vengeance they had planned to execute upon him when living, his relentless foes proceeded to wreak their fury upon Philip's dead body. To the Indian who had shot him was given the scarred hand by which his corpse had been identified. His head was also severed from his body. The headless trunk was quartered and hung up to rot above the ground. The fate the savage chief had brought upon so many Englishmen, his Christian captors visited upon him.



The genius of Irving has summed up the character and life of the dead king in this eloquent paragraph: "Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted when living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his 'beloved wife and only son' are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrong,—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in



Residence of Mrs R. D. Smith.



adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

The echoes of the death-cry of the last sachem of the Wampanoags had only just died away when a dispute concerning the succession to his lands arose between the neighboring colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, and Rhode Island. Another claimant also appeared in the person of John Crowne, an English poet, who was at the time a prominent figure at the court of King Charles II. The committee to whom the whole subject was referred by the Privy Council, decided in favor of the Plymouth Colony. To that colony, therefore, by special grant from the king, the lands were conveyed, a quit rent of seven beaver-skins per annum being reserved to the Crown.

On the fourteenth day of September, 1680, the Mount Hope Lands were sold by the General Court of Plymouth to four merchants of Boston: Nathaniel Byfield, John Walley, Nathaniel Oliver, and Stephen Burton. In that same year the settlement of Bristol was begun. Its four "First Proprietors" were men of unusual prominence in the colony of Massachusetts; the advanced ideas which



The Rogers Free Library.

they held concerning its future were made manifest in the plans they adopted for its welfare and development. Not a town in New England had before been laid out upon such a liberal scale; not a town had been founded in which such liberal provisions were



The Town Hall.

made for the support of religion and for the maintenance of public schools. The name Bristol was probably taken because of the prominence which Bristol, England, then held. The English city was the most important sea-port in Great Britain. Its people hoped that the American Bristol might become the great sea-port of New England.

It was intended by its proprietors that the new town should be "a town for trade and commerce," and prominent in trade and commerce it immediately became. Its principal commercial relations were

with the West Indies and the Spanish Main. For almost a century and a half the streets of Havana and the other prominent West Indian cities were more familiar to the feet of its enterprising sailors than even the streets of the great cities of their native land.

In January, 1746-7, the Mount Hope peninsula became a part of Rhode Island, and Bristol was at once accorded an honored place among the towns of the little colony. Puritan ideas had governed its early legislation, but its nearness to the territory Roger Williams once governed had worn away almost every trace of Puritan prejudices. In one respect Bristol was far in advance of any other town in Rhode Island. The Rhode Island towns, for the most part, had almost entirely neglected to make provision for the support of good public schools. The records of the first Bristol town-meetings perpetuate the votes that were passed concerning the "maintaining of an able school master."

In the events which preceded the Revolution, Bristol gave forth no uncertain sound as to the course it intended to pursue. It sent out a boat's crew to assist in the destruction of the British armed schooner "Gaspee." Its contributions flowed freely to the relief of the distressed citizens of Boston. When the British held possession of the bay, all these things were remembered against it. On the 7th of October, 1775, three English ships of war and several smaller vessels cast anchor before the town. Their commander demanded that some representative man of the place should visit his ship to learn the proposals he had to make. Answer was made that the people of the town would consider his demands the next morning, whereupon, almost immediately, the British vessels began to bombard the place. For an hour and a half, until one of the citizens went on board the flag-ship, a very heavy fire was kept up. Very many buildings were struck, but, strange to say, no one was hurt by the flying balls. One man only, the Rev. John Burt, was found dead in a corn-field the next morning. For a long time he had been sick and feeble, and the horrors of the night were too much for his weakened spirit to endure. The next day the requisitions of the British commander were partially complied with, and the fleet sailed back to Newport.



The Congregational Church.

Three years later came a heavier calamity. A band of 500 British and Hessian troops descended upon Bristol, and burned almost all the houses upon the principal street. Even the Episcopal Church, which had always been under the charge of the English "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," was burned, the English soldiers believing it to be a "Dissenters' Meeting-house" when they set it on fire. Very many of the town's people were carried to Newport as prisoners.

In the War of 1812 came the day of retaliation. In less than a month after the President of the United States had issued his proc-



lamation of war, the private armed brig "Yankee" sailed away from the harbor of Bristol upon its first cruise against the ships of Great Britain. The success of the "Yankee" is unparalleled in the history of American privateers. Six cruises she made in all. In her first cruise of less than three months she captured ten prizes, one of which netted over \$200,000. The coast of Africa was her second cruising-ground (many of her crew were familiar with all its prominent ports, but of that more in future). She was absent one hundred and fifty days. Then she came leisurely sailing up the bay with a prize on either side. Eight vessels she had captured, and one only of them had been retaken. The amount of prize-money apportioned to each share as the result of the third cruise was \$173.54, —very respectable wages for a common sailor to earn in the short space of three months. The fourth cruise was a comparative failure, but the fifth more than made up for it. The owners received more than \$200,000 as their share of its profits. The share of the smallest cabin-boy was more than seven hundred dollars. The sixth and last cruise opened auspiciously, but the richest prize was lost upon Charleston bar, and only one vessel of any value was brought

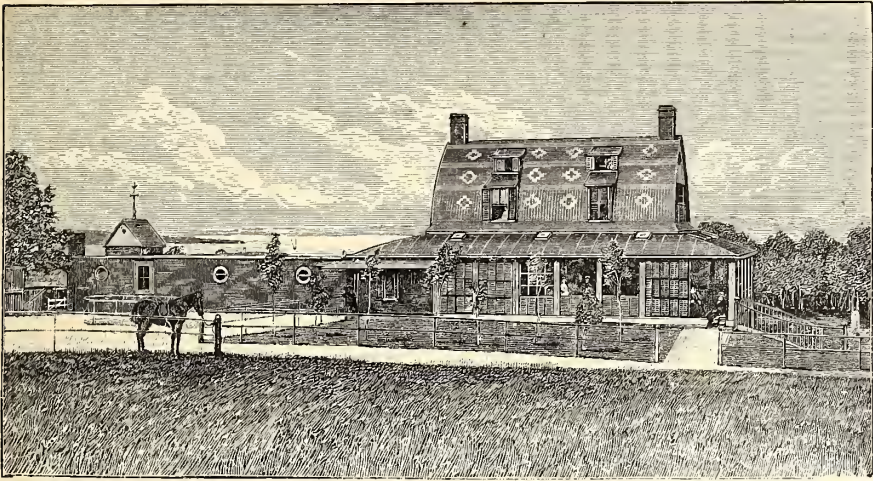
into port. The "Yankee" was in service less than three years, yet in those years she captured British property amounting in value to almost a million of pounds. Many of her prizes were of course retaken, but she sent into Bristol a million of dollars as the profit from her cruises.

The stain upon the history of Bristol is the share which it took in the infamous African slave-trade, a stain which is also to be observed upon the records of many of its sister towns. Newport was more prominent in this business than Bristol, and it was upon Providence ships that the



The Methodist Episcopal Church.

most noted of the Bristol captains first learned the route to the African slave-pens. The age was in fault as well as the moral sentiment of



Residence of Gen. A. E. Burnside.

the Rhode Island towns. The world has grown better since the last slaver sailed out from Narragansett Bay, and the moral sentiment of Bristol has more than kept pace with the general progress of the age. Bitterly the town mourns to-day over those black pages that cannot be suppressed, and nowhere in the United States is there felt a deeper abhorrence for the sin of slavery.

The "round trip" of a slaver was usually an exceedingly profitable one. Most of the vessels engaged in the trade were either schooners or sloops. From the distilleries near the wharves in Bristol, they were filled with great casks of newly-made New England rum. (Hardly palatable would such a fiery beverage seem to the more delicate tastes of the present day; but like the nectar of the gods it was to the well-seasoned throats of our hardy ancestors.) Some goods of the gorgeous hues most pleasing to barbaric eyes were also placed on board, and the vessel was cleared for the coast of Africa. The voyage to the coast was almost always a long one. The earlier slave-ships were not built for speed, but simply to carry freight. The stay upon the coast was also of considerable length. One by one, the hogsheads of rum were bartered for slaves, until the necessary return cargo was obtained. Then the captain sailed for the West Indies, where his living freight was always disposed of without trouble. There he would take on board a load of molasses for his owner's distillery, and hasten back to Bristol. All this was done in the years before the slave-trade was declared to be illegal.

For the slave-trade after the year 1808, when the "horrors of the Middle Passage" drew upon it the execrations of the whole world, the merchants of Bristol should not be held responsible.



The Baptist Church.

In the year 1804 the ports of South Carolina were opened for the importation of slaves. They remained open for four years, and almost forty thousand negroes were imported during that time. Of the two hundred and two slave-vessels entered at the Charleston Custom-House, sixty-one belonged to Charleston merchants, seventy belonged to natives of Great Britain, and fifty-nine were owned in Rhode Island. In the Rhode Island vessels were imported 8,238 slaves. Of these, 3,914

are credited to Bristol, 3,488 to Newport, 556 to Providence, and 280 to Warren. Many of the vessels entered as belonging in Charleston were really owned by Rhode Island men, as any one familiar with the names of the merchants of that day can easily learn from examining the full tables. The number to be set down to the credit (or discredit) of Bristol, should therefore be even larger than that which is here given.

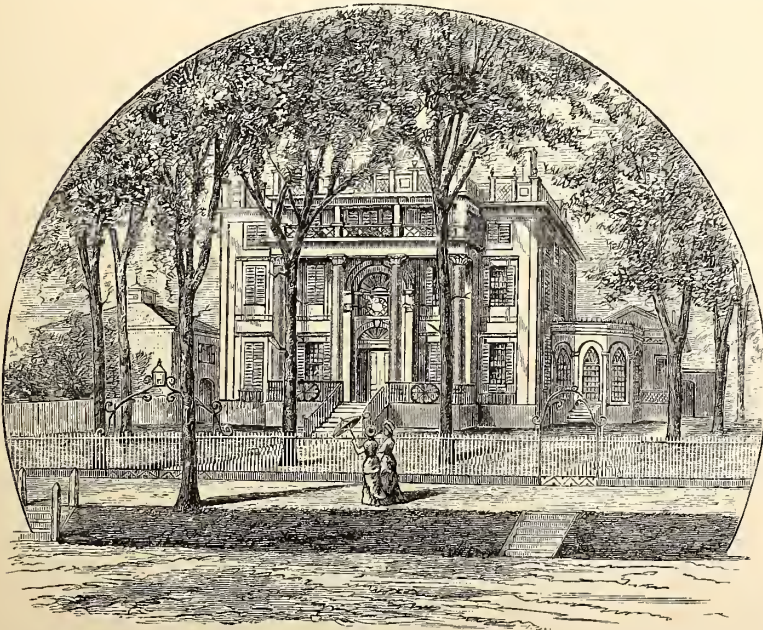
Some idea of the commercial importance of the town during the first quarter of the present century may be gained from the amount of duties paid at its custom-house. These are some of the statistics preserved upon the official books. The middle column gives the number of foreign arrivals in each year :

1810 . . 96 . . \$152,380 92	1816 . . 48 . . \$78,543 97
1811 . . 89 . . 109,181 78	1817 . . 53 . . 74,095 28
1812 . . 55 . . 100,137 61	1818 . . 68 . . 103,665 69
1813 . . 30 . . 152,966 04	1819 . . 69 . . 126,437 87
1814 . . 19 . . 72,468 42	1820 . . 50 . . 121,570 40
1815 . . 33 . . 120,693 53	1821 . . 44 . . 137,275 06



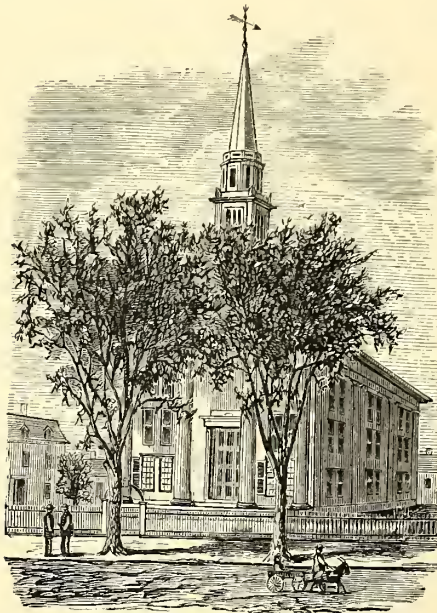
During these years the average population of the town was considerably less than 3,000 people. The disproportionate amount of its business is therefore plainly evident. It maintained extensive commercial relations with the ports of Northern and Southern Europe, with China, with the "Northwest Coast," with Africa, and of course with the West Indies. In the year 1825 Bristol merchants began to make large investments in the whale-fishery, and, as a consequence, the general commerce of the port began to decline. In 1837 twenty whale-ships bore the name of Bristol upon their sterns; the aggregate tonnage of this fleet was 6,256 tons. After the discovery of gold in California the whale-fishery was gradually abandoned. The feeble remnant of the town's foreign commerce almost entirely disappeared in the late civil war.

Very different is the thriving manufacturing town of to-day from the bustling little sea-port of half a century ago, and yet every summer finds it crowded with visitors, who seem never to tire of gazing upon its tranquil beauty. A passing traveler, wandering through it on a pleasant July afternoon, could form no idea of the energy which is the birthright of the place. Its broad and shady streets are then almost deserted. Heavy loads of merchandise pass along them



Residence of S. P. Colt, Esq.

from time to time, but they seem strangely out of place beneath the waving branches of the magnificent elms. Everything wears the restful air one expects to behold only in the verdant lanes of some remote country village. When the great engines cease to throb, and the shadows of evening fall, the old town wakes from its sleep, and for a few hours its streets are as crowded as are the thoroughfares of a great city at mid-day. Then the noise dies away, and at midnight only the firm tread of the watchman echoes feebly through the sleepy air.



The Methodist Episcopal Church.

WARREN.—Not far from Baker's wharf, in the town of Warren, a stream of water "the size of a man's arm" flows out from a sluice-way under the ground, and downward to the river, during all but one of the twelve months of the year. It comes from a spring in the middle of one of the public streets. This spring was once distant about eighty feet from the "high-water mark" of the early days of the village. When the wharf near it was built, and buildings rose thickly around, the land about it was gradually raised, and the spring itself was walled up like a well. It is now about eight feet deep. For un-

known ages the waters of this fountain have been gushing forth. Pure and clear are they to-day, in their basin of stone, as when they cooled the parched throat of the first white man who halted beside its verdant banks.

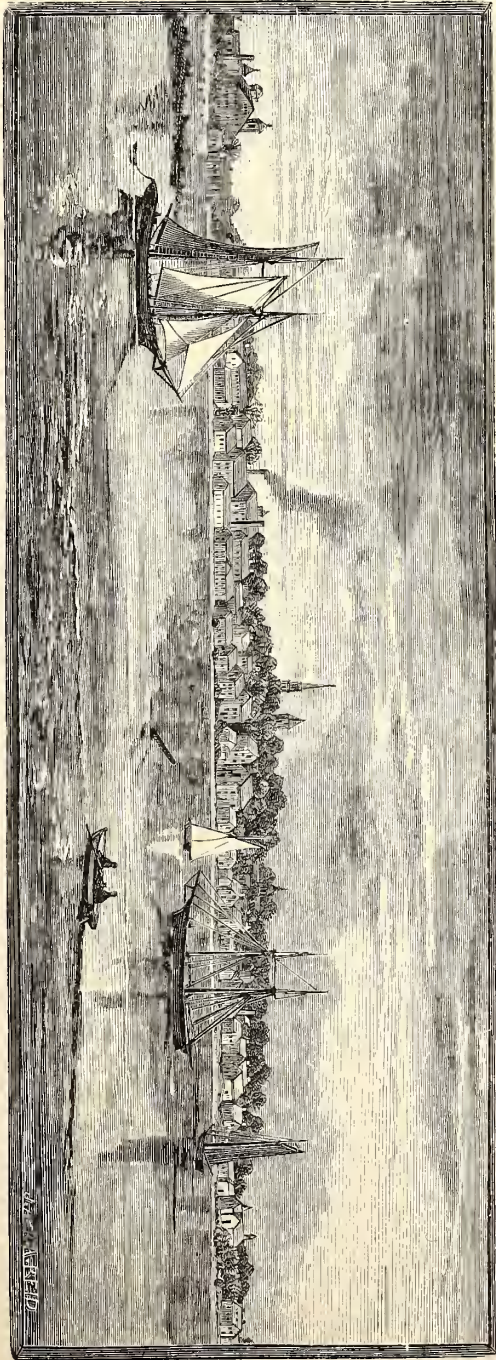
A little more than two centuries and a half ago, the wigwams of an Indian village were standing about this spring. Giant forest trees waved their green branches above the dusky forms that reclined in placid enjoyment along its banks. Great heaps of clam-shells and of oyster-shells, scattered everywhere about, showed that the spot had been for many ages a favorite camping-ground of the red men. The name of this Indian village, in the year 1621, was Sowams. Its



ruler was the sachem of the Pokanoket tribe, the chieftain Massasoiet. The name of the fountain is to-day almost the only thing which remains to keep the fact in mind. It is still called Massasoiet's Spring.

Massasoiet was one of the most prominent characters in the early history of this country. The writers of the seventeenth century tell us that he was "a very lusty man, grave of countenance, spare of speech, in his attire differing little or nothing from his followers." On ceremonial occasions his face was painted a "sad red" and oiled. He wore a chain of white bone beads about his neck, and a long knife in his bosom. From the chain of beads a little bag, filled with tobacco, was usually suspended. In addition to the singular shrewdness and the unusual insight into the motives of men which was the distinguishing characteristic of his race, Massasoiet possessed genius which would have been called statesmanlike, had his

Warren — From the Beacon.





skin been less dark, or his lot cast in other lands. When the English landed at Plymouth, he hastened to bid them welcome and to form an alliance with them. All his life he remained their steadfast friend, never wavering in even the slightest degree from the faith pledged at his first interview with them. More than once, when famine laid its terrible hand upon the feeble white settlements, the princely generosity of this illustrious savage rescued the starving settlers almost from the jaws of death. Conspiracies against the English, which neighboring tribes had formed, were oftentimes thwarted by his wise counsels and his fearless assertions of friendship. Before his death the faintly visible trail which had formerly connected Sowams with Plymouth had become a well-defined bridle-path, deeply marked by the tread of thousands of passing feet.

Two visits paid by Plymouth men to Massasoiet are worthy of special mention. The first was made in 1621, when Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins were sent by Governor Bradford to return the visit the sachem had lately made to the infant settlement. The two white men carried with them as presents a horseman's laced coat of red cotton, and a copper chain. The chieftain was absent when the envoys reached his residence. One of them attempted to discharge his musket in order to give notice of their arrival, but was forced to desist because of the terror manifested by the women and children. The salute they gave to Massasoiet on his arrival pleased him greatly. The presents seemed to afford him extreme delight, and he yielded a ready and willing assent to all the proposals the Englishmen had to make. No notice had been sent to the sachem of the intended visit; he had therefore had no opportunity to make any preparation for the reception of his guests, and the proverbial scantiness of Indian fare was more than borne out on this occasion. The whole party were forced to go supperless to bed; not until noon of the next day was any food procured, and the few fishes some of the tribe had shot were then by no means sufficient to appease the hunger of the throng who had crowded in to gaze upon the two Englishmen. In the large wigwam of Massasoiet, Winslow and Hopkins found shelter, but not rest, during the night of their stay. The sleeping-place was a platform of rough boards, thinly covered with a mat of skins. On this rude couch, Massasoiet placed his visitors, "with himself and his wife, they at one end and the Englishmen at the other, and two more of Massasoiet's men pressed by and upon them, so that they were worse weary of the lodging than the journey." The next day they went back to Plymouth.



A View of Main Street.

Two years later news came to Plymouth that Massasoiet was sick and likely to die,—also that a Dutch ship had been stranded upon the shore of the Sowams River, not far from the sachem's residence. Again Edward Winslow was sent to visit the Indian king. (He was also to communicate with the captain of the Dutch vessel, but the ship had left the bay before he reached Sowams.) John Hampden, he who in later years bore such a glorious part in the struggle which gave to England a free constitution, went with him as his companion. When Winslow and his friend reached Sowams they found the chieftain's wigwam so crowded that they could hardly effect an entrance, though the Indians readily made way for them as they pressed in. "There were they in the midst of their charms for him, making such a hellish noise as it distempered us who were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick. About him were six or eight women, who chafed his arms, legs, and thighs, to keep heat in him. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the Englishmen, were come to see him." The chieftain's sight was gone, but his understanding was still left him. Feebly he welcomed Winslow, and in the same breath bade him farewell. But the self-reliant colonist had come to restore Massasoiet to health, and was not

daunted by the extremely unfavorable state in which he found his patient. The remedies at his command were few and simple, but his excellent common sense enabled him to use them so well that the sick man was soon out of danger and rapidly recovering. The gratitude of the chief knew no bounds. "Upon his recovery he brake forth into these speeches: 'Now I see that the English are my friends and love me, and whilst I live I will never forget the kindness they have showed me.'" Faithfully he kept his word. Says Cotton Mather: "The fees he paid his English doctor were a confession of a plot among several nations of the Indians to destroy the English."

It is believed that the deed of "Sowams and parts adjacent" was the last document that Massasoiet signed. The deed is given in the name of "Osamequen and Wamsetto, his son," and is dated "29th March, 1653." (Osamequen was the name the sachem had taken a few years before. The Indians often changed their names to commemorate important events in their lives.) The territory of Warren was originally included in the town of Swansea. In the Swansea town records the site of the village is spoken of as Brooks' Pasture. When the first house was built upon it cannot be ascertained. There were eighteen houses in the village when Philip's War broke out. All these were burned; their inhabitants fled to the Island of Rhode Island. Soon after the close of the war Brooks' Pasture was carefully surveyed and laid out in house-lots. A new settlement was begun upon it, and its inhabitants were divided into three ranks, according to the peculiar system then in vogue in Swansea. (Of this strange regulation more will be said in another place.) In the year 1746 it was enacted by the Legislature of Rhode Island that "that part of the territory confirmed to Rhode Island, which has heretofore been part of Swansey and Barrington, with a small part of Rehoboth thereto adjoining, with the inhabitants thereon, be incorporated into a township by the name of Warren." "The name of this town was given in honor of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who the year before, June, 1745, had commanded the English fleet, which in conjunction with the colonial army of 4,400 men, under the command of Gen. William Pepperell, captured Louisburg and the Island of Cape Breton, after a storming and siege of six weeks' continuance."

On the 25th of May, 1778, a band of British troops made a raid upon the town. The special object of the expedition was to destroy



a flotilla of boats that had been collected by the Americans in the Kickemuit River. Seventy or more of these boats the British piled together and burnt. They also burnt the row-galley "Washington," and a grist-mill. Returning to Warren, they set fire to the Baptist Church, the Baptist parsonage, a powder magazine, and several other buildings. Having pillaged many houses and taken many prisoners, they hastened southward to the destruction of Bristol. Mr. Fessenden, in his *History of Warren* (published in 1845), thus notes the passage of the troops: "Aged people, still living among us, well remember the appearance of these soldiers as they passed through the town. The British were dressed in



The Baptist Church.

old-fashioned red coats, cocked hats, and small-clothes, with a great display of laced trimmings, shoe and knee buckles. The Hessians wore enormous fur caps and large, wide, and loose boots, into which they thrust all kinds of articles pilfered from the houses; and these articles hanging over the tops of their boots gave them a singularly grotesque appearance as they left the town. A lady now living, and several others were at the time in the house which was afterwards Bradshaw's bake-house, on the east side of Main Street. They saw the troops pass by in hasty retreat, and at a short distance in the rear a single individual, encumbered with a big drum, unable to keep up with the main body. These heroic women ran out and surrounded him, and told him he was their prisoner, when he immediately surrendered, saying he was glad of it, for he was faint and tired. This prisoner was afterward exchanged for one of the citizens of Warren."

Before the Revolutionary War, Warren was largely engaged in the whale-fishery and in foreign commerce. Fourteen of its vessels were lost during the war, and it was many years before others were procured to take their places. The whale-fishery, indeed, was not again prosecuted until the year 1821, when the ship "Rosalie" was

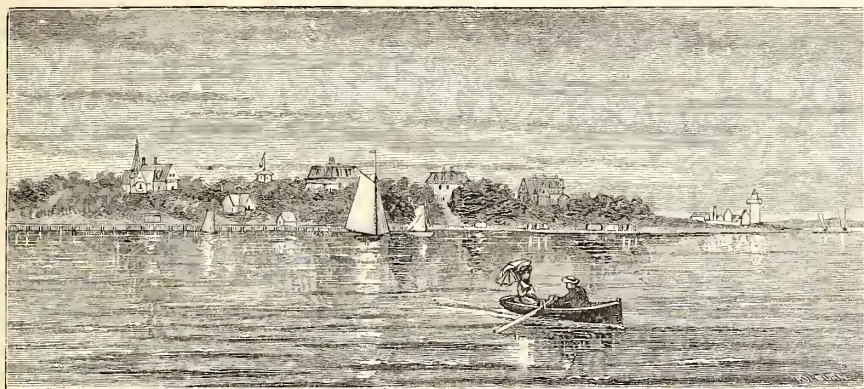
purchased and fitted for a voyage to the whaling-grounds in the Pacific Ocean. The Warren whalers were the last vessels of the class owned in Rhode Island. At one time the fleet numbered about thirty.

The ship-yards of the town in other days turned out some very remarkable vessels. The United States frigate "General Greene," of 600 tons burden, was launched from the yard of Cromwell & Child. Her cost, when completed and fitted for sea, was \$105,492.32. She sailed from the port in 1799. In 1814 she happened to be lying at the Washington Navy Yard when that city was attacked by the British, and was destroyed, to prevent her from falling into their hands. The United States sloop-of-war "Chippewa" was built by Capt. Caleb Carr. Captain Carr contracted with the Government to build this vessel in the shortest time possible. Fifty-seven days after her keel was laid he delivered her to Com. O. H. Perry, ready for her rigging and armament. From Captain Carr's yard was also launched the famous Bristol privateer, "Macdonough," of 300 tons burden. The "Macdonough" was celebrated for her wonderful speed. Her model was justly regarded as a marvel of beauty. During the war she made but one cruise. Although she effected many captures, all her prizes were retaken. She was finally sold in Cuba, and went to pieces in the harbor of Matanzas with a cargo of slaves on board.

The commerce of Warren has now entirely vanished. All the energies of the town are devoted to manufactures. In its three great cotton-mills more than a thousand operatives are employed. The annual value of their manufactured product is almost \$1,200,000.

BARRINGTON. — The municipal career of Barrington has been more varied than that of any other town in Rhode Island. It was once a part of Swansea, Mass. Within its present boundaries the first English settlement in that ancient town was made in 1632. In 1717 it was set off from Swansea under the name of Barrington. For thirty years it was numbered among the towns of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but in 1747, when the long-disputed "boundary question" was settled, it lost its identity completely, and became a part of Warren, R. I. In 1770 it was again awarded a separate existence, under the name it has ever since retained.

Of the early settlers of Barrington, Arnold gives this brief account in his *History of Rhode Island*, Vol. II., page 158: "Swan-



Nayatt Point.

zea was settled by men whose views on the subject of religious freedom were too liberal even for the tolerant spirit of the Pilgrims. Rev. John Miles, a Baptist minister from Wales, with his friends, had settled in Plymouth, where their dissent from the prevailing creed soon placed them under the ban of the authorities. They were required to remove from the immediate neighborhood, but were permitted to settle within the limits claimed by Plymouth. Soon afterward the Court granted to Capt. Thomas Willett, Mr. Miles, and others, all the land west of Taunton and Rehoboth, as far as the Bay, which included the present towns of Swansea and Somerset. The act of incorporation secured freedom of conscience to the settlers, who were thus left in the unmolested enjoyment of their religion. The place was called Swansea from the Welch town whence Miles and most of his church had emigrated."

The Plymouth assumption of jurisdiction over this territory was the beginning of the boundary trouble. Four years before Swansea was incorporated, the charter granted to Rhode Island had conveyed to that colony jurisdiction over the country extending eastward three miles from the shores of Narragansett Bay. It seems most remarkable that the legal claim of Rhode Island to this territory should have been disputed for more than four-score years. Yet in the face of the unusually explicit terms of the charter from King Charles II., the question was kept undecided during all that time. The *northern* boundary has not yet been finally settled.

The peculiar feature in the early history of the town was the division of its inhabitants into three "Ranks." The three Roman



orders—the Patrician, the Equestrian, and the Plebeian—probably suggested the arrangement. The power to make the division was assumed by the five persons appointed in 1667 by the Court of Plymouth to regulate the admission of inhabitants to the town. It was afterwards exercised by committees appointed by the town, and by the selectmen. The committees were allowed to make promotions from one rank to another, and also to degrade whom they pleased. Sometimes degradations were made by request of the person degraded. The amount of land owned by each man at first determined the rank to which he should be assigned. Nowhere else in America did such a strange system prevail.

It worked well enough at first, but in 1681 the committee of admission granted to five persons and “*their heirs and assigns forever*,” the full right and intent of the highest rank. This step of the committee of course made the rank hereditary, and disclosed to the eyes of the people of the town the dangers of the path in which they were treading. Secret dissatisfaction quickly broke out into open revolt; the action of the committee was by unanimous consent declared to be void and of none effect, and the uncouth remnant of feudalism soon faded away.

The first name in the first rank was that of Capt. Thomas Willett. Captain Willett was one of the most noted men in the colony of Massachusetts. The story of his life belongs to the town of Barrington.

Thomas Willett was one of the last of the “Leyden Company” who came to this country. He arrived at Plymouth in 1629; although but nineteen years of age, he had already won an enviable reputation for business ability. The people of Plymouth had some time before established a trading-post at Kennebec. Almost immediately after his arrival in the colony young Willett was sent thither to take charge of it. Resolute, ambitious, and independent, he was just the man for the place. His previous mercantile career had given him an unusual knowledge of the ways of men; he was an excellent linguist; he possessed rare executive ability. For six years or more he remained at Kennebec. This singular anecdote concerning him is related in Governor Winthrop’s *Journal*.

“At Kennebec, the Indians wanting food, and there being store in the Plymouth trading-house, they conspired to kill the English there for their provision; and some Indians coming into the house, Mr. Willett, the master of the house, being reading the Bible, his

countenance was more solemn than at other times, so as he did not look cheerfully upon them as he was wont to do; whereupon they went out and told their fellows that their purpose was discovered. They asked them how it could be. The others told them that they knew it by Mr. Willett's countenance, and that they had discovered it by a book he was reading. Whereupon they gave over their design."

In 1647 Mr. Willett, having returned to Plymouth, was chosen to the command of its military company. Miles

Standish, the intrepid warrior who had asked for but eight men with which to subdue all the Indians of Massachusetts, had held the office before him. Advancing years had compelled the fiery captain to lay his sword aside. No higher testimonial could be afforded of Willett's worth than this election. In 1651 he became an "Assistant" in Plymouth, and was annually re-elected until 1665, when he declined to hold the office longer.

A more important office was to be forced upon him. The province of New Amsterdam had lately become a part of the British possessions, and Captain Willett had been summoned to New York by the English Commissioners to act as their official interpreter. His thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the Dutch rendered his services invaluable. No other Englishman in the country was so well fitted for "modeling and reducing the affairs in those settlements into good English." So admirably did he perform the duties assigned him, that after the reorganization of the province had been perfected, he was elected the first Mayor of New York City. At the close of his first term he was re-elected. His integrity was so highly esteemed by the Dutch that they appointed him their umpire to determine the disputed boundary between New York and New Haven. About the year 1667, he returned to Plymouth Colony, and continued until the end of his life to reside



The Old Watson House.

upon his plantation in Swansea. His sword, and one of the doors of the house in which he dwelt, are in the possession of the city of New York.

The principal associate of Willett, in the founding of Swansea, was the Rev. John Miles. Mr. Miles had been the pastor of the Baptist Church in Swansea, Wales, and had been ejected from his living for "non-conformity." With a very large portion of his flock he came to this country, and in 1663 founded at Rehoboth the fourth Baptist church in America. This action of the Baptists being offensive to the Congregationalists, the former were advised to remove from the town. The settlement at Swansea was the result. It took its name from the Welch Swansea. (Its name is also written Swansea and Swanzea — Swansea, the sea of Swans, is the original spelling.) In the northern part of the present town of Barrington, the first Baptist church in Swansea was erected. Mr. Miles' own house was near the residence of the late Mason Barney, at "Barneysville." The bridge near his house was called Miles' Bridge. The house was used as a fortress in Philip's War, and was often called "Miles' Garrison." Mr. Miles was the school-master, as well as the pastor, of the new settlement. In 1673 the town voted to establish a school "for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic, and the tongues of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, also to read English and to write." Mr. Miles was elected school-master. For his services in conducting his scholars through this simple curriculum, he received the munificent sum of "forty pounds per annum in current country funds." Notwithstanding his double employment, Mr. Miles did not acquire great wealth. A portion of the people considered it unnecessary to pay his salary as a minister; another part held learning in light esteem. Strange to say, the son of this Baptist who had fled to America for the enjoyment of his religious beliefs, took orders in the Church of England, and came back to assume the charge of King's Chapel, in Boston.

The most noted dwelling in Barrington is the house which for six generations has been the home of the Watson family. The "Old Watson House" was built of brick, made by hand upon the "plantation" just north of it. Its mortar was mixed with lime obtained by burning the heaps of oyster-shells that numberless generations of Indians had left scattered about. Matthew Watson, first of the name in America, was its builder. It was finished A. D. 1660. The house, as first constructed, was one of the "lean-tos,"



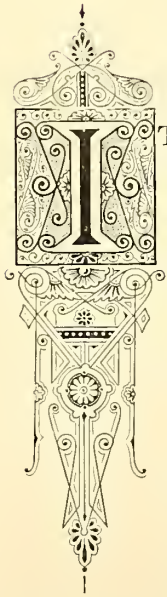
so dear to the hearts of the early settlers of Massachusetts. Two stories high it was in front; in the rear its roof terminated in a wood-pile. "Modern improvement" took away its second story a great many years ago. It was the first dwelling of brick erected in the county, and was an unusually elegant mansion for its day. Its hearths, chimney-jambs, and mantels were all of imported marble. Quaint Dutch tiles, imported from Amsterdam, were freely employed for decoration. A generation or so ago a fire destroyed some of the partitions of the old building, but its exterior walls remain firm as of yore. Upon one of its floors was laid the first woolen carpet known in Barrington. The first wall-paper seen in the town was also hung in the same room. One of the Matthew Watsons of the family "was born in the seventeenth, lived through the eighteenth, and died in the nineteenth century, at the age of 107 years." Some of his descendants aver that he lived to be 110 years of age, but the inscription upon his tombstone made him but 107. The additional three years do not matter much. Almost to the very last he retained his unusual muscular vigor. When 100 years old he was able to place his foot in the stirrup and mount his horse with more than the ordinary ease of a man of fifty. He lived a life of great energy and usefulness, and amassed what was considered at the time of his death to be an immense fortune.

Barrington abounds in delightful bits of scenery, but by far the most beautiful spot within its borders is Nayatt Point. No one gazes upon it from the waters of the bay, or drives quietly past its well-kept lawns, without bestowing a spontaneous tribute of admiration. Nature has done much for Nayatt; the art of man has been employed mainly to carry out the plans her lavish hand suggested. Its little cluster of houses has not been allowed to grow up in the careless, hap-hazard way that has marred the beauty of so many American towns. Upon the most picturesque sites the tasteful villas have been erected. The grounds about them have been laid out according to a simple but well-ordered plan. The owners of the little peninsula do not intend that it shall become only a summer camping-ground. It is meant to be a home, a place to which one can flee for shelter when the snow-flakes are covering all the landscape with a fleecy pall, as well as when city streets are stifling those who dwell upon them with a pent-up volume of heated air. Happy would the State be, if all its villages were managed under the excellent system which has done so much for this favored community.



## CHAPTER V.

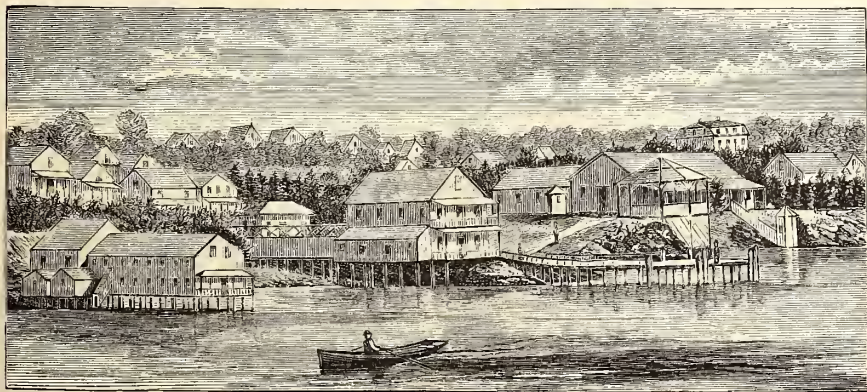
EAST PROVIDENCE—SILVER SPRING—OCEAN COTTAGE—SQUANTUM—A RHODE ISLAND CLAM-BAKE—TRISTAM BURGESS. PAWTUCKET FALLS—THE FIRST SETTLERS—THE JENKSES—CAPT. PIERCE'S FIGHT—THE FALLS AT VARIOUS TIMES—SAM PATCH—SAMUEL SLATER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF MANUFACTURES. NORTH PROVIDENCE. LINCOLN.



It is quite probable that not one-tenth part of those who have visited EAST PROVIDENCE during the nineteen years of its existence, are aware that their feet have ever been placed upon its soil. And yet there are few towns in the State more frequented by visitors during the warm summer months. The numerous trains of the Bristol railway are often stopping at its stations; excursion steamers, "decked with flags and streamers gay," are ever landing great loads of human freight upon its bending piers. Silver Spring is the destination of most of these excursionists. Some of them stop at Ocean Cottage. A few favored mortals enter the well-kept grounds over which the flag of the Squantum Club waves enticingly. The steps of all are turned towards one common goal. Some, to whom the spot is already familiar, press confidently on with poorly-concealed eagerness. Others advance with the air of hesitation which is always so becoming to the neophyte. A "genuine Rhode Island clam-bake" is the magnet which draws them forward. Your pardon, reader, if we attempt a feeble description of this world-famed production of our glorious State.

The history of the clam-bake has never yet been written. To unfold in fitting terms its mysteries, to describe the successive steps through which perfection has at last been reached, requires a pen of more than ordinary ability. Frankly we confess ourselves to be incompetent to perform the task. Had Charles Lamb lived in this most favored land, his unequaled fancy might, perhaps, have done justice to the fruitful theme. Had the gentle Elia been a Rhode Islander, the "succulent clam," rather than the "tender crackling," would have held the place of honor upon his never-to-be-forgotten page.

A little encyclopædic information may not be out of place just here. *Mya arenaria*, is the scientific name of the common "long clam" of Narragansett Bay. The "long clam," or, as it is sometimes called, the "soft clam," must not be confounded with the quahaug. The latter is a very different creature. Scientific men call it *Venus mercenaria*. Those who have not penetrated the secrets of its mechanism are often greatly puzzled when they attempt to extract it from its hard, round shell. All along the shores of the bay the *myæ* are found. Thousands of bushels are dug each year, but the supply does not seem to diminish. The distinguishing feature of the clam is the "siphon." The *American Cyclopædia* describes it thus: "The siphon is neither head nor tail, but a double retractile tube for respiratory and feeding purposes." This "siphon" is a perpetual joy to those unfamiliar with the bivalve. Not long ago a learned doctor of divinity from one of our Western States came to the shores of the Narragansett for a short visit. All his life he had sighed for an opportunity to "entrap a clam in its lair." At last he realized



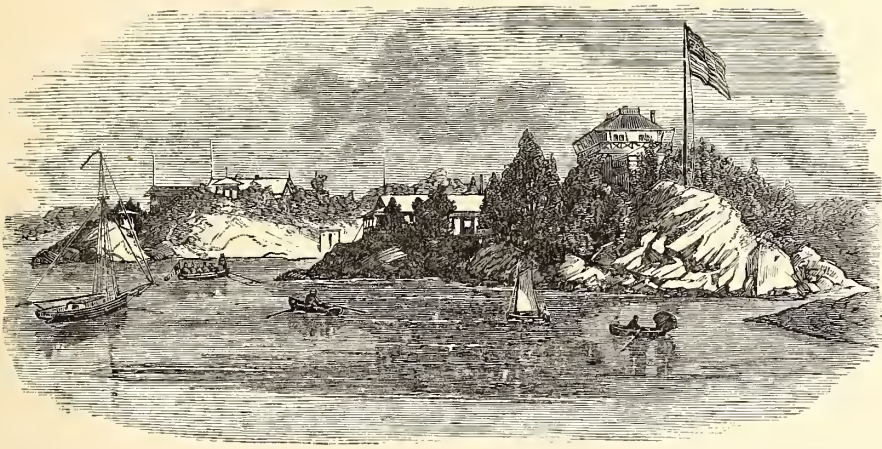
Silver Spring.



the object of his ambition. The "siphon" drew out his unbounded admiration. Upon its admirable adaptation of means to an end, he enlarged with eloquent tongue, and seemed never to weary in the expatiation. Hastening to the railway station, after a stay far too brief for those who had enjoyed his genial society, he espied a basket of clams exposed for sale in front of a market. Never again could he hope to possess a more favorable opportunity for observing the "siphon." Stopping short in his walk, at the risk of losing his train, the grave and dignified divine tested for the last time with eager finger its wonderful powers of contraction, then with visions of luscious *myæ* dancing before his eyes, and their fragrant odors tantalizing his olfactory nerves, went sorrowfully back to the unromantic routine of his city life.

Upon nearly all the shores of New England the clam is found. Several times, in the early history of Massachusetts, the white settlers would have perished but for this lavish food-supply which nature had provided for them. From the Indians the English learned the way in which it should be cooked. Upon the shores of the Narragansett the "clam-bake" has gradually been brought to its state of perfection.

The *modus operandi* of a "bake" is as follows: In the first place a rude floor of stones is laid. Upon this floor a pile of ordinary "cord-wood" is thrown. The wood is set on fire and allowed to burn until the stones beneath begin to crack with the heat. The half-burned brands are then pulled away, and a thin layer of sea-weed—the ordinary "rock-weed" of the shore—is thrown upon the heated stones. (This first layer is not absolutely essential. It serves to prevent the lowest clams from being burned or discolored by the too great heat.) Next the clams are thrown upon the pile in a layer of uniform thickness, and another coating of "rock-weed" is placed over them. A piece of old canvas is spread over the whole (to keep in all the steam), and the fragrant pile is left to itself for about forty minutes. Then the "bake" is opened and the repast begins. Sometimes ears of green corn, baskets of potatoes and other vegetables, lobsters, fresh fish rolled in corn-husks, and various other edibles are deposited in the midst of the rock-weed. The steaming vapors from the clams permeate the whole mass, and impregnate everything with their rich odor. Many men would, any day, willingly leave the well-appointed table of the "Narragansett Hotel" to partake of such a feast. The relish for it seems to increase rather than to diminish, as it becomes more familiar.



Squantum.

Washington Bridge connects East Providence with the city of Providence. On the brow of the first hill the traveler surmounts as he drives away from the river and through the well-cultivated fields that border the road which leads to Bristol County, stands, at a little distance from the broad thoroughfare, a somewhat pretentious mansion. It is guarded on every side by a row of sentinel columns, like one of the heathen temples of the olden days of Greece. Almost every one who has passed by must have noticed it, and admired its commanding position. The view from its upper windows to-day is wonderfully fine. Much more charming it must have been half a century ago, before the long lines of city streets and the monotonous array of tenement-houses crowded themselves into the landscape, to the exclusion of the waving branches and the emerald banks kindly Nature had provided. In this house one of Rhode Island's most eminent men once lived. The little State can claim for its own an unusually large number of famous names. As a soldier of the Revolution the fame of Nathaniel Greene is second only to that of Washington; as a sailor the name of Oliver Hazard Perry shines with unequaled lustre; as an orator hardly a man throughout the length and breadth of the land was better known, as a debater no antagonist was more greatly feared, than Tristram Burges.

Mr. Burges was born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, in February, 1770. His father was by trade a cooper, and the future lawyer's early years were full of the severe manual labor which usually falls to the lot of the children of the poor. He was taught to

read by his sister: his father gave him, according to his ability, scanty instruction in mathematics, but at twenty-one, he had been at school but twelve weeks during his whole life. In 1792 he became a student in the Academy at Wrentham, Mass., and there he made his first appearance as an orator. The attempt was almost a complete failure. A natural impediment in his speech was intensified by the unfamiliar circumstances of his position; he found himself uttering but a succession of unintelligible syllables, and was compelled to retire in confusion from the rostrum.

As he was returning to his home, one of his companions suggested to him, in a rather unfeeling way, that he "ought to get some one to do his speaking for him." The words were like gall to the ambitious young man, but they spurred him on to success; like the late Lord Beaconsfield he resolved that his sneering associates should one day listen with respect to whatever he had to say. The difficulties in his path seemed almost insurmountable; with resolute will he set himself to work to overcome them. Day by day, amid the cool shades of the neighboring forest, he labored to change his stammering utterances to distinct articulations. After a long time he was successful, so successful that at the graduation of his class he was chosen not only to speak for himself, but for the class also, as its valedictorian. In 1793 he entered Brown University as a member of the sophomore class, and at once assumed a leading position among the students. His unusual powers of application made him *facile princeps* whenever he chose to be so. He was the orator of his class, and was chosen a second time to deliver a valedictory oration, at its "Commencement Exercises."

In 1799 Mr. Burges was admitted to the Rhode Island bar. Able lawyers then adorned it, but the young advocate was immediately accorded an unusually prominent place among them. To every case entrusted to his charge he devoted himself with an enthusiasm that was remarkable, even in that age of hard work. Whenever he rose to speak, he was sure of a most attentive audience. His profound knowledge of the law, his apt illustrations, and his exquisite command of language, rarely failed to win for him a favorable verdict. In 1825 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and his fame at once became national. The National House of Representatives afforded him an ample field for the display of his wonderful skill as a debater. It was the fashion at that time for the men from the South to revile New England, and the Northern members





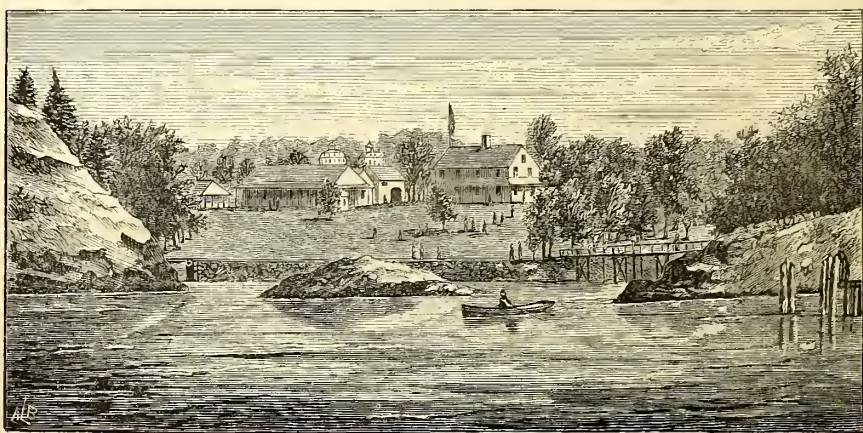
The Falls at Hunt's Mills.

were, perhaps, not so ready in debate as they should have been to resent the insults cast upon their states. After Mr. Burges took his seat the insults were not offered with such frequency. Not a man in the House could cope with Rhode Island's representative when once his wrath had been aroused. Even the proud spirit of John Randolph, of Roanoke, could not withstand the torrent of fiery indignation and the terrible bursts of sarcasm which the "bald eagle" of Rhode Island poured out against those who had dared to slander his friends and neighbors. Mr. Burges served but two terms in Congress. He had espoused the losing side in politics, and thus was forced to retire from active political life before his work was half accomplished. The last years of his life were spent in comparative retirement upon his farm. He died in 1853.

East Providence became a town of Rhode Island in 1862. Before that date it formed a part of Seekonk, Mass. It will, doubtless, in course of time become one of the wards of the city of Providence. Every day its relations with the principal capital of the State become more intimate. Its final annexation to its powerful neighbor is only a question of years.

The "Wilkesbarre Pier" is one of the most prominent features of the town. The pier was designed to accommodate the immense coal business of the Worcester railway. The first cargo was landed upon it about eight years ago. It is very nearly one thousand feet long, and covers about five acres of land. The head of the pier is not "made land," as most people imagine it to be. A large number of piles, driven deep into the yielding mud, sustain a floor of stout planks, covered with a coating of earth two or three feet deep. Last year (in July, 1880) these piles were forced apart by the pressure of the great weight above them, and a very general collapse was the result. During the year 1880, 473 cargoes were landed upon this pier. From it more than 250,000 tons of coal were carried away in the railway cars. It appears somewhat strange at first sight to read that, while the number of tons of coal landed upon this great wharf increases each year, the number of vessels bringing cargoes steadily diminishes. The age of small vessels has gone by. Large steamers, and great barges towed by steam-tugs, have taken the place of the "fore-and-aft" schooners of the early days of the pier. The average tonnage of the schooners engaged in the business is now about 750 tons; of barges rather more than 1,000 tons.

The great manufacturing establishment of the town is the Rumford Chemical Works. The corner-stone of the main structure was laid in 1854. George F. Wilson and Eben N. Horsford were the originators of the enterprise. Mr. Horsford was at that time the "*Rumford Professor*" of Chemistry in Harvard University, hence the name of the works. On "Seekonk Plains," once apparently a



Ocean Cottage.





Pawtucket Falls, 1881.

barren waste, but now abounding in well-cultivated fields, the factory is placed. The buildings cover about two acres of land. Legions of house-keepers throughout the country have learned to value the productions sent forth from them.

It is almost impossible to select from the tangled mass of historical detail which clusters around the Pawtucket Falls, the portion which specially applies to the several towns that have been formed in their neighborhood. The attempt at separation has not therefore been made, and the rise and progress of the manufactures has been considered as a whole.

THE FIRST SETTLER within the limits of the present TOWN OF PAWTUCKET was Joseph Jenks. He was born in Buckinghamshire, England, in 1632, and came to America in 1645. His father, who bore the same Christian name, had settled in Lynn, Mass., some years before. In Lynn the son remained until his removal to Pawtucket, about 1655. The interval between the two dates was spent by him in working with his father in the manufacture of iron tools, etc. The elder Jenks is credited with being the "first founder





The Universalist Church.

who worked in brass and iron on the Western Continent. By his hands the first models were constructed, and the first castings made, of many domestic implements and iron tools." From his father the younger Jenks acquired the skill of which he afterwards made good use in his new home.

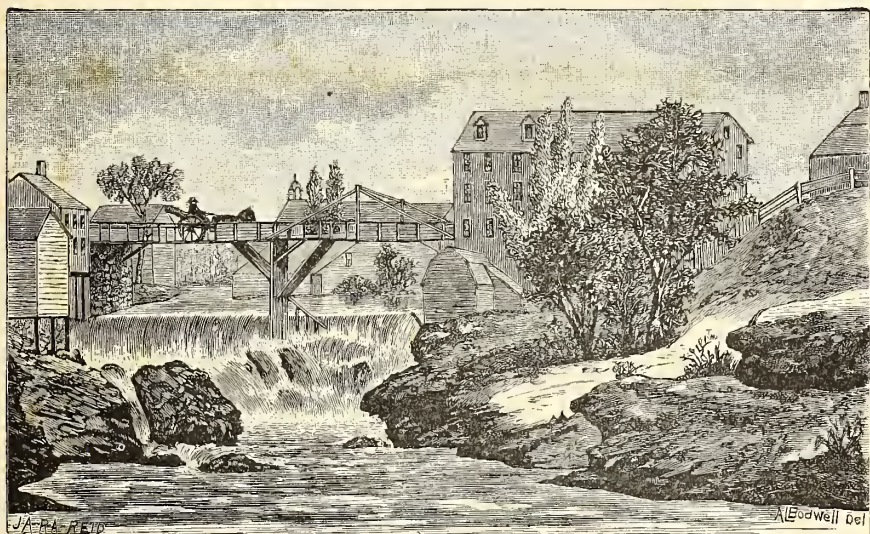
A virgin forest covered the banks of the river at Pawtucket Falls. As yet no white man had made a clearing when Joseph Jenks established his home upon it. He built a forge in a deep ravine, on the west bank of the river, a short distance below the falls. Here he plied his trade, finding customers for the products of his skill in the neighboring village of Prov-

idence, and in the settlements around him. As the working of iron, including the making of tools, is one of the most important and necessary occupations in a new country, Mr. Jenks' forge quickly became the nucleus of an industrial settlement. New settlers were continually coming into the neighborhood, clearings were made, and houses built, and the materials for a future New England town were gradually brought together.

Joseph Jenks had four sons, Joseph, Nathaniel, Ebenezer, and William. All followed their father's trade. The family was influential in political affairs as well as in business. The eldest son, Joseph, was governor of the Colony of Rhode Island from 1727 to 1732.

About a score of years after Mr. Jenks came to Pawtucket, King Philip's War burst upon the land. The settlement was broken up; the buildings were burned by the Indians, and the place was for a time entirely deserted. As soon as peace was restored the hamlet was rebuilt, and again the hum of industry was heard on the banks of the Pawtucket River, never again to be interrupted by war or bloodshed.

One of the most disastrous engagements of the war took place on the banks of the river, between Pawtucket and Valley Falls. Wandering parties of the Indians were committing great havoc among the settlements, and Captain Pierce, of Scituate, with a force of sixty-three Englishmen and twenty friendly Indians, was ordered to follow the enemy and disperse them. He was on his march into the Nar-



Pawtucket Falls, 1789.

ragansett Country, having heard that many of the enemy had collected at Pawtuxet, a few miles to the southward of Providence. "Being a man of great courage, and willing to engage the enemy on any ground, he was led into a fatal snare. On crossing the Pawtucket River he found himself encircled by an overwhelming number. He retreated to the side of the river to prevent being surrounded; but this only alternative failed; for the enemy, crossing the river above, came upon their backs with the same deadly effect as those in front. Thus they had to contend with triple numbers and a double disadvantage. Means were found to dispatch a messenger to Providence for succor, but through some unaccountable default in him or them to whom it was delivered, none arrived until too late. The scene was horrid beyond description. Some say that all the English were slain, others that only one escaped, which was effected as follows: A friendly Indian pursued him with an uplifted tomahawk, in the face of the enemy, who, considering his fate certain, and that he was pur-



sued by one of their own men, made no discovery of the stratagem, and both escaped. Another friendly Indian, seeing that the battle was lost, blackened his face with powder, and ran among the enemy, whom they took to be one of themselves, who also were painted



Trinity Church.

black, then presently escaped into the woods. Another was pursued, who hid behind a rock, and his pursuer lay secreted near to shoot him when he ventured out. But he behind the rock put his hat or cap upon a stick, and raising it up in sight, the other fired upon it. He, dropping his stick, ran upon him before he could reload his gun and shot him dead. It appears that Canonchet, a Narragansett chief, who afterwards fell into the hands

of the brave Captain Danton, commanded in this battle."

In the records of the disputes which early arose between the colonies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island as to their boundaries, Pawtucket Falls is frequently mentioned. From the Falls the line was "to be run north to the Massachusetts south line." Permission was granted by the General Assembly in 1761 for a lottery, to raise money for making a passage around Pawtucket Falls, "so that fish of almost every kind who choose fresh water at certain seasons of the year may pass with ease." This trench was built, but failed of its end, and was afterwards used by the owners of the mill-privileges for their business. In 1713 a bridge was built across the river at the Falls, and the cost divided between the two colonies. This bridge was pulled down in 1730, rebuilt in 1731-32, and in 1741, the expense being in every case shared equally between Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Five bridges, three of iron and two of stone, now span the stream.

The abundant water-power was early made use of, and small manufacturing establishments of various kinds sprang up along the banks of the river. Not, however, until after the Revolution, did the manufactories increase to any considerable extent. Then the restric-

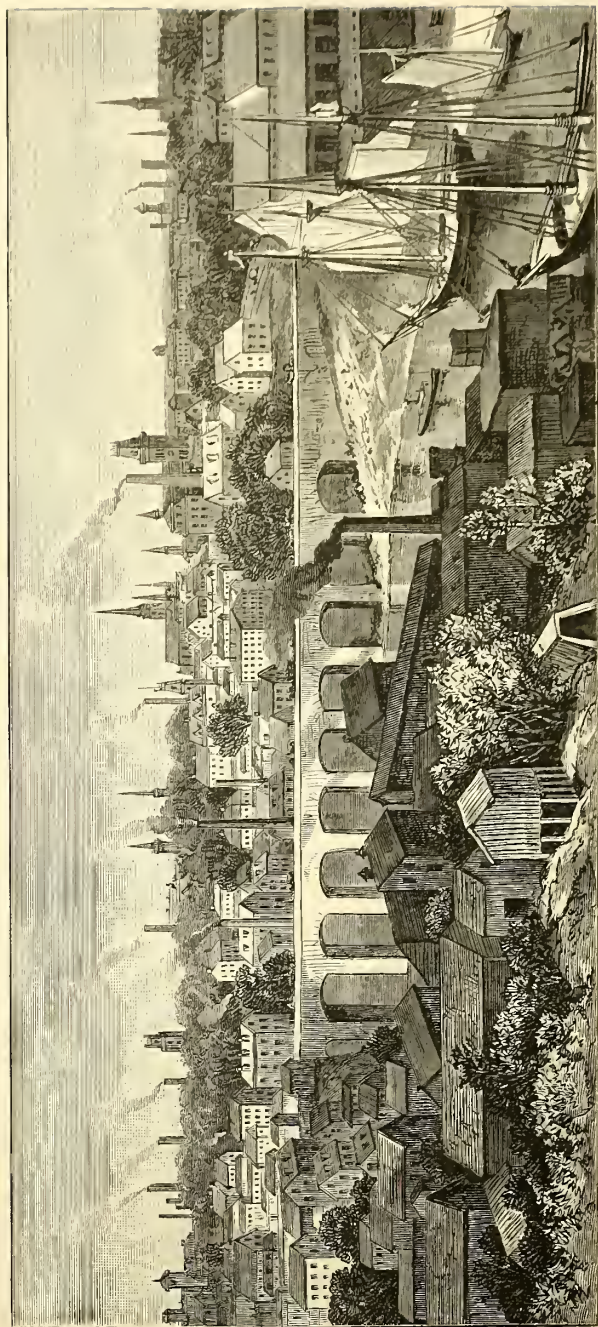




A View in Main Street.

tions which the British Government had imposed on the colonies were swept away, leaving a large and promising field open to new enterprises.

Oziel Wilkinson, with his family, removed, in 1783, from Smithfield, and settled in Pawtucket, being induced to do so by the ample water-power and convenient nearness of the mills and forges at the Falls. He and his sons, of whom there were five, were all blacksmiths. They were good mechanics and gifted with the inventive faculty. Some of the largest anchors in the country were made by them. They are said to have been the first in the world to make cut-nails, and were also the first to cast cannon solid. The cannon were afterwards bored by water-power. Through the exertions of these men and of the Jenkses who had preceded them, the village of Pawtucket, on both banks of the river, became the principal centre of the iron manufacture in this part of the country during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the present century. The



A View of Pawtucket from below Division Street Bridge





Music Hall.

famous Samuel Slater married Hannah, a daughter of Oziel Wilkinson. The Wilkinsons were afterward, in connection with Slater, extensively engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods.

The following description of the village of Pawtucket, as it was in 1810, is taken from *Dwight's Travels*:

“ In the northwestern corner of Rehoboth, there is a compact and neat settlement on the Pawtucket or Providence River. This, with another on the western bank, form what is called North Providence; although this name, in strict propriety, belongs only to the latter. This village is well built, and wears a flourishing aspect. The river is a large mill-stream; and just below the village becomes navigable for boats. Directly under the bridge commences a romantic fall, which, extending obliquely down the river, furnishes a number of excellent mill-sites. Of this advantage the inhabitants have availed themselves. There is probably no spot in New England, of the same extent, in which the same quantity or variety of manufacturing business is carried on. In the year 1796, there were here three anchor-forges, one tanning mill, three snuff-mills, one oil-mill, three



fulling mills, one clothier's works, one cotton-factory, two machines for cutting nails, one furnace for casting hollow-ware, all moved by water; one machine for cutting screws, moved by a horse; and several forges for smiths' work.

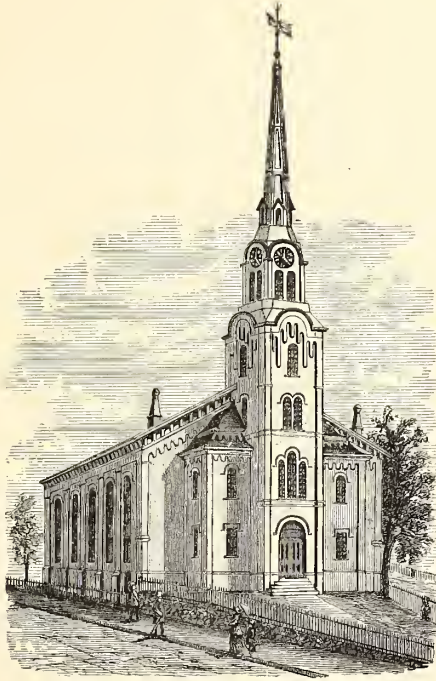
"The whole descent of the river is said to be fifty feet. The principal fall is about thirty. The mass of rocks by which it is produced, is thrown together in the wildest confusion. When we passed this place the river was low. In 1807, while crossing the ferry just below in an oblique direction nearly a mile in extent, during the whole of which it was visible, I had a remarkably fine view of the cataract."

The following extract from an old *Gazetteer* of Rhode Island and Connecticut, published in Hartford in 1819, gives an idea of the place at a later date: "The river here forms the boundary line between the two States. . . . That part of the village which is in Rhode Island is principally built on four streets, and comprises eighty-three dwelling-houses, twelve mercantile stores, two churches, a post office, an incorporated bank, an academy, and two or three flourishing schools. Of the ten cotton-mills in the town (North Providence), three are at this place, and upon an extensive scale. There are six shops engaged in the manufacture of machinery, having the advantage of water-power, and various other mechanical establishments, affording extensive employment and supporting a dense population. Upon the Massachusetts side of the river there is a village of nearly equal size and consequence, for its manufacturing and other interests."

The present town of Pawtucket has been in existence but a few years. The east side of the river originally formed a part of the old town of Rehoboth. Seekonk was separated from Rehoboth in 1812; it comprised all of Pawtucket now on the east side of the river. This portion was taken from Seekonk and formed into the township of Pawtucket by an act of incorporation from the Massachusetts General Court, dated March 1, 1828. The first town-meeting after its incorporation was held on the seventeenth day of the same month. There were manufactories on both sides of the river, but those on the Rhode Island side predominated. On the Massachusetts side agriculture received more attention. As the two portions of the village were in different States, much inconvenience and local jealousy arose, operating against its business interests. These disadvantages were overcome to some extent by the cession

of the town of Pawtucket to Rhode Island, in 1861. The act took effect in March, 1862. On the west side the village was originally in the town of Providence, and was within the limits of North Providence when that town was incorporated in 1765. It continued an integral part of North Providence until 1874. At that time the latter town was dismembered, a part was given to Pawtucket, another part to Providence, and about one-third of its territory was left in the original town. By this arrangement the arbitrary boundaries which for some years had divided what should have been a united community were removed. The new act of incorporation was dated May 1, 1874. In 1865 the population of Pawtucket was 5,000, and its area 6.9 miles — an average of 724.6 to the square mile. In 1875, after the consolidation, the population was 18,464; area, 10.1, and the average population to the square mile, 1,828.1. The population, according to the United States census of 1880, was 19,030.

The celebrated "Sam Patch" began his career at Pawtucket. He was born at Marblehead, Mass., about 1796, and worked as a mule-spinner in Pawtucket in the early part of the present century. While here he attempted and successfully accomplished many hazardous feats, such as jumping from the bridges and from the roofs and windows of mills into the river. In fulfillment of a wager he jumped the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, N. Y., and afterwards performed the more difficult feat of jumping Niagara Falls. After many other prodigies of daring, he at last lost his life in again attempting to jump the Genesee Falls. The saying, "Some things can be done as well as others," is attributed to him. It indicates the sanguine temperament which prompted him to undertakings that seemed to be physical impossibilities. W. D. Howells says of him,



The Congregational Church.

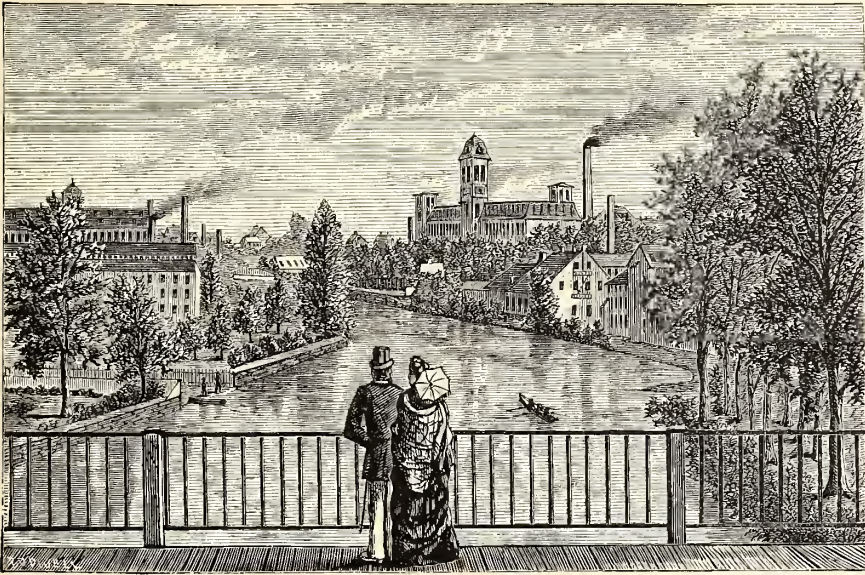
in *Their Wedding Journey*: "It (Sam Patch) is as good a name as Leander, to my thinking, and it was immortalized in support of a great idea, — the feasibility of all things."

To Pawtucket belongs the honor of being the first place in America where the manufacture of cotton goods was successfully accomplished. This industry, starting here from insignificant beginnings, made rapid progress to perfection, caused the founding of many new towns and villages throughout the country, and has now assumed proportions of immense magnitude. The story of the struggles of the first projectors, the success which ultimately crowned their efforts, the progress of the industry established with such difficulty, and the changes in many directions following as a consequence, form a chapter in history more wonderful than any tale of battles or sieges.

Until a little more than a hundred years ago, all cloth, of whatever material, was mainly the result of manual labor. The machines in use were of small value, being little better than frames to hold the material in position for convenience in working. The first improvement of note, as applied to the treatment of cotton, was made in England by James Hargreaves, in the year 1767. This invention was the spinning-jenny. By the method of spinning then practiced, only one thread could be spun at a time. Hargreaves' machine had eight spindles, and of course could spin as many threads at once. Shortly afterwards, Richard Arkwright invented roller-spinning, and was the first to associate all the preliminary processess of the cotton manufacture, together with that of spinning, under the same roof. He was the originator of the English factory system. Through the agency of these two inventions the business increased largely. Many factories were built, and improvements in machinery followed in rapid succession. The principles of the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, and the "water-frame" of Arkwright, were combined in the spinning-mule invented by Samuel Crompton, of Bolton, in 1779, which gave a still further impetus to this industry. The yarn spun in the mills was made into cloth on hand-loom, which were to be found in many private houses. All these inventions were made within the limits of a narrow district in England, where for a time this industry was confined, and which has continued to this day the centre of the cotton manufacture in the world.

The British Government at that time prohibited the exportation





The River, from Exchange Street Bridge.

of machinery. It also forbade any plans, drawings, or models of the new inventions to be carried away from the kingdom. Many attempts were made in this country to construct the various machines of the Arkwright patents, but, owing to imperfect drawings, the lack of models, and the absence of any person skilled in their construction and use, but little success was attained. "The first machines for carding, roving, and spinning, made in the United States, were the work of two mechanics from Scotland, Alexander and Robert Barr, employed by Mr. Orr, of East Bridgewater, Mass. The State made a grant in 1786 of £200 lawful money for the encouragement of the enterprise. The Beverly Company, in the same State, commenced operations in 1787, and, after expending £4,000, obtained in 1790 a grant of £1,000 from the Legislature, by the aid of which they succeeded in introducing the manufacture of cotton goods, but with very imperfect machinery. In 1788 a company was formed in Providence, R. I., for making 'home-spun cloths,' and they constructed their machinery from the best drawings to be obtained of the English models and plans, which were afforded them by Mr. Orr and the Beverly Company. The carding and roving with these machines was effected in a very imperfect and slow manner, by hand-labor; the spinning-frame, with thirty-two spindles, differing

little from a common jenny, was worked at first by a crank, turned by hand. The machinery was sold to Moses Brown, of Providence, who, together with Mr. Almy, had several hand-jennies employed in private houses in Providence, making yarn for the west of mixed linen and cotton goods. Such operations could accomplish little in competition with the Arkwright machinery, and all attempts to procure plans of this failed."

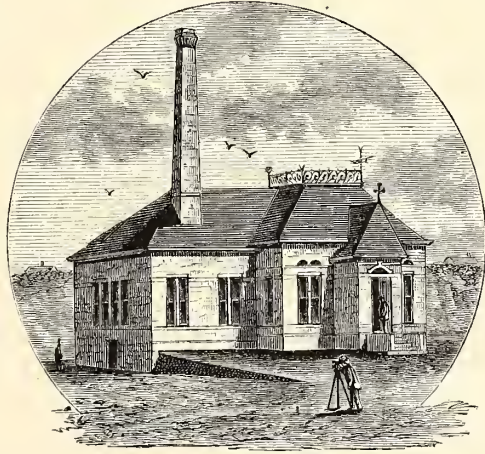
At this juncture Samuel Slater, who may with justice be called the father of the cotton industry in this country, appeared on the scene. Slater was born in the town of Belper, Derbyshire, England, June 9, 1768, the year after the invention of the spinning-jenny. He learned the business of manufacturing cotton with Jedediah Strutt, who, in connection with Sir Richard Arkwright, was then engaged in conducting a factory at a place called Milford. Here young Slater remained for more than eight years, learning thoroughly the processes of manufacturing, and also becoming an excellent machinist, skillful in the construction of cotton machinery. During the latter years of his apprenticeship his attention was called to the opportunities for advancement offered in America to one familiar with the cotton manufacture. Soon after the term of his apprenticeship had expired, he observed in a Philadelphia paper notice of a reward offered by a society for a machine to make cotton rollers. He decided to go to the New World, and on the 13th of September, 1789, sailed from London for New York, where he arrived in November, after a passage of sixty-six days. He went to work for the New York Manufacturing Company soon after his arrival; but their machinery was very imperfect and their available water-power unsatisfactory. While here he heard, from the captain of one of the Providence packets, of Moses Brown, of Providence, and his attempts to manufacture cotton. Slater wrote to this gentleman, offering his services, and said: "I flatter myself that I can give the greatest satisfaction in making machinery, making good yarn, either for stockings or twist, as any that is made in England, as I have had opportunity, and an oversight of Sir Richard Arkwright's works, and in Mr. Strutt's mill, upwards of eight years." A favorable answer was returned, and in January, 1790, he completed an arrangement with Almy & Brown to go to Pawtucket.

"On the eighteenth day of the same month, the venerable Moses Brown took him out to Pawtucket, where he commenced making the machinery, principally with his own hands, and on the twentieth of



December, following, he started three cards, drawing and roving, and seventy-two spindles, which were worked by an old fulling-mill water-wheel in a clothier's building, in which they continued spinning about twenty months, at the expiration of which time they had several thousand pounds of yarn on hand, notwithstanding every exertion was used to weave it up and sell it.

“Early in the year 1793, Almy, Brown, and Slater, built a small factory in that village (known and called to this day the ‘Old Factory’), in which they set in motion July 12, the *preparation* and seventy-two spindles, and slowly added to that number, as the sales of the yarn appeared more promising, which induced the said Slater to be concerned in erecting a new mill, and to increase the machinery in the old mill.”



The Pumping-Station.

Mr. Slater had great difficulties to contend with in his first attempt to spin cotton in Pawtucket. The machinery his employers had been using he declared unsuitable, and proceeded to construct machines on the English models. An important drawback was, that he had no plans or drawings, but had to trust entirely to his memory. Though at times almost discouraged by his apparent want of success, he nevertheless succeeded in constructing the machines. A partnership was formed by Slater with William Almy and Smith Brown, April 5, 1790. “In 1798 Mr. Slater entered into company with Oziel Wilkinson, Timothy Green, and William Wilkinson, the two latter, as well as himself, having married daughters of Oziel Wilkinson. He built the second mill on the east side of Pawtucket River, the firm being Samuel Slater & Co., himself holding half the stock.” Mr. Slater superintended both these establishments, receiving \$1.50 per day for each mill. The business progressed under his management, and a number of mills in which he was interested were built in neighboring villages, both in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Other parties, mostly men who had learned the business



in the factories of Mr. Slater and his partners, built factories, and the business was gradually extended throughout New England.

The original factories of Slater and his partners, like those of Arkwright in England, were engaged solely in the manufacture of yarn. The weaving was at first done on hand-loom in private houses. After the more general introduction of the power-loom (invented by the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, in 1785), it was performed in establishments erected for the purpose. The first mill in the world in which all the processes for the manufacture of cotton, from the raw material to the perfected cloth, were combined, was erected at Waltham, Mass., in 1813.

Mr. Slater was unostentatious in his habits, and was, as he himself says, "a candid Englishman." His life outside of his business was uneventful. In his own sphere, however, he was a tireless worker and a consummate manager, as the extent of his business and his financial success testify. He was ever ready to help those of his countrymen who needed his assistance, and many were the emigrants who were aided by his quiet benevolence. He and his partners established schools at their factories for the benefit of their operatives, and Mr. Slater is said to have established the first Sunday School in this country. His school was conducted upon the well-known plan of Robert Raikes. In the later years of his life Mr. Slater became largely interested in both woolen mills and machine shops. The life of Samuel Slater is more worthy of honor than that of many a statesman or warrior whose renown is world-wide. His triumphs were peaceful, but they produced changes greater than the downfall or upbuilding of an empire. He died at Pawtucket, April 21, 1835. Many descendants in the United States still bear his name.

From the "old mill" at Pawtucket, with its few imperfect machines, to the large factories of the present day, is an immense advance. Yet there has been no invention since that time embodying new principles. All this change has been brought about by the improvement and adaptation of the existing machinery. The process of development is still going on. The tendency is toward making all the machinery automatic. Much has been accomplished in this direction; no doubt there is room for further progress. The following statistics will convey an idea of the growth of the business throughout the country:

"The number of cotton-factories in the United States in 1810

was reported to be 241; the number of spindles was estimated at 96,400, an average of 400 for each mill. According to a report of a committee of Congress in 1815, \$40,000,000 was then invested in cotton manufacture, and 100,000 persons were employed; 27,000,000 pounds of cotton were consumed, producing 81,000,000 yards of cloth, valued at \$24,300,000. In Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut were 165 mills, with 119,310 spindles; and it has been estimated that the total number of spindles at that time was 350,000. Power-looms soon afterward coming into general use, as already stated, the number of spindles increased to 1,500,000 in 1830, and 1,750,000

in 1835. Complete and trustworthy statistics of cotton manufacture seem to have been first reported by the census of 1840. There were then in the United States 1,240 mills, with 2,284,631 spindles, and 129 dyeing and printing establishments. These establishments employed 72,119 hands, and produced goods valued at \$46,350,430. The amount of capital invested was \$51,102,359. The leading cotton manufacturing States were Massachusetts, having 278 mills, with 665,095 spindles; Rhode Island, 209 mills, with 518,817 spindles; New York, 117 mills, with 211,659 spindles; and Connecticut, 116 mills, with 181,319 spindles. There were no cotton-mills in Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Florida, Wisconsin, Iowa, or the District of Columbia. The following totals for the United States, from the federal census, will afford a comparison of this most important industry, with its condition prior to the Civil War:—



The First Baptist Church.

	1880.	1870.	1860.	1850.
Establishments.....		956	1,091	1,094
Looms.....	230,223	157,810	126,313	
Spindles.....	10,921,147	7,132,415	5,235,727	
Hands.....	181,628	135,369	122,028	92,286
Capital.....		\$140,706,291	\$98,585,260	\$74,509,931
Wages.....		\$39,044,132	\$23,938,236	
Raw Cotton, lbs.....	Bales, 1,586,481	398,302,257	422,704,975	288,558,000
All materials.....		\$111,736,936	\$57,285,534	\$34,835,056
All products.....		\$177,489,739	\$115,681,774	\$65,501,687

The growth of a large manufacturing industry brings with it more changes than many agencies which occupy a larger place in municipal and state records. Though not so noticeable as an act of a Legislature, nor so liable to be observed and commented upon, the building of a factory often means far more, and its influence is much broader and deeper. A new industry in a community growing gradually to large proportions, will, in the course of events, produce new social combinations; may, perhaps, create a new class; and will in some instances induce changes leading almost to social and political revolutions. This is true of the cotton industry in New England, and particularly in this State.

When Slater began to construct the Arkwright cotton machinery at Pawtucket there was no dominant mechanical pursuit in this part of the country. The farmers had a very limited market for their produce. Poverty pressed hard upon many; the means of nearly all were small. What was needed was work, and the necessity was supplied by the cotton business. As the industry increased, and new improvements were made each year in the machinery, mills were erected wherever water-power was available, and villages soon grew up around them. The operatives were at first drawn from the native population; they were the children of the farmers and mechanics in the surrounding towns and villages, reinforced, perhaps, by a few foreigners familiar with the business. The majority of the strangers were English. The factory population thus formed was homogeneous in its character, with similar habits and customs, and a common ancestry. There was a large class that fluctuated between work on the farm and work in the factory. An easy independence was thus maintained by the working-class. The opportunity for diversity of employment preserved and nurtured that individuality which is the peculiar characteristic of New England, and which is only in very

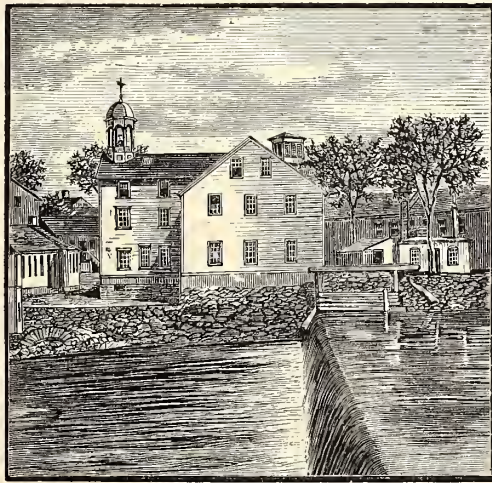


rare instances found in a people compelled by the force of circumstances to follow one calling. The population of these factory villages were orderly, well-behaved, and moral.

The change which has taken place was brought about by the stream of emigration which began to flow from Europe to America during the second quarter of this century. The Irish came in the largest numbers. In 1850 there were in this State 15,944 natives of Ireland,—sixty-nine per cent. of its entire foreign population. At the same time the English numbered 4,490, or a little over nineteen in every hundred of the foreign population. Both nationalities on their arrival engaged in factory labor; the English were already skilled in the business; the Irish soon became so. While these accessions were made to the ranks of the factory population, an exodus was at the same time taking place. The native American sought employment in directions where more opportunities were to be had for individual enterprise. In the city and the larger towns carrying on diversified industries the proportion of native Americans was larger than in the small factory villages. Since the War of the Rebellion the French Canadians have been thronging to the factory districts. The increase in their numbers between the years 1865 and 1875 was a little more than that of the Irish within the same period. In many villages in the State they at present outnumber the Irish, whom they have supplanted as the Irish did the Americans.

The factory village of to-day is very different from that of half a century ago.

The various nationalities are not welded together. They remain distinct, in a measure preserving their own peculiarities and customs. What the result of this condition of things is to be, is a question of grave importance. If the "cotton industry" is maintained in New England, the children of these aliens must be American citizens.

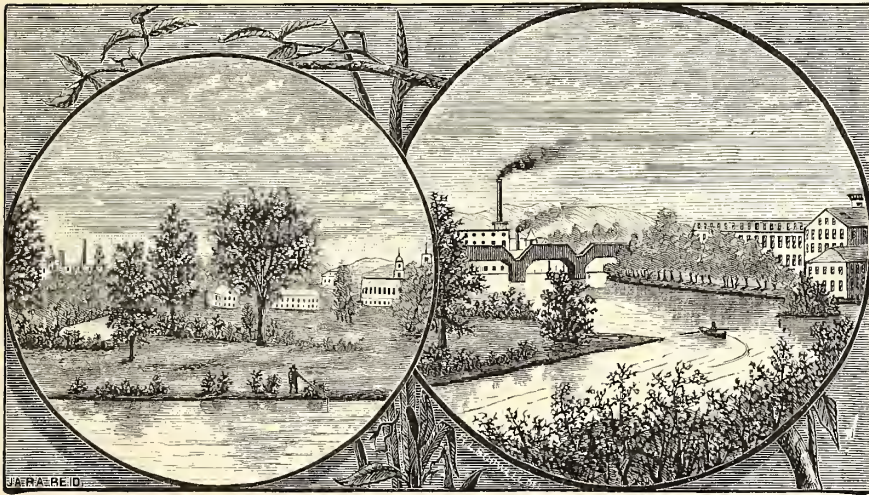


The Old Slater Mill.

Dr. Snow, the superintendent of the last State census, who is probably more familiar with the characteristics of the operatives than any other man, says that the French Canadians, "more than any other class of the population, keep every child possible at work in the mills, to the utter neglect of schools and education. It is an *urgent* duty to them and to the State to compel them and their employers to obey the laws in relation to the employment of children." This may with truth be applied to all the elements composing the factory population. It is, however, very doubtful if these laws can be enforced. The situations of most of the villages in districts where the factories, houses and lands belong to a single firm, by placing such power in the hands of a few makes improvement depend too much upon the material interest of the owner. Where that interest conflicts with the enforcement of educational laws, law in too many cases inevitably yields to interest.

According to the special report of the tenth census on the cotton manufacture, by Edward Atkinson, the number of persons employed in this industry in Rhode Island in 1880, was 22,228; spindles in motion, 1,649,295; looms, 30,274; and cotton consumed, 161,694 bales.

In Pawtucket, according to the state census of 1875, there were nineteen establishments engaged in various branches of cotton manufacture, employing 2,322 persons, and with an invested capital of \$2,492,600. The principal firms manufacturing cotton cloth are the Slater Cotton Co., the Bridge Mill Manufacturing Co., and the United States Flax Manufacturing Co. Quite a number of establishments are employed in making spool-cotton and cotton yarns. The leading concerns are the Conant Thread Co., manufacturers of cotton thread; the Greene & Daniels Manufacturing Co., Stafford & Co., and the Hope Thread Co., manufacturers of spool-cotton and cotton yarns. In the surrounding villages, within the limits of the towns of Lincoln, Cumberland, and North Providence, there are many factories employed in the manufacture of cotton cloth, the principal companies being the Lonsdale Co., with mills at Lonsdale and Ashton, in Lincoln; Albion Mills Co., Albion, Lincoln; Manville Co., Manville, Cumberland; and the Berkeley Mills Co., Berkeley, Cumberland. There are also mills at Allendale, Centredale, and Lymanville, North Providence. The Stafford Manufacturing Co., and the Cumberland Mills, at Valley Falls, are engaged in the manufacture of spool-cottons and cotton yarns. The Union Wadding Co. carries on an extensive business in white and colored waddings and battings,



A Glimpse of Lonsdale.

and machine waste in Pawtucket. The lower floor of the "Old Slater Mill" is at present occupied by J. L. Spencer in the manufacture of cotton yarns, twine, and thread.

The woolen manufacture is represented by the Pawtucket Hair-Cloth Co., manufacturers of hair seatings; D. Goff & Son, alpaca braids; George Mason & Co., braids; and in Central Falls, by the Central Falls Woolen Mill, cloth.

The existence of so many factories creates a demand for manufacturers' supplies of all descriptions. Among the establishments supplying this demand are E. Jenckes & Co., Pawtucket, manufacturers of many kinds of small supplies, and dealers in belts, lacing, etc., Weatherhead, Thompson & Co., Central Falls, manufacturers of belting and thread spools; and Myron Fish & Co., Valley Falls, manufacturers of loom-harness, and dealers in general supplies. Several extensive machine shops are employed in the construction of cotton machinery. Among the principal establishments are those of James Brown, the Fales & Jenks Machine Co., and George W. Payne & Co. The latter also construct woolen machinery. William H. Haskell & Co., bolt, nut, washer, and coach-screw manufacturers; J. S. White, machinist and iron-founder; and Cole Bros., steam-fire, and stationary engine builders, are among the prominent firms engaged in the general machine business.

The Dunnell Manufacturing Co. have one of the largest print-



works in the State. These works are located on Prospect Street. Robert D. Mason & Co., on East Avenue, are extensively engaged in dyeing and bleaching. This firm was formed in 1805. Upon the same premises, for more than three-quarters of a century, the business has been carried on without interruption. The present firm name was adopted in 1870. Other large establishments, specially worthy of note in this connection, are those of the Pawtucket Dyeing and Bleaching Co., and the Moshassuck Bleachery, at Saylesville, Lincoln, owned by Messrs. W. F. & F. C. Sayles.

Among the many prominent merchants, business-men, and firms engaged in various manufactures, we may also mention the Bridge Mill Paper Co.; D. D. Sweet & Co., and Gelinas & Chappell, sash, doors, and blinds; the Joseph Smith Co., coal, lumber, etc.; James Davis & Son, tanners and manufacturers of belting and lacing; J. O. Draper & Co., soap; the Perry Oil Co., oil and soap; Linton Brothers, card-board and glazed paper; L. B. Darling & Co., artificial fertilizers; the New American File Co., Central Falls; P. E. Thayer & Co., brushes; J. Crocker & Son, coffin-trimmings; W. W. Dexter, watches and jewelry; Charles A. Warland, and Charles P. Adams, real estate; Daniel A. Clark, coffins and caskets; Loring M. Monk, carriages; S. Grant & Co., coal, wood, etc.; E. M. Hunt & Co., coal; Carpenter & Co. and Pawtucket Furniture Co., furniture; Small & Harley, dry goods; George H. Fuller, jewelers' findings; A. F. Bray and C. M. Read, hardware; Fisk & Co., C. E. Davis & Son, G. T. Dana & Co., Pawtucket, and Jones & Davis, Central Falls, druggists; C. A. Luther, cloth-stretchers; A. F. Salisbury, photographer; J. N. Polsey & Co., packing-boxes; Havens & DeWitt, bakers; H. H. Sager, and H. N. Wilkinson, book-sellers and stationers; Lee & Burnham, and G. E. Woodbury, dentists.

Pawtucket and Lincoln, like most other busy and thriving localities, have their indispensable newspapers; in Pawtucket, the *Gazette and Chronicle*, published every Friday by Messrs. Sibley & Lee, Mill Street; in Central Falls, Lincoln, *The Weekly Visitor*, issued every Friday, by Messrs. E. L. Freeman & Co., publishers.

The leading hotels in Pawtucket, to-day, are the Benedict House, J. L. McFarland, proprietor; and the Pawtucket Hotel, D. W. Bucklin, proprietor.

To the traveler who obtains his first view of Pawtucket from the windows of the cars of the Boston and Providence Railroad, the place

presents the appearance of a large and busy city. Before him the entire landscape to the southward is wholly occupied by buildings, closely packed together, — dwelling-houses of all descriptions, with here and there a factory or a church standing out prominently. The whole of this busy scene, however, is not located within the limits of the town of Pawtucket; a considerable portion is in the town of Lincoln, and is known as Central Falls. Since the consolidation of Pawtucket in 1874, various attempts have been made to unite Central Falls with it, but thus far without success. As the line which divides these two places is an arbitrary



Old Butterfly Factory, Lincoln.

one, while the communities are in reality a unit, with no visible natural separation, a union in the future is inevitable. Valley Falls, situated partly in Lincoln and partly in Cumberland, is in reality only a suburb of Pawtucket and Central Falls, and is a short distance from the latter place.

Many new and fine buildings have, within the past few years, been erected in the central portion of Pawtucket, thereby adding to the appearance of the place, and giving it more of the air of a city. Music Hall, owned by L. B. Darling, is the latest erected, and one of the finest of these buildings. The Blackstone River flows through Valley Falls, Central Falls, and Pawtucket, affording water-power for the numerous factories on its banks. A succession of dams thrown across the stream make the water available. Five bridges now span the river in Pawtucket and Central Falls. The lowest bridge is a substantial stone structure of nine arches, and is very high above the water. The next bridge, also built of stone, with

two arches, is almost directly over the falls. The falls do not now exist in their original condition, but have been supplemented by a dam. Below the dam, however, are the ragged ledges over which the waters still foam and boil as they have done for countless ages. When the water is abundant, or the river is in flood, the view of the falls from this bridge is worth a visit. The other three are iron suspension bridges. At Valley Falls is an iron bridge, for foot and carriage travel, and the railroad bridge of the Providence and Worcester Railroad. The Boston and Providence Railroad crosses the Blackstone on an iron bridge just before its junction with the Providence and Worcester.

In the neighborhood of Lonsdale and Saylesville, in the town of Lincoln, the country presents a unique appearance. Hills and hollows succeed each other quickly and abruptly. From the roads, alternately in the depressions and the elevations, fine views may often be obtained of the surrounding country. Where the lands in the neighborhood of the Blackstone River are low, in many places, forced back by the dams on the river, the water has overflowed and formed shallow ponds. Between Lonsdale and Saylesville a large pond is now in existence, mainly the result of a dam thrown across the old Blackstone Canal. The old canal trench is in the centre of the pond, and the water is of considerable depth.

Pawtucket has an excellent system of water-works, which were put in operation Jan. 31, 1878, and have since that time worked well, supplying not only Pawtucket but also East Providence, Central Falls and other small places in the neighborhood. The engine used at the pumping-station is one made by George H. Corliss, and has given good satisfaction. A reservoir, 300 feet above tide-water, situated on Reservoir Heights, two and a half miles from the business centre, was completed Nov. 6, 1878. Its area is about three acres, depth twenty-one feet, and capacity 20,000,000 gallons. The water is obtained from Abbott's Run, which has a water-shed of 26.6 miles. Up to this time the cost of the works has been about \$633,000.

As has already been stated, North Providence until 1874 contained within its limits all of Pawtucket on the east side of the river. In that year a partition was made, one part was given to the city of Providence, another to the town of Pawtucket, and only a small fragment of the original town was left. This portion is mainly peopled by an agricultural community; there are only a few small manufacturing establishments within its bounds. "Fruit Hill," in this town, is



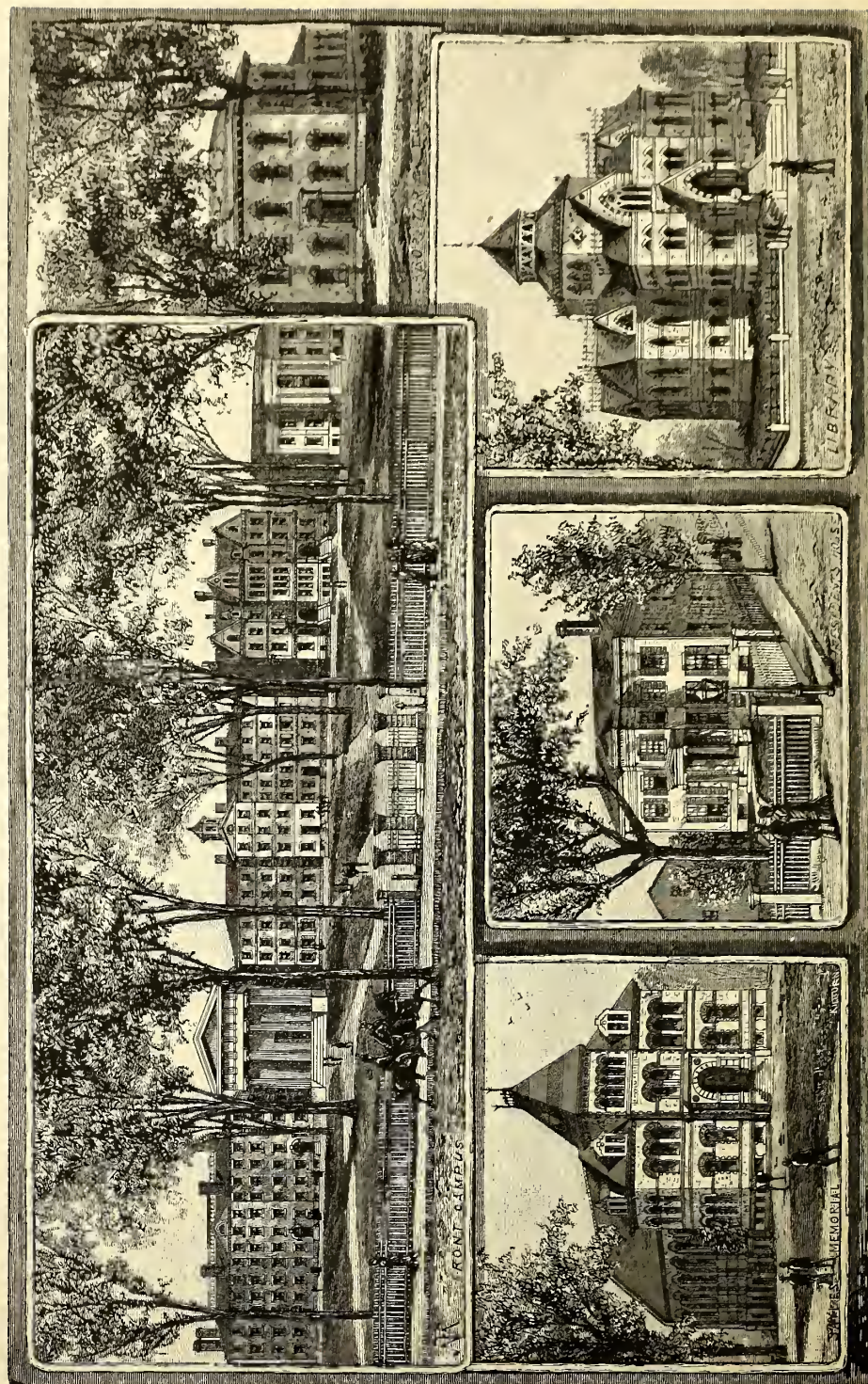
an extensive upland, beautifully situated; it was early settled, and the sites of the dwellings of the first settlers are yet pointed out by antiquarians. An educational institution, known at the outset as the Fruit Hill Seminary, and subsequently as the Fruit Hill Classical Institute, was started on the old Fruit Hill estate in 1835, and continued in existence until 1861. The history of the other portions of North Providence will be found in the accounts of Providence and Pawtucket.

Lincoln was formed from the old town of Smithfield in 1871. The cotton manufacture is here extensively carried on in the villages of Central Falls, Valley Falls, Lonsdale, Ashton, Berkeley, and Albion. Since its incorporation various efforts have been made to annex portions of the town to neighboring towns, but without success. "The principal if not the only peculiarity of this town in its government, as distinguished from other towns of this State, is, that while it is governed by a town council, as other towns are, yet the southeasterly portion of it, embracing the most thickly settled part, is specially incorporated by the Legislature under the name of 'the Central Falls Fire District,' with power to elect a moderator, clerk, treasurer, three assessors, and a collector of taxes; to elect fire-wards and presidents of fire-wards; to order, assess and collect taxes on persons and property within such district for fire-extinguishing apparatus, and keeping the same in order and using it; to prescribe the duties of fire-wards and of the citizens of said district in case of conflagration; to provide for suppressing disorder and tumult, for the lighting of streets, and the maintaining of such police force as they may deem necessary." Although so recently incorporated, Lincoln is one of the most important towns of the State, and its manufacturing business is constantly on the increase.



The Baptist Church, Central Falls.





The University Buildings, Providence





## CHAPTER VI.

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CUMBERLAND—WILLIAM BLACKSTONE—NINE MEN'S MISERY. WOONSOCKET—EDWARD HARRIS AND THE HARRIS INSTITUTE—MANUFACTURES—EDUCATION. SMITHFIELD AND NORTH SMITHFIELD. BURLINGHAM—JAMES BURRILL—THE FORGER'S CAVE.



THE form of William Blackstone, sitting upon his bull, rides slowly along before the eyes of the historical student as he approaches the town of Cumberland. With the single exception of Roger Williams, no figure in the early history of the State is more prominent than that of this old "non-conformist preacher." The cloud of mystery which enveloped him when the Massachusetts colonists found him living in tranquil seclusion upon the peninsula of Shawmut, was never entirely dispelled. Until the day of his death he maintained the same singular reticence and lived in the same studious solitude, those who had met him fifty years before had noted with such wonder.

When Governor Winthrop and those who came with him landed at Charlestown, in 1630, Mr. Blackstone had been living at Shawmut (the peninsula upon which the city of Boston now stands) long enough "to have raised apple-trees and planted an orchard." Tradition says that the would-be colonists were at first inclined to thrust out Blackstone from his home upon the peninsula, upon the specious pretence that they had received a grant of the tract from the king. As the old story runs, it would seem that the young hermit had lost nothing of his talent for argument during his residence in the wilds of America. Haughtily he made answer to the claims of the men of "the Bay." "The king," said he, "asserteth sovereignty over



this new Virginia in respect that John and Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast, without even landing at any place : and if the quality of sovereignty can subsist upon the substratum of mere inspection, surely the quality of property can subsist upon that of actual occupancy, which is the foundation of my claim."

This story is a most excellent one, and the speech put into the mouth of Blackstone so well accords with his character that we can almost believe the statement of the case to be a true one. It is quite possible, however, that the account may be a little overdrawn.

In Prince's *Chronology* it is stated that the settlers of Charlestown having become sickly by reason of the poor water, Mr. Blackstone (*Blaxton*, Prince spells the name) invited them to come over and settle upon the peninsula, telling the governor he had found there a most excellent spring of water. Under such circumstances, the attempt to dispossess him would have evinced extreme ingratitude on the part of the Bay colonists. Moreover, it stands perpetuated in the Massachusetts records "that William Blackstone shall have fifty acres of ground set off for him near to his house in Boston, to enjoy forever."

When or how Blackstone came to America is not known. In the year 1628 his name was mentioned for the first time in the Massachusetts records. It is likely that he had then lived for two or three years upon Shawmut. Of this fair peninsula he was, without doubt, the first white settler. That he had occupied it several years, "and with no slight advantage, we may presume from the expenses assessed on the several plantations, from Plymouth northward, for the campaign against Morton at Merry Mount, in 1628; his proportion, though the least, being more than one-third of that to be paid by the settlers of Salem, before the coming of Endicott." (Savage's *Winthrop*, Vol. I., page 44.) Almost all that we know of his life in England is, that he was "a non-conformist minister of the English Church." He is supposed to have graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1617.

Mr. Blackstone did not long remain upon Shawmut after his countrymen had built their houses upon it. Their society did not prove congenial. In 1634 he sold out his title to the peninsula, each of the other inhabitants paying him six pence or more therefor. Having purchased a drove of cattle, he started in search of a new home in the wilderness. When asked the reason for his unusual course, he said, "I left England to get from under the power of the

Lord-Bishops, but in America I am fallen under the power of the Lord-Brethren."

About three miles above the Pawtucket Falls, in what is now the town of Cumberland, he chose the spot for his new home. On the Plymouth patent this tract of country is known as "Attleborough Gore." "Study Hill," was the name he gave to his estate. There, for the rest of his life, he lived in studious seclusion. His few dis-



Valley of the Abbott's Run.

tant neighbors learned to love him for his kindly heart and generous nature. Respecting his upright character, they did not attempt to interrupt the eccentric course of his life. How he built his house we know not. It is said that he had a servant named Abbott. This man Abbott possessed some of the peculiarities that were so marked in his master. To this servant Mr. Blackstone gave a tract of land upon the stream which now bears the name of Abbott's Run.

Mr. Blackstone planted upon his farm at Study Hill an orchard, the first in the colony of Rhode Island. "Many of the trees which he planted about one hundred and thirty years ago (wrote Governor Hopkins in 1765), are still pretty thrifty fruit-bearing trees. He had the first of that sort called yellow sweetings, that were ever in the world, perhaps the richest and most delicious apple of the whole kind. Mr. Blackstone used frequently to come to Providence to preach the Gospel, and, to encourage his young hearers, gave them the first apples they ever saw. It is said that when he was old, and unable to travel on foot, and not having any horse, he used to ride on a bull which he had tamed and tutored to that use." Mr. Newman,

in his discourse delivered July 4, 1855, said that as late as 1830, when they were nearly two hundred years old, three of these trees were living, and two were still bearing apples.

Blackstone died at Study Hill only a few days before the commencement of Philip's War. Unusually fortunate was he in his death, for not long afterward the destroying torch of an Indian incendiary was applied to the house in which he had lived so long. With the books and everything else it contained, the dwelling was entirely consumed. In the "Inventory of the Lands, Goods and Chattels of Mr. William Blackstone," taken May 28, 1675,—two days after their owner's death,—his library was prized as follows:

"LIBRARY.

3 Bibles, 10s. — 6 English books in folio, £2, .	£2 10s.
3 Latin books in folio, 15s. — 3 do., large quarto, £2, .	2 15
15 small quarto, £1, 17s. 6d. — 14 small do., 14s., .	2 11 6d.
30 large octavo, £4 — 25 small do., £1, 5s., .	5 5
22 duodecimo, . . . . .	1 13
53 small do., of little value, . . . . .	13
10 paper books, . . . . .	5
	<hr/>
	£15 12s. 6d.
Remainder personal, . . . . .	40 11
	<hr/>
Total personal, . . . . .	£56 3s. 6d."

This library of 186 volumes was a very unusual one. Not many of the private gentlemen of America could boast of such a collection. The "10 paper books" were supposed to contain the record of his life, the well-digested reflections of half a century of study.

Like his neighbor and friend, Roger Williams, Mr. Blackstone was more than a century in advance of the age in which he lived. When the air of England was heavy with the life-destroying dews of religious intolerance, his free spirit sought in America the liberty he could not enjoy in his native country. Hardly had he become settled in his home in the new world, before he saw rising up about him the house-walls of a company of men far more bigoted than those he had left England to avoid. "He uttered no complaints, he provoked no quarrels, but quietly sold his lands and again retired from the face of civilization and again took up his solitary abode in the





The Blackstone at  
Woonsocket.

wilderness ; and, luckily for his peace, the tide of civilization had but just reached him at the period of his death."

By the side of the hill upon which so much of his life was spent, the gentle hermit lies buried. Although no ponderous monument, rich with sculptured decoration, marks the spot, the river gliding along through the meadows below will ever perpetuate his name. Only the hill and the river remain of all the landscape with which he was so familiar. The forests that stretched away on every side in never-ending aisles of green have been gradually leveled as the steady growth of population made their destruction necessary. Prosperous villages have sprung up at almost every bend of the winding river. The waters that once crept peacefully onward through the verdant fields, or halted here and there in timorous hesitation at the brink of some miniature cataract, are now lashed into angry foam by the revolving blades of hundreds of whirling mill-wheels, as they hasten on to mingle with the sparkling waves of Narragansett Bay.

Cumberland was one of the five towns received from Massachusetts in 1746-7. Before its incorporation as a town of Rhode Island it had formed a part of Attleborough, and from its peculiar shape had received the name of Attleborough Gore. The name of Cumberland was given it in honor of William, Duke of Cumberland. Possibly, also, the name may have been bestowed upon it because of its geological features, which resemble somewhat those of the English Cumberland.

The town possesses some very valuable mineral deposits. Perhaps in the course of years it may prove profitable to reopen its disused mines. From the Diamond Hill granite quarry some of the finest building-stone in New England is obtained.

Very much might be written concerning the "Indian history" of the town. One very noted spot within its borders is known as "Nine Men's Misery." On the day of "Pierce's Fight" nine men here lost their lives. Daggett, in his *History of Attleborough*, gives this version of the story: "A company of nine men were in advance of, or had strayed from their party for some purpose, when they discovered a number of Indians near the spot, whom they immediately pursued and attacked, but a large number of the enemy rushed out from the swamp and surrounded them. The whites, placing their backs to a large rock near by, fought with desperation till every one of them was killed on the spot. The rest of their party, who were in hearing of their guns, hastened to their succor, but arrived too late to render them any assistance. Their bodies were buried on the spot, which is now designated by a large pile of stones." One tradition says that these nine men were prisoners who had been reserved for torture by the Indians. "They were carried to a sort of peninsula of upland, nearly surrounded by 'Camp Swamp,' and seated upon a rock in a kind of natural amphitheatre formed by the elevated ground around it. The savages commenced the war-dance around them, and were preparing to torture them; but, disagreeing about the manner of torture, they fell into a quarrel among themselves, in which some of the Indians dispatched the prisoners with the tomahawk. The Indians, having scalped them, left their bodies upon the rock where they had slain them, and here they remained unburied till they were discovered by the English some weeks after. They were then buried, all in one grave. A heap of small stones, in the shape of the earth on a newly-made grave, still marks the spot where they lie."

WOONSOCKET.—The origin of the name Woonsocket, if not precisely lost in the mists of antiquity, still does not stand out in the clear light of certainty. Its old Indian form is Woonesuckete, which has been explained with a good degree of probability as derived from two Indian words, *Woone* thunder, and *Suckete* mists, meaning, in composition, thunder mists. When one imagines how the falls must have thundered through the solitude of the forest, and sees in fancy the column of mist which arose from their foot, it is easy to believe that this explanation, although not insisted upon by its author, is the true one.

The town of Woonsocket, at least so much of it as lies upon the east side of the river, was until 1867, a period of one hundred and thirty years, a village in the town of Cumberland. At the January session of the State Legislature of that year it was incorporated as a separate township, and in 1871 its area was increased by the addition of that part of Smithfield which constituted Western Woonsocket. The Blackstone River flows through it and the Woonsocket hills lie around, enclosing it in a kind of amphitheatre.

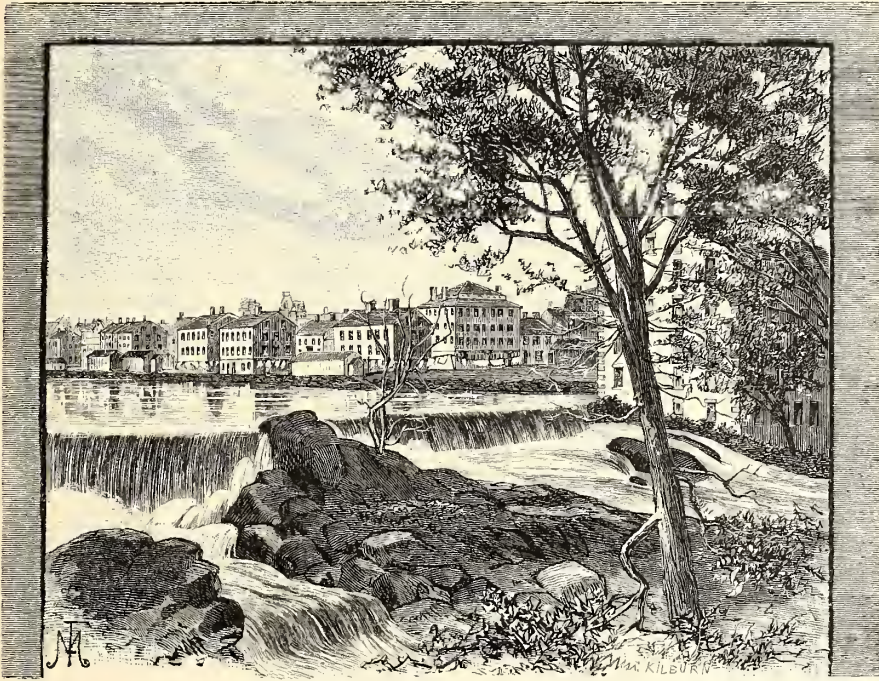
The first settlers in the town were Richard Arnold and Samuel Comstock. Arnold made the humble beginning of this present prosperous borough by building a saw-mill on the river about the year 1666. The precise date cannot be determined. Comstock settled at a point west of Union Village. Their lands, which were held in common during their lives, were divided by their heirs. By this division the Arnold family came into possession of a great estate in the vicinity of the falls, and may be looked upon as the forefathers of the town. Richard Arnold himself was an able and judicious man, ready and useful in the colonial council, and active and energetic in carrying his plans into effect. He left four sons, the eldest of whom was also named Richard. This Richard built a house on the site now occupied by Mr. Albert Mowry. To any one of an antiquarian turn of mind, it may be interesting to know that a part of the house is still standing, and, dating from 1690, is doubtless the oldest building in town.

Among the numerous descendants of the original Arnold was James Arnold, known in Woonsocket as "Uncle Jim." He owned large tracts of land upon the river. He was not a manufacturer himself, but for several years he prospered and apparently grew rich by putting up buildings on his property and letting them out to manufacturers. The first one of these was erected in 1808. It was



a grist-mill, and its upper stories were used for carding wool. He erected building after building and leased them to others, until in 1814, by an unfavorable turn of Fortune's wheel,—which seems at this time not to have been a mill-wheel, as formerly,—he was compelled to sell a part of his property. This sale is known as the "Arnold and Lyman Purchase." This was but the beginning. Again and again he was forced to part with portions of his river property, until he found himself stripped of all that vast estate with which he commenced life, excepting "the old saw-mill lot." This lot he had in 1822 leased to Oliver Ballou and his son Dexter, who built thereon a wooden cotton-mill. This mill, after various vicissitudes of fortune, finally settled down to steady work as a yarn-spinning establishment, under the auspices of Mr. George C. Ballou. To give even a slight sketch of the career of all the noted manufacturers of a place like Woonsocket, would require more space than we are at liberty to occupy in this work. And of Mr. Ballou and his brother Dexter, who is called the "pioneer of cotton-spinning in Woonsocket," it must suffice to say that the town is greatly indebted to them for much of its present prosperity.

Let us now retrace our steps. The early settlers were not slow to see that the place was admirably adapted to manufacturing purposes, and in the latter part of the seventeenth century they began to utilize the waters of the Blackstone to the turning of mill-wheels. All around was the great forest, which must be converted into farms and dwellings, and a saw-mill was an urgent necessity. One was consequently erected where the tower of the Ballou Manufacturing Company's cotton-mill now stands. This is the one already mentioned as having been built about the year 1666. In 1712 Mr. John Arnold built a "corn and fulling-mill" upon the "Island." The "Old Forge" dated from some time between 1712 and 1720, and stood upon the site of the boiler-house of the Ballou Manufacturing Company. It did quite an extensive business in iron. Later, a scythe-factory was established below the grist-mill. These include all the manufactories of Woonsocket up to 1807. In that year there was a great freshet. The river, as if angry at the restraints that man had imposed upon it (it is more submissive now), rose in its might, shook itself free, and tore along between its banks, "scattering ruin and spreading ban," until there was nothing left of these mills but wrecks, damaged beyond all hope. This is the historical freshet of the Blackstone. Even that of 1876, which was considered rather a brilliant



The Falls at Woonsocket.

performance for a river ordinarily so well conducted, failed to reach the high-water mark of 1807 by two and a half feet. For three years the river enjoyed complete rest, except that its otherwise unrestrained waters were forced to turn the wheel of that grist-mill, now grown familiar to the reader by repeated allusions, built by James Arnold, in 1808.

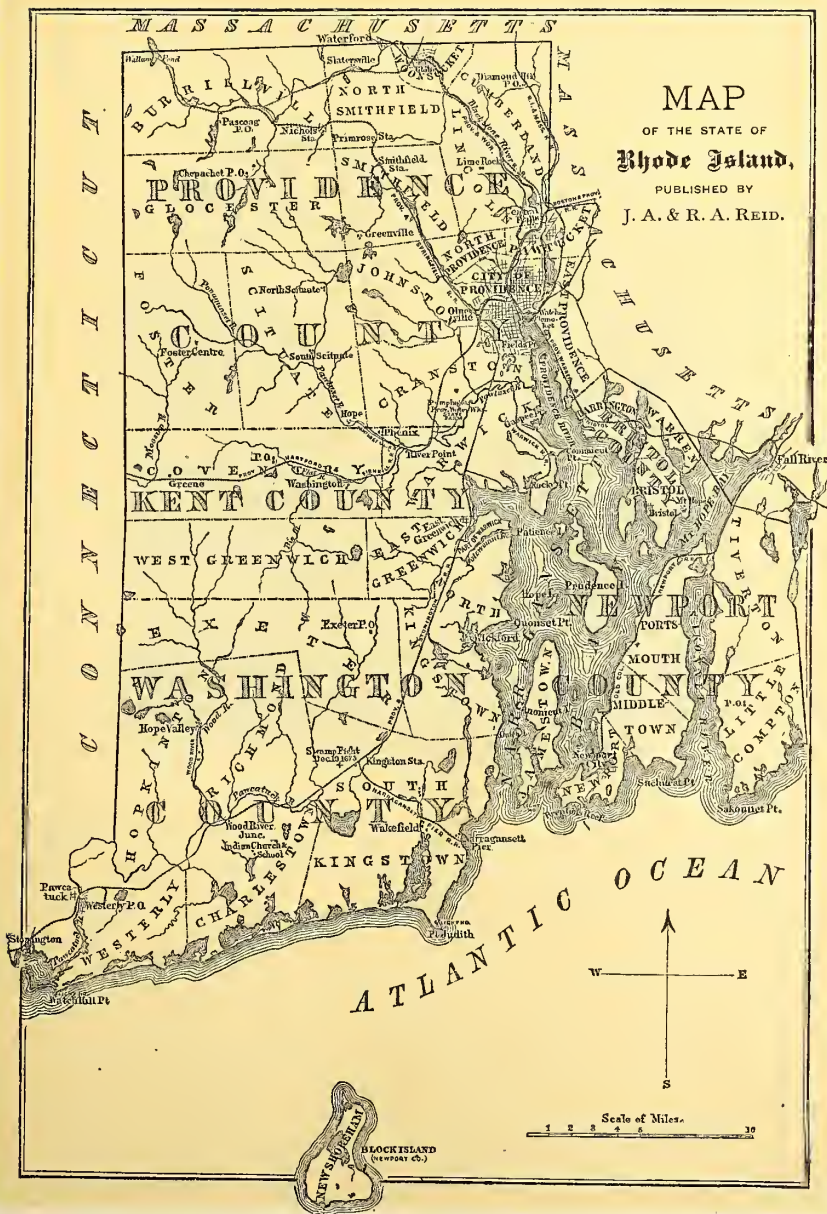
Eras of great enthusiasm are common in all enterprises, and such an era in manufactures had its beginning in Woonsocket in 1810. Mr. Samuel Slater had built the first cotton-mill, and so successful had its operation been, that the attention of capitalists and manufacturers was turned to the making of cloths. Hitherto, only the first process of woolen manufacture, viz. : the carding of wool, had been carried on. But now the waters of the Blackstone, which as yet had only frolicked and chattered among the wheels of a few grist and carding mills, were to be bound down to steady, every-day labor. The first enterprise started under this new impulse was known as the Social Manufacturing Company, which began operations with a capital stock of \$16,000, a mill containing 2,000 spindles, together with

cards and repairing machinery. This mill was known as the "Pistareen," on account of its size. It was burned down in 1874, having, however, before that been much enlarged and improved. The company immediately began the erection of their present imposing brick structure. The village belonging to these mills is a model of a factory village. The following description is quoted from one of a series of able papers published recently in the *Rhode Island Press*, called "Looms and Spindles," to which the present writer is indebted for much of the information upon this subject: "It consists of twelve double cottages, two long blocks, one containing nine tenements and the other eighteen, fourteen four-family houses, and the mill boarding-house. The double cottages are of brick, one and a half stories high, have gas and water, and rent for \$100 per year for each tenement. The blocks are also of brick, not quite so well finished as the cottages, and rent for from \$48 to \$96 per year. The others are of wood, and rent for \$50 per tenement. The boarding-house is four stories, and can accommodate 125 persons, but at present has only about fifty occupants. The three-story building at the westerly edge of the village is termed the Social Block, and is used for the company's offices and store. It also includes a large hall for lectures, dancing, etc., and two of the rooms are occupied for day and evening schools."

In 1827 the second wooden mill was begun. This building has reached a low estate, and has become a tenement-house known as the Castle.

The largest woolen-factory in the country is at Woonsocket. It was built by Edward Harris, whose name is identified with this branch of industry in Woonsocket. Mr. Harris was born at Lime Rock, in 1801. He was forced to earn his living while still a mere child. Thus business talent and a native shrewdness were developed in him at the expense of a social and mental training which he never ceased to miss in his after life. At the age of twenty-one he began life with a capital of 25 cents. He learned the business of cotton manufacture by actual experience as an ill-paid employé of his uncle. Afterwards he went into the employ of another uncle at the princely sum of \$1.30 per day. After a while this uncle promoted him to the superintendency of the mill. This was at Albion. When, at the age of twenty-seven, he left Albion he became agent of the Harris Lime Rock Company. By the time he had reached his thirtieth year, his capital had increased to \$2,500. With this he







came to Woonsocket and commenced the manufacture of satinets. From this time his business life was steadily successful, until at his death he stood the foremost woolen manufacturer of the country. The Harris Mills include the property known as the "Privilege Mill," on Mill River, a branch of the Blackstone, and the mills on



A View on Main Street.

the Blackstone proper, near Main Street, in the business portion of the town. Three of these are woolen-mills and one a cotton-mill. It is said on reliable authority that not an ounce of shoddy was ever used in Edward Harris' mills.

The town is one of the busiest towns of its kind in the country. In 1875, according to the State census, it had nine establishments for the manufacture of cotton goods, employing 2,350 persons, with a valuation of \$2,283,500; six establishments for the manufacture of woolen goods, employing 1,611 persons, and with an invested capital of \$1,155,500. The factories are large, but the business is concentrated within a more limited area than in any other locality in the State.

The principal cotton-mills are those of the Clinton Manufacturing Company, the Enterprise Manufacturing Company, the Groton Manufacturing Company, the Social Manufacturing Company, the



Woonsocket Company, the Hamlet Mills, the Woonsocket Mill, and the Woonsocket Yarn Company.

Among the producers of woolen goods are the Harris Woolen Company, already mentioned, the Stafford Braid Company, the Lippitt Woolen Company, and the American Worsted Company.



Harris Block.

Woonsocket is extensively engaged in the production of machines for domestic uses, the leading makers in this line being the Bailey Wringing Machine Company, and the Relief Washing Machine Company. Among the builders of various kinds of

machinery we mention the Bailey Tool Company, the Hautin Sewing Machine Company, the Woonsocket Nail Company, the Woonsocket Machine Company, the Kendrick Loom Harness Company, H. Jeffrey & Co., H. C. Lazell, and the Woonsocket Rubber Company, the last doing a large business in the manufacture of rubber goods.

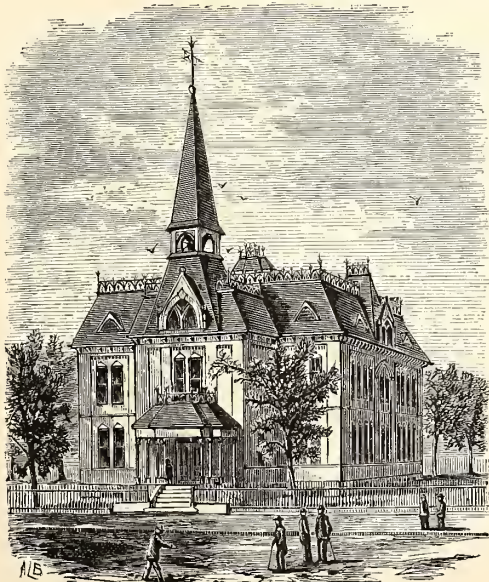
The records of the town would seem to indicate that the early inhabitants were not of a kind to whom church-going was a necessity. Not until 1718 does there seem to have been any facility for assembling together for worship, unless indeed some may have done so at private houses. In that year the Society of Friends began to hold services there, attracted by its accessibility, it being situated at a "Cross Roads." In the language of her historian, Richardson, "Woonsocket became, not so much from the piety of its inhabitants as from the natural advantages of its location, first a religious and afterwards an educational centre of the large territory now comprised within the counties of Worcester, Mass., and Providence, R. I." Among the early preachers of this sect was Elisha Thornton, of blessed memory. For more than a hundred years, in the whole

settlement of Woonsocket, there was no place of public worship except the Friends' Meeting-house. But the clang of the mill-bell was speedily followed by the peal of the church-bell. From 1832 to 1834, inclusive, sprang up all the religious denominations to be found in Woonsocket to-day, viz.: Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Universalists, and Roman Catholics, all of whom own substantial church edifices. On the twelfth of May, of the present year, the old Friends' Meeting-house, at Bank Village, burned down. It was erected in 1775.

The indifference of the early villagers to religious matters extended also to those of education. In the latter, as in the former, it was the Friends who undertook the initiative. They were the first to proclaim that the children of the poor ought to be "schooled," and to take measures for establishing a free school under their own auspices. Their zeal awoke that of the "world's people," and steps were taken to open a school free to all. This plan was defeated "by a vote of the ignorant backwoodsmen of Smithfield, many of whom were unable to write their names." In 1800-1801 Smithfield raised the sum of \$2,200 for the support of *twenty-four* schools. From which statement it may be inferred that time spent in discussing the free-school system of that region, of four-score years ago, is but wasted time.

There were private schools, however, of a high grade of excellence. These were the Thornton Academy, founded by the Quaker preacher, Elisha Thornton, which terminated its short but useful existence with

the last century; the Smithfield Academy, whose career ended in 1853, and the Cumberland Academy, at Cumberland Hill. But private seminaries are only for the favored few, and the people at length awoke to the fact that if their children were to be educated



High School.

at all, it must be in the public schools. This was about the year 1840. "The system of education within the town has made a marked advancement since the introduction of public schools. The rude and often ill-constructed school-house has given place to the present fine and convenient buildings, furnished with all the modern appliances for the comfort and convenience of both teacher and pupil. These excellent institutions are presided over by competent and accomplished teachers, and the citizens of Woonsocket have just reason to be proud of their present educational interests." One is hardly willing to leave this subject without allusion to that good man, the Rev. John Boyeden, whose name is one of the earliest and longest upon its records, and whose memory is held in veneration, not only in his own town, but throughout the length and breadth of the State.

"Aside from its public schools, the town enjoys the use of a magnificent building through the munificence of the late Edward Harris. Here the Woonsocket Lyceum holds its meetings, a public reading-room is daily visited, and a large and well-selected library is opened to all. A portion of this library was originally a district organization, and named in honor of its most liberal benefactor, Mr. Edward Carrington. This was afterwards annexed to a library founded and endowed by Edward Harris, and the whole now bears the name of the Harris Institute Library."

Woonsocket, being located as has been said, at a "Cross Roads," has always been well connected with the world outside. In early times it lay upon the stage route from Providence to Worcester, and was also itself one terminus of a stage route to Boston. There were many notable taverns in those days, but these disappeared with the stages of which they were the consequences. The Providence and Worcester Railroad now passes through the town, and the New York and New England Railroad connects it with Boston.

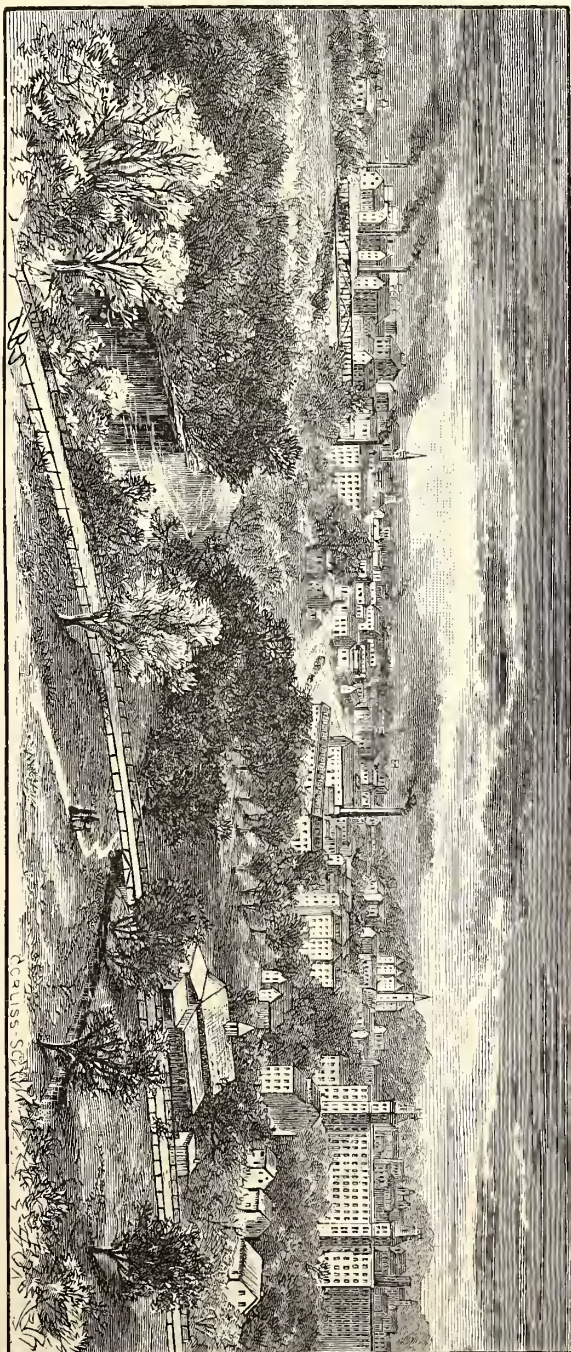
Woonsocket is finely located in the valley of its encircling hills, from whose summits extensive prospects of the surrounding country are to be had. It is almost needless to say that the highest point of land in the State, Woonsocket Hill, is in this vicinity, although not belonging to the town of that name. The falls, from which the original village which forms the nucleus of the present town takes its name, are worth a visit. The river, as has been said, flows through the town. But there are geological indications that, ages ago, its bed was in the valley on the north side of the town, near the railroad. Workmen digging below the surface find great



hollows in the rock, such as have been worn by the falls in their descent upon the rocks at their feet. The falls are in three different streams — the Blackstone and its tributaries, the Mill, and the Peters. The total fall of the Blackstone is about thirty-one feet; that of the Peters River is fifty-two feet; that of the Mill, sixty feet. This is in two falls, one of forty feet, which is used at the Harris Privilege, and the other of twenty feet, used at the Social.

SMITHFIELD was one of the three towns into which the "outlands" of Providence were divided in the year 1730. A wild country it was then, with beasts of prey roaming through its forests and sometimes carrying devastation to the homes of the set-

Woonsocket — From the East.



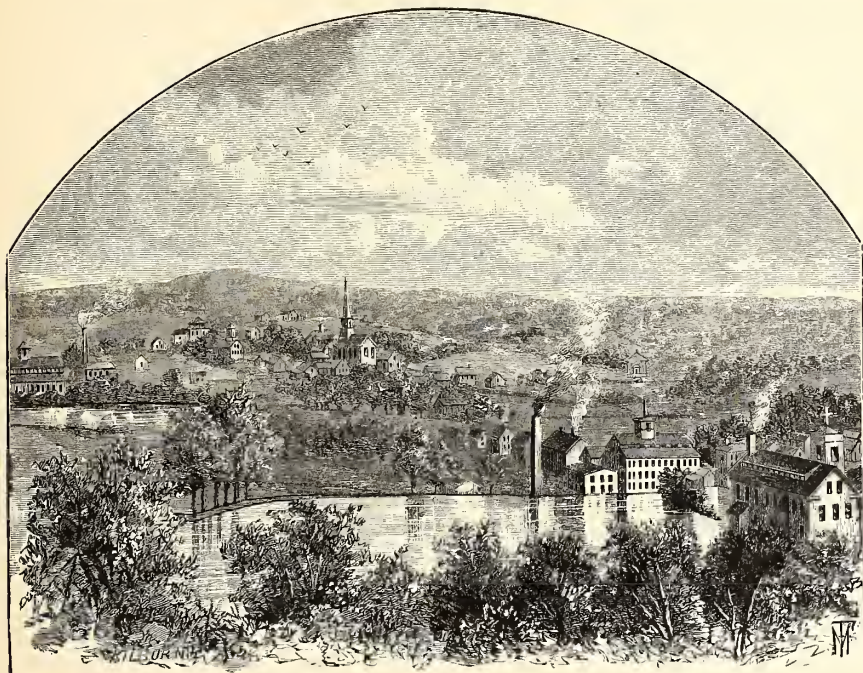
tlers. Along the banks of its streams and in the all-embracing forest were to be found the wigwams of the red men, who had not as yet entirely disappeared. No mill-dams impeded the course of the streams, forming dark, deep, and sluggish mill-ponds, overflowing the low lands in their neighborhood; but the waters flowed on in their original channels, overshadowed by dense woods, and undisturbed save by the chance passage of an Indian, a white man, or a wild animal of the forest.

The original territory of Smithfield extended from what are now the northern boundaries of Johnston and North Providence to the Massachusetts south line, on the west bounded by Glocester, and on the east and northeast by the Blackstone River. Within its limits were comprised the present towns of Lincoln, North Smithfield, Smithfield, and part of Woonsocket. The dismemberment took place March 8, 1871, and reduced the territory known by the name of Smithfield from seventy-three to twenty-seven square miles, and from a population in 1860 of 13,283, to 2,605 in 1870. The centres of population were in the town of Lincoln and in the portion set off to Woonsocket. Accounts of those places have already been given under their respective heads. The present Smithfield is the southwestern portion of the original territory, and its population in 1880 was 3,085.

Smithfield is watered by the Woonasquatucket River, which flows through the town in a circuitous course. The country is diversified by hill and dale, and in many places the river flows between high, steep banks. From these elevations views of the river and the surrounding country may be had, which, while they are not grand, are still picturesque and pleasing.

The water-power of the Woonasquatucket was first made available early in the century to run saw and grist mills; soon after, when the cotton manufacture had begun to spread, small cotton-factories sprang up along its banks. During the summer seasons great inconvenience was caused to these factories, and they were often obliged to stop, by reason of the scarcity of water. There was always an abundance in the spring, but the factories could only use a limited quantity, and the remainder, for their use at least, was entirely lost. The idea occurred to some wide-awake manufacturer that if this surplus water could be stored up, it would supply the deficiency in the summer. Accordingly, the Slack reservoir, covering 153 acres, near the village of Greenville, was built in 1823. A corporation was





A View of Greenville.

formed in 1824, and was chartered by the General Assembly under the name of the Woonasquatucket River Company, to carry on the work of building reservoirs for the storage of the surplus water. This was the first corporation chartered for this object in Rhode Island, and it was also the pioneer in this work. Among the members of this corporation were Zachariah Allen, Philip Allen, Samuel G. Arnold, Thomas Thompson, and Samuel Nightingale. The Sprague lower reservoir, of seventy acres, was built in 1827; the Sprague upper reservoir, of twenty-five acres, in 1836; and the Waterman reservoir, of 318 acres, in 1838. These reservoirs were formed by damming up the head waters of the river in low, marshy localities, and the ponds thus formed have all the irregularity of outline that characterizes natural ponds. In the summer, by means of sluice-gates, the water can be let down as it is needed. The cost of this work, which always included the price of the land overflowed by the reservoir, was assessed on the owners of the water-privileges along the river, in a ratable proportion to the head of water and the number of feet of fall they had. A fifth reservoir was projected a number of years ago, but has not been as yet completed. The



entire area covered by the four reservoirs is about 565 acres, and the average depth of water about ninety-two feet.

The most important village in the town is Georgiaville, at which place are the cotton-factories of the Smithfield Manufacturing Company. Other small factories are those at Allenville, Stillwater, Greenville, Knight's Mills, Granite Mills, and Winsor Mills. In all these places the tenement-houses and the land in their vicinity are mostly owned by the proprietors of the factories.

The Providence and Springfield Railroad runs through the centre of the town, along the banks of the river, and has been instrumental in developing the territory. In the north part of the town there is a station at the village of Smithfield, which serves as a centre for a large farming district. Smithfield ranks third among the towns in the State in the extent and importance of its milk business; a considerable amount of farming is also carried on.

The churches in the town are as follows: a Baptist church at Greenville, a Freewill Baptist church at Georgiaville, at Allendale a free church which has no settled minister, but in which any Protestant clergyman is allowed to hold services; the Central Union Church, at the extreme northern part of the State, a short distance north of the Providence and Douglas turnpike, which is on the same footing as the Allendale church: and two Roman Catholic churches, St. Philip's and St. Michael's.

North Smithfield is the northwestern portion of the original territory of Smithfield. It is situated directly north of the town which retains the parent name. When it was incorporated, March 8, 1871, the name Slater was given to it, but sixteen days afterward its present name was bestowed upon it. Its history is comprised in that of Smithfield. The population of the town in 1875 was 2,797; in 1880, 3,088.

The only stream of importance is the south branch of the Blackstone River, which flows through the northern part of the town. On this stream is the village of Slatersville, at which place Almy, Brown and Slater erected a cotton-factory in 1806. Two other mills were subsequently built here, and the three factories have at various times been enlarged or rebuilt, as occasion demanded. John Slater was associated with Samuel in these mills, and eventually these two bought out the other owners. The factories and village remain in the possession of the Slater family. The village has good educational advantages, and a fine library. Forestdale, about two miles

below Slatersville, has two cotton-factories, and at Waterford is the mill of the Union Worsted Company, which is partly in Massachusetts.

The Providence and Springfield Railroad runs across the southwest corner of the town, and has a station at Primrose, which is the railroad centre for a farming district. The country is in general undulating, and from the hills many fine landscape views may be had. In some parts the land is rocky, and quantities of coarse granite are quarried.

BURRILLVILLE.—All Rhode Island revolves around Providence. To the native of the soil Providence is “the city” without qualification or reserve. Indeed, some one, in a fit of ill-temper born of political disappointment, has gone so far as to bring railing accusation against the State by saying that Providence is Rhode Island. However this may or may not be politically, it was for generations half of the State, extending to the borders of Massachusetts. A great extent of territory, when it contains but few or no inhabitants, is easily controlled by the centre of government. When Roger Williams commenced this colony, whose first settlement was at the head of Narragansett Bay, he sent out commissioners to consider the matter of organizing three towns at the north. They, convinced that no one would ever wish to settle in this uninviting wilderness, made report to that effect. Common experience has proved that it is quite impossible to answer for the actions of others, especially for those of generations yet unborn. Settlers did go out into this wilderness, and hew down trees, and build houses, and increase and multiply, until, in 1730, the colony of Providence had become so unwieldy, and the management of its affairs so burdensome, that it was found necessary to erect the three new towns which a hundred years before existed in the imagination only of Roger Williams.

These were the towns of Smithfield, Glocester, and Scituate. In time, the population of Glocester increased to such an extent, and the dwellers in the northern part found it so inconvenient to go to Chepachet to town-meeting, that the town was divided by an east and west line into two. In this way, in the year 1806, Burrillville began its corporate existence. Its location is that of the most northwestern town of the State, bordering upon Connecticut and Massachusetts. It covers an area of some sixty miles, its surface diversified by craggy hills and smiling vales, by quiet lakes and sparkling rills, and dotted

by trim and thriving villages, and old-fashioned and not always trim farm-houses clinging to the rough and rocky soil; and over all, the solemn forests keep perpetual watch.

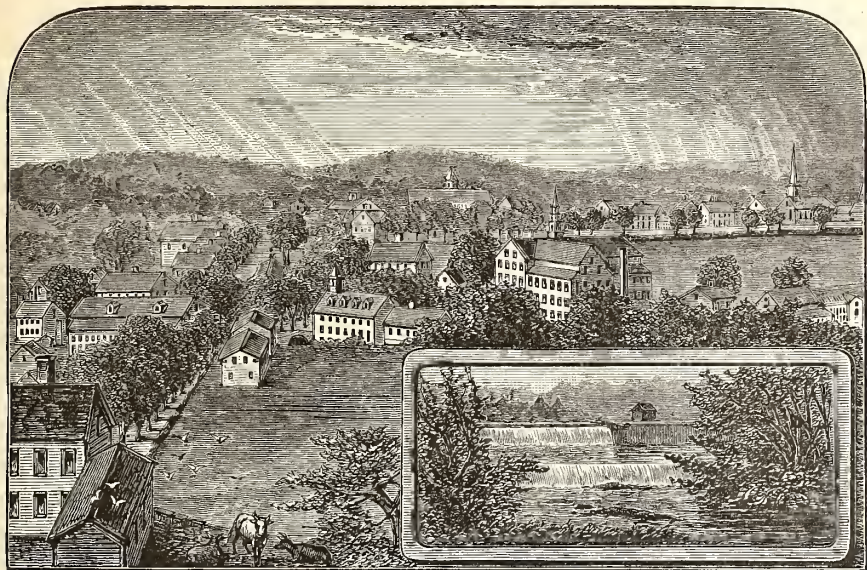
The town received its name from the Hon. James Burrill, at that time attorney-general of the State of Rhode Island. Mr. Burrill was a native of Providence, having been born there in 1772. He was graduated at Brown University in 1788, and immediately commenced the study of law. So rapid was his acquirement of the necessary knowledge, that before he reached his majority he was admitted to the bar. While still a young man, he stood at the head of his profession in the State. For seventeen years he held the office of attorney-general of Rhode Island. He was speaker of the House of Representatives from 1814 to 1816. In the latter year he was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court, and in the following year the General Assembly elected him to the Senate of the United States. Here he served faithfully the interests of the State until his death, which occurred on Christmas day in the year 1820. As a token of his appreciation of the honor done to him, he presented the new town with a set of record-books.

Burrillville, like most places, has its traditions. Wild tales of Indian warfare, of desolate hearth-stones, of blackened ruins of once happy homes, may still be heard,—stories of the giant strength of far back ancestors—of a huge skeleton unearthed (this, however, in quite modern times), of spells and incantations, of haunted houses and ghostly miners.

In early days the town was rich in animal life, a fact which has been perpetuated in the nomenclature of many of its hills and waters, which names, if not always romantic, are certainly suggestive. Eagle Peak tells of the time when that kingly bird had his haunts there; Buck Hill, of the deer which bounded through the forests; Wolf Hill, of those fierce creatures whose howl strikes terror into the stoutest heart; Herring Pond, of the delicious fish which once haunted its waters; Pascoag, of the snakes which made, and still make, their fastness of the rocky ledge of that name.

Away up in the northwestern part of the town, at the foot of the range of hills which crosses that part of the State, lies Wallum Lake, a charming sheet of water, with long, deep coves, where fish love to resort, shadowed by grand, centuries-old trees, and boasting of a beach, hard and white, and so safe that the most timid bather need feel no alarm. This lake is the source of a river of some impor-





The Village of Slatersville.

tance, the Clear, which “winds about, and in and out,” through busy villages and lonely roads, until, together with the Chepachet, it loses its identity in the Branch, which finally pours its accumulated waters into the Blackstone.

The most extensive forest in this State is a part of this town — a forest covering 6,000 acres of land, and full of the charm of bird and leaf and flower, of towering trunk and spreading branch. A clearing upon the summit, near the Connecticut line, gives a wide view of the surrounding country.

In the Buck Hill Woods, on the edge of Round Pond, is a cave, which, although not remarkable in itself, derives interest from the fact that it was at one time the hiding-place of a gang of counterfeiters who plied their nefarious trade here. Arrests were made, and a suit commenced, but for some unexplained reason proceedings lagged, and the lame goddess became so exceedingly lame that she never fairly overtook the offenders.

A singular cave, sometimes called “Cooper’s Den,” sometimes “Forger’s Cave,” is one of the curiosities of the town. It is situated on the road leading from Glendale to the old Stephen Cooper house. At the entrance of the wood is a craggy ledge of rock, the highest in the town. Half-way up the steep cliff is a narrow open-

ing, through which one can crawl. It is the entrance to an irregular room, thirty feet by eight, and twelve feet high. It is an eerie place, with its torn and convulsed rocks, looking as if they might fall at any moment, and stirring up the imagination to picture all kinds of frightful forms in their startling outlines.

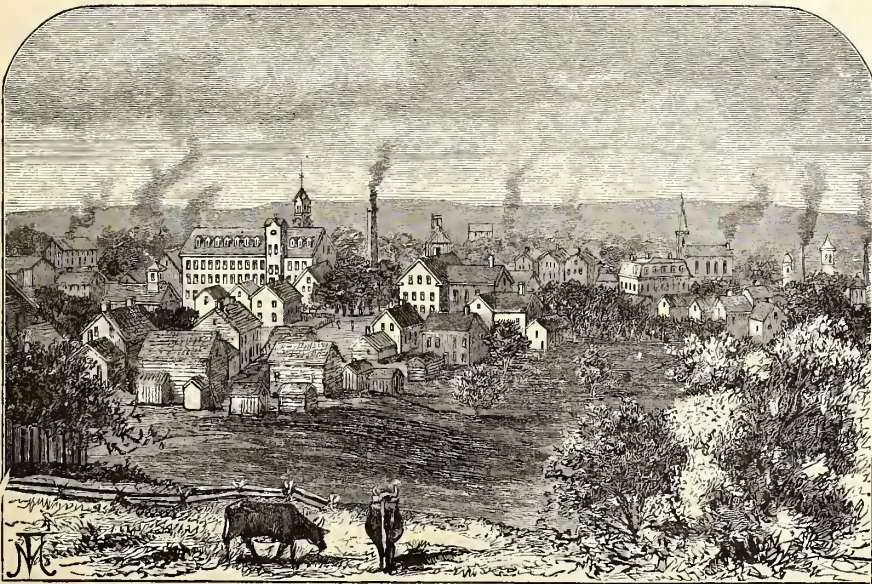
Burrillville is not as rich in history as many of the older towns of the State. Among the early honorable names of the town are those of John Smith, the first pioneer, and Edward Salisbury, who served in the French War and helped build Fort Stanwix. But the best part of its history is to be read in its thriving villages, clustering around its solid and sometimes imposing mills, and in the record of those men who have attested by their energy and means that "Peace hath her victories no less than war." The most important industry is the manufacture of woolen cloths. Several mills which were built for other purposes have been torn down, and new ones have been erected for this branch of manufactures. The Glendale Mill was originally a saw and grist-mill. After the property passed into the hands of Mr. Anthony Steere, he built a cotton-mill on the site, which shortly after burned down. Before it was completely rebuilt it was bought by Mr. Lyman Copeland, who converted it into a woolen-mill. The Clear River Woolen Mills began their career as iron-mills. The Harrisville, Mapleville, Oakland, and Fisk, Sayles & Co.'s mills, are all woolen-mills. Spindles and machinery are also made in the town. Without its mills, Burrillville would be still comparatively a desert place. Its soil is thin and poor, much of its surface is stony. There are large extents of marsh which could be made available only by a severe course of draining. The farmers generally do not keep pace with the times, but cling to the old-fashioned implements of their forefathers. With such unfavorable prospects for agricultural prosperity, and with a good supply of water, naturally the inhabitants turned their attention to manufactures. The first mill was built on the Tar Kiln River in 1810, by Solomon Smith, for a Mr. Thurber, of Providence. The machinery was of the simplest, but very durable, and as it was run many years, it probably did its work satisfactorily. This was the beginning of that great manufacturing interest which has since spread over the length and breadth of the town.

The dwellers in Burrillville take pride in the fact that the first Freewill Baptist Church in the State was organized within their limits. It is in the village of Pascoag. There is an Episcopal



church in Harrisville, which was built in 1857, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Eames, afterwards of the diocese of New Hampshire, and who died a few years since on the passage to Bermuda, whither he was going for his health. Besides these, there are the Methodist Episcopal Church at Laurel Hill, which dates from 1847, the Berean Baptist Church, organized as lately as 1874, the Society of Friends, which held meetings as early as 1783, and the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick, at Harrisville, instituted about the year 1856.

The Manton Library, at Pascoag, is an institution of the town that well deserves mention.



A View of Pascoag.





## CHAPTER VII.

GLOCESTER—THE TORY EXILES—THE DORR WAR. FOSTER—THEODORE FOSTER AND SOLOMON DROWNE. SCITUATE—COMMODORE HOPKINS—STEPHEN HOPKINS. JOHNSTON—LOTTERIES. CRANSTON—THE SPRAGUES. PAWTUCKET—STATE INSTITUTIONS.



THE town of GLOCESTER constitutes a part of that territory of which Roger Williams' commissioners thought with such scorn, when, in the early days of these settlements, he sent them up the Woonasquatucket to examine the country and report upon the advisability of constructing three new towns north of Providence. The impression that the region was a howling wilderness, and the soil worthless for cultivation prevailed for a long time. But at length a few daring spirits, feeling themselves crowded, perhaps, in the fast growing colony of Providence (like the western man when a neighbor settled within twenty miles of him), ventured into this unknown and hitherto despised region, and actually began a settlement in 1706. Among them was a Frenchman named Abram Tourtelotte, who made for himself a home about a mile south of Acote's Hill. He was the grandson of Gabriel Bernon, in honor of whom the Bernon Mill at Woonsocket was named. The forests were found to yield excellent timber, the virgin soil proved abundantly productive, and water was plentiful. Owing either to the ignorance of the primitive settlers, or to their practice of a false economy, or both, the soil was soon exhausted by constant cropping without renewing; the inhabitants consequently turned their attention to manufactures.

There are numerous ponds within the limits of the town, three of which, Ponegansett, Smith and Sayles', and Woonasquatucket, are

known as reservoirs. The largest natural body of water is Keech's Pond, near Smith and Sayles' reservoir. The most important stream is the Chepachet, a tributary of the Blackstone, upon which is situated the village of Chepachet, the business centre of the town.

It is interesting to note how long the idea prevailed that Gloucester was far from being a desirable residence. In the early days of the Revolution it was thought necessary to exile from their home in Newport, certain loyalists whose presence was naturally obnoxious to the patriots of that town. The Colonial Assembly therefore passed an act in June, 1776, banishing Thomas Vernon, Richard Beale, John Nichols, and Nicholas Lechmere to the town of Gloucester. The act states that these gentlemen, "having been examined before the Assembly, refused to subscribe to the Test ordered by the Assembly to be tendered to suspected persons, and that while they continued in the principles avowed by them before the Assembly, they were justly deemed unfriendly to the United Colonies."

The long journey from Newport to Gloucester — for it was long in those days — consumed one day and part of another. The exiles left Newport at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, 1776, in the boat of one William Green, and arrived in East Greenwich at seven in the evening. The sheriff of Newport County and his deputy who accompanied them, together with the prisoners, spent the night at the house of Mr. Arnold. The next morning, with much difficulty, a negro obtained for their transfer to the wilds of Gloucester, "an old crazy chaise with a very bad horse & two led horses quite as indifferent." In this way they arrived at Gloucester at night, much fatigued, having ridden through a "very Rocky Country." That night they lodged at a public house, whose host was a man "very moderate in his sentiments," from which we infer that his patriotism was not rampant. The next day, having refused to give their parole, the liberty of the town was denied them, and they were placed at the house of Mr. Stephen Keetche to await further orders.

Life here passed quietly enough, after the gayety of Newport. The party, sustained by the consciousness that they were suffering for the sake of a principle, were disposed to make the best of their fate. The farm upon which they were, consisted of five hundred acres, only one hundred of which were under cultivation. The family were friendly, and Mr. Vernon, upon whose diary we depend for a knowledge of this curious passage of Gloucester history, seems to have been a cheerful man, with a keen sense of humor. Daily life

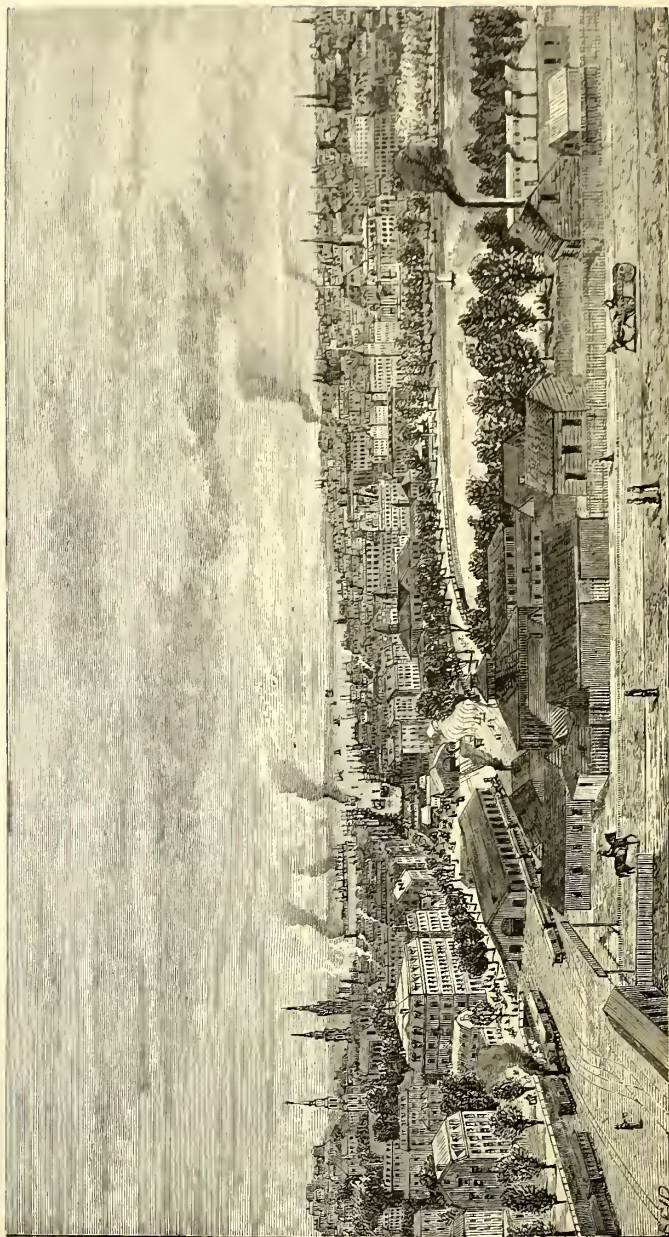
commenced at four o'clock in the morning, and ended early at night, ten o'clock being regarded as a rather dissipated hour. The various dishes for breakfast, dinner, and tea are chronicled day by day by Mr. Vernon, with the minuteness of one whose time hangs heavy on his hands. The taking down of a vane is an event, a quiet game of whist an excitement. Frequent messages to Providence, the result of which was rum, lemons, and sugar, over which, when mixed in due proportion, they "remembered their Newport friends," constitute a part of this diary. One item reads oddly in these days, when one feels himself in a benighted region unless he has access to two or three daily papers. "Sunday, Aug. 11. Our Landlord this A. M. early sent his youngest son (as he always does on Sunday), about a mile for the Providence newspaper, and the whole forenoon is generally spent in perusing it, and this afternoon in hearing Mr. Johnson read it, such is the fondness of people for news." Mr. Vernon states that the inhabitants of the town belonged to the religious sect called the New Light Baptists, and says that they had "preachers and Exhortors innumerable." Notwithstanding which, and that they made great pretensions to religion, they were not a church-going people. During the month of August, Mr. Keetcher took steps to lay his account for the board of his prisoners before the State Legislature, which was quite unjust, as most of the food which they had eaten at his table had been sent them by Newport friends, and had been shared with the family. Whether these Tories had during their sojourn rendered themselves actively obnoxious, or whether the increasing earnestness of the patriots as the war progressed produced the same effect, there is no means of knowing. But it is a fact that by September, the people of Gloucester would no longer receive them into their homes, and the governor of the State could give no farther directions for their bestowal. So, without any very elaborate ceremony, they took leave of the place of their captivity, and started, some for Providence, and the rest, Vernon being one of these, for Newport. The latter party took the Scituate road, and arrived, tired, hungry, and drenched, at East Greenwich at nine in the evening. After a while, the whole party were bestowed in safe places, and their banishment ended.

Shay's Rebellion, which was brought about partly by suffering caused by heavy taxes, and partly by the selfishness and folly of a party calling themselves "Reformation men," who would neither fight nor pay taxes had its origin here. The disaffection towards



State authority spread into Massachusetts, whither the rebellion betook itself bodily, and flourished until finally suppressed by the State troops. The dissatisfaction with political duties and privileges only slumbered, however, and two generations later broke out in that remarkable event of Rhode Island history, the Dorr War. This "tempest in a teapot," which shook the State well-nigh from her foundations, culminated in Chepachet, the most important village of the town of Glocester.

From its earliest history, Rhode Island, although nominally a democracy, had placed certain healthful restrictions upon the right of suffrage. That one which limited the right of suffrage to the owner of a freehold worth, at least, \$134, was held in especial abhorrence by those who possessed no such freehold. The right of the oldest son of such a freeholder to vote was also regarded with great disfavor. Statistics added their share to the general dissatisfaction. Of the seventy-two representatives chosen in 1840, thirty-eight were elected by towns having an aggregate population of 29,020 and less than 3,000 voters, and the remaining thirty-four by towns whose population numbered 79,804, and whose voters were nearly 6,000. Providence, which had greatly outgrown her former rival, Newport, sent to the Council of the State but four representatives, while Newport sent six. The irritation and bitterness engendered by this state of affairs had been increasing and gaining strength for years. Appeals to the General Assembly for a change in the constitution to meet the difficulty had produced no result, and at length an appeal was made directly to the people. Meetings were held during the last part of 1840 and the first part of 1841. Political leaders on the side of free suffrage left no means untried for inflaming the public mind, and so well did they succeed, that on the 5th of July, 1841, a mass-meeting was held in Providence, and the State Committee was instructed to call a convention for the formation of a constitution which should represent their views. This convention, composed of delegates duly elected, met on the 4th of October, framed a constitution, and promulgated it as the "People's Constitution." Under this instrument, those of the people whose will it expressed elected Thomas Wilson Dorr, of Providence, governor, April 18, 1842. At the same time the "Law and Order" party, with the old and tried constitution of the State at their back, elected Samuel Ward King governor. As soon as the new government attempted to test its power by performing executive functions, it found itself confronted



A View of Providence, from Smith's Hill.

by the old, and that either a collision or a peaceable abdication must follow. But the "Dorrites" were honest in the belief that they should accomplish the thing which they desired, and, inflamed by the eloquence of their leaders, they were incapable of perceiving that they were not taking the right and effectual way of doing it. They therefore girded themselves for a conflict. On the 3d of May Governor Dorr made an attempt to displace Governor King, which failed. On the eighteenth his party made an abortive attempt to capture the Arsenal. The insurgents then began to retreat northward until, on the 25th of June, they had concentrated and made a stand at Chepachet. Here the valiant troops remained, displaying the greatest bravery, so long as no enemy was in sight. But as soon as the State troops, augmented by volunteers from the various towns of the State appeared, they became suddenly impressed with the majesty of the law, and rather than defy it by actual bloodshed turned and fled in dismay. Three days after, the insurrection was a thing of the past, and the insurgents had metaphorically beaten their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Dorr himself was taken, tried and sentenced to be imprisoned for life. The rigor of his sentence was soon abated, and in 1847, by an act of general amnesty, he was set free, and in 1851 was restored to his rights as a citizen.

FOSTER is a farming town, situated on the western border of the State, fifteen miles from Providence. Its area is fifty square miles. The surface is rugged and hilly, and much of the land stony, rough, hard to cultivate, and unproductive. Some of the best farming land in the State is, however, to be found within its borders. In 1820, the population was 2,900, — the largest number in the town's history; by the census of 1880, it was 1,552. Foster was taken from Scituate, and was incorporated as a separate town August 24, 1781. It was named after the Hon. Theodore Foster, then a United States Senator from this State.

The materials for romance are meagre in the life of a community like this. The early settlers had, no doubt, their adventures with the Indians, and the usual number of hair-breadth escapes. As the years passed slowly on, bringing exemption from the attacks of savage foes and deliverance from the control of the mother country, the lives of the inhabitants became monotonous and uneventful. In such isolated places the New England speech, embalmed by Lowell in



the *Biglow Papers*, flourished with remarkable vigor. A certain shrewdness of character and an unusual physical pluck was developed, which made these farming towns the fountains from which were drawn the energetic business men of the cities.

The first settlement in Foster, according to tradition, was made in the year 1717, by Ezekiel Hopkins, whose descendants are at present numerous in the town. A large tract of land called West Quanaug was early purchased from the Indians by William Vaughan, Zachariah Rhodes, and Robert Westcott. A number of the prominent men of Newport were afterward associated with the original purchasers. The time of the settlement of this purchase is not definitely known, but it was no doubt occupied soon after its acquisition. The Howards, who settled here very early, have always been a prominent family in the town. The Hon. Daniel Howard, lately deceased, was a man of influence in town affairs. He was conversant with its early history, and was for many years town clerk. He was also judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

An episode in the history of the town, though only a personal one, is well worth mention. A short time before the war of the Revolution two young men, Theodore Foster and Solomon Drowne, were students in the Rhode Island College. They were close friends and inseparable companions, having all things in common, and confiding each to the other his inmost thoughts. One of their youthful dreams was that sometime in the future they would withdraw from the haunts of men, to a "lodge in some vast wilderness," where they might have the unrestrained pleasure of each other's society, and might engage in the pursuits of literature, art, and science. For many years they were prevented by circumstances from carrying their project into execution, but never gave up the idea.

Foster engaged in public life. He was town clerk of Providence for twelve years, and United States Senator from 1790 to 1803. Drowne became a physician, served in the Revolutionary War, traveled and studied in foreign countries, and was a pioneer in the settlement of the West. He was celebrated as a botanist, and for many years taught that science in Brown University. For a quarter of a century the friends had only occasional and hurried meetings. At length, in the year 1800, they were able to take steps to bring about the accomplishment of their long cherished design. Foster was interested in the town which had taken his name, and wished to live within its borders. In connection with Drowne he purchased a farm in an

elevated and eligible situation. They named the place "Mount Hygeia, after the goddess of health, of the Greek mythology. Here, with their families, they took up their abode, Drowne in 1801, and Foster in 1803, at the close of his senatorial career, surrounded by such comforts as the time and their means afforded. They communed together, as in their boyhood they had planned, writing verses full of classical allusions, as was the fashion of the age, and engaging in their favorite studies. To spots on their farm and in its neighborhood they gave classical names. While enjoying their "learned leisure" they found time to advance the interests of the town. Principally through Foster's means, a bank and a library were established, and a road from Providence to Hartford was built. The portion of the road which passed through Foster's farm was made of great width, and was named by him the "Appian Way."

Within the limits of Foster are the head waters of the north branch of the Pawtuxet River, besides various other small streams. There are many good sites for small factories, but the distance inland, combined with the small available water-power, render them of comparatively little value.

SCITUATE. — The lands granted to Roger Williams and his associates, when they first settled in Providence, were extensive tracts whose bounds were not accurately defined. As the original settlement increased, portions of the outlying territory were occupied as farms by pioneers. In time, these farming districts, because of their remoteness from Providence, were formed into separate towns as their situation and wants required. Scituate was one of the towns so formed. It was incorporated Feb. 20, 1730-31. At that time an act was passed "for erecting and incorporating the outlands of the town of Providence into three towns." The two other towns were Gloucester and Smithfield.

Judging from the following verses, by Stephen Hopkins, the first settlers in this region must have been in a sad plight. There is a possibility, however, that reference is made to individuals striving to make a house in the forest to which afterwards they could bring their families. No doubt in all the early settlements were many pioneers who had, in their first essays to conquer the wilderness, undergone hardships equal to those depicted here :

"Nor house, nor hut, nor fruitful field,  
Nor lowing herd, nor bleating flock,  
Or garden that might comfort yield,  
Nor cheerful, early crowing cock.

No orchard yielding pleasant fruit,  
Or laboring ox, or useful plow;  
Nor neighing steed, or browsing goat,  
Or grunting swine, or feedful cow.

No friend to help, no neighbor nigh,  
Nor healing medicine to relieve;  
No mother's hand to close the eye,  
Alone, forlorn, and most extremely poor."

Emigrants with more means soon followed. In 1710 some arrived from Scituate, Mass., and through their agency when the town was incorporated it was named after their old home.

The first settler is supposed to have been John Mathewson. He built a hut near Moswansicut Pond. The nearest trading town was Boston, to which he made journeys occasionally. Each of these trips occupied a number of days, and the traveler generally stopped at all the houses on the route. The roads were only paths through the woods. On one of these expeditions Mathewson proposed marriage to a Miss Malary, whose acquaintance he had made during some of his preceding journeys. She assented to his proposal, and the pair were married. Soon after his marriage Mr. Mathewson built a house at some distance from his hut, and in this house his children were born. John, one of his sons, was the direct ancestor of the Hon. Elisha Mathewson, at one time United States Senator from this State. Others of that name settled in the neighborhood of the pond.

In 1775 James Aldrich removed from Smithfield to Scituate. After the Revolution he was active in local politics, and represented the town for nineteen consecutive years in the General Assembly. His house was a rendezvous for prominent men in the town and State. Here, at times, Elisha Mathewson, John Harris, Col. Ephraim Bowers, and others were welcome guests. Gov. Arthur Fenner frequently came down from Providence to visit Mr. Aldrich and enjoy the hunting to be had in the neighborhood. "Political, as well as social and hunting propensities doubtless mingled in these expeditions, for Mr. James Aldrich and his friend, Elisha Mathewson, were said to control the votes of Scituate, and the people loved to see a governor among them in such a free and easy spirit and costume, and gladly gave him the favor of their votes."

Gideon Harris, who died in 1777, was a noted man in the town. For many years he was town clerk. His disposition was benevolent, and having property and influence, he used both to a good purpose in benefiting his neighbors. Those who were in distress were sure of





Lake Moswansicut.

his counsel and assistance as soon as they made their necessities known to him.

About the year 1703, Joseph Wilkinson moved from Providence into the north part of Scituate, then known by the Indian name of Chapumishcock. He was a surveyor, and his services were always in great demand. Mr. Beaman, in his *Historical Sketch* of the town, relates the following anecdote of Mr. Wilkinson's wife: "Her husband being absent at work some two miles off, she discovered a bear upon a sweet apple tree, shaking off the fruit that he might devour it on the ground. As it was the only tree of the kind they had, and highly valued, Mrs. Wilkinson not a little regretted the absence of her husband, whose gun, kept loaded for such emergencies, was in its place on the pegs at the side of the wall. The apples continued to fall and rattle on the ground, and there was no other help at hand but the gun, which Martha, in a fit of desperation took into her hands, and going out of the door which stood open, she took aim and fired. Dropping the gun on the ground immediately after the discharge, alarmed and trembling at what she had done, she ran back into the house and shut the door, afraid to look back and see the effect of her shot. When Mr. Wilkinson returned home, he found the bear dead on the ground, so that his faithful and resolute wife had not only

saved the cherished apples, but had secured some good meat as a supply."

In 1765, or thereabout, William Hopkins, whose wife was a sister of Joseph Wilkinson, settled near him. Two of his sons, Stephen and Esek, acquired national reputations. Esek, the younger of the two, was born in Scituate in the year 1718. In his youth he became a sailor, and very soon rose to the command of a vessel. On the 22d of December, 1775, he was appointed by the Continental Congress "commander-in-chief" of the American naval forces. He was thereafter commonly known by the title of commodore, though Washington addressed him as admiral. In February, 1776, with four ships and three sloops, he sailed from the Bahama Islands and captured the forts at New Providence. The ammunition and stores obtained here were of great advantage to the patriot cause. The squadron on the return voyage captured two small British vessels, for which exploit Commodore Hopkins was officially complimented. Two days after, three of the vessels, having engaged the "Glasgow," a vessel of twenty-nine guns, were repulsed, and the British vessel escaped. For this affair the commodore was censured, and was shortly afterwards brought to trial on this and other charges, but was defended by John Adams, and acquitted. Commodore Hopkins found many difficulties in organizing a navy. Neglecting to obey a citation summoning him to appear at Philadelphia, to answer charges preferred against him, he was dismissed the service Jan. 2, 1777. He was subsequently engaged in private armed vessels, and after the war was for many years a member of the General Assembly. He died Feb. 26, 1802. John Paul Jones, afterwards famous as a naval commander, was one of Commodore Hopkins' first lieutenants during the expedition that resulted in the capture of the forts at New Providence.

Stephen Hopkins became much more celebrated than his brother. He was born on the 7th of March, 1707, O. S.; of his early education absolutely nothing is known. At the age of nineteen he married. He engaged in business as a surveyor, and was noted for the accuracy of his work. When Scituate was incorporated, in 1730, Mr. Hopkins, though only twenty-three years of age, was elected its first moderator. In 1731 he became town clerk, and the year following was elected to the General Assembly; of this body he remained a member for some years. From this time forth he was engaged in various public duties as a town officer, judge and surveyor. In 1742

he removed to Providence, where he continued to reside until his death on the 13th of July, 1785. During the forty-three years of his residence in Providence, Stephen Hopkins held very many public offices. He was often elected to the General Assembly; was chosen speaker of the House a number of times, and was for ten years chief justice of the Superior Court. In 1754 he was one of the commissioners to the Albany Convention, and in 1755 was elected governor of the Colony. "From 1755 to 1768 the great political war known as the Ward and Hopkins controversy raged with violence. Of these thirteen exciting political years, Governor Hopkins held the office of governor nine years." In literary and educational matters, Governor Hopkins was quick to act. His name stands first among the incorporators of Rhode Island College (now Brown University); and it also heads the list on the petition for a charter for the Providence Library Company. In 1774 both Ward and Hopkins were elected members of the Continental Congress. Ward died just previous to the Declaration of Independence; Hopkins was one of the signers of that famous document.

Governor Hopkins was the author of a famous tract entitled *The Rights of the Colonies Examined*, which was one of the most important of the revolutionary writings. During his controversy with Governor Ward he published in his own defence *A True Representation* of the proceedings of the convention at Albany in regard to the plan for a union of the colonies. Other literary fragments by him remain, principal among which are the preliminary chapters of a history of the town of Providence, first printed in the *Providence Gazette*. In 1767 he assisted the astronomer, West, in his observation of the transit of Venus.

In a recently published historical tract the writer calls Stephen Hopkins "the ablest man of his time within her (Rhode Island) borders." With slight opportunities for early education, he steadily worked his way by the force of his own genius to a position of eminence. His knowledge of the needs of the community in which he lived, his interest in science and education, his grasp of the great principles upon which government is based, and his fearless and devoted patriotism at critical times, all render him an object of admiration, a patriot of whom not only Rhode Island, but the whole nation, may be proud.

John Adams says of Stephen Hopkins: "The pleasantest part of my labors for the four years I spent in Congress, from 1774 to 1778,



was in the naval committee. Mr. Lee and Mr. Gadsden were sensible men, and very cheerful, but Governor Hopkins, of Rhode Island, above seventy years of age, kept us all alive. Upon business, his experience and judgment were very useful. But when the business of the evening was over, he kept us in conversation till 11 and sometimes 12 o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing all day until 8 in the evening, and then his beverage was Jamaica spirits and water. It gave him wit, humor, anecdotes, science, and learning. He had read Greek, Roman, and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thompson, and Milton; and the flow of his soul made all his reading our own, and seemed to bring up recollections in all of us of all we had ever read. I could neither eat nor drink in those days; the other gentlemen were very temperate. Hopkins never drank to excess, but all he drank was immediately not only converted into wit, sense, knowledge, and good humor, but inspired us with similar qualities."

In the days before the advent of railroads the wayside inns were notable places. The old Angell tavern in Scituate was a well-known hostelry. It was built before the incorporation of the town. In its rooms the town-meetings were held; the weary traveler here found rest and refreshment, and entertainment also, if he chose to take it. Here would the local worthies congregate to discuss the politics of the day, and sometimes the young men and maidens of the town would assemble in the old house for a dance. General Washington was at one time a guest, and Lafayette, on his march through the town during the war of the Revolution, lodged in the tavern.

The people of Scituate are mostly engaged in farming. Through the southern part of the town flow two small streams, which on uniting form the north branch of the Pawtuxet River. The water-power, though small, is well used. There are in the town ten or twelve cotton-mills, besides various other establishments. Hope Village, the terminus of the Pawtuxet Valley Railroad, is in the southeastern part of Scituate, on the Pawtuxet River. In the early days there was a furnace located here, at which the ore obtained from the Cranston "ore-bed" was worked.

The local history of the town of JOHNSTON, because of its proximity, is so interwoven with that of Providence, that it is difficult to separate the one from the other. Until shortly before the Revolution it was a part of Providence. The inhabitants of this western

part found it inconvenient to attend the town-meetings, and a movement to erect a separate town was made.

The petition for a division represented that within the limits of Providence there were "upwards of four hundred freemen, part of



A View on the Woonasquatucket.

whom live ten miles from the place where the town-meetings are usually holden and the prudential affairs of said town are transacted ; and that, when met, they are very much crowded, to the great hindrance of business, which being inconvenient, they pray to be set off, made and created into a distinct township." The new town was incorporated March 6, 1759, and named in honor of the Hon. Augustus Johnston, then the attorney-general of the Colony. The population in 1880 was 5,765. Agriculture is the principal occupation of the inhabitants, the nearness of the city affording a good market for all kinds of garden produce and vegetables. Some manufactures are carried on along the banks of the Woonasquatucket River, which divides the town from Providence. These are mainly cotton and woolen mills in Olneyville, Merino, and Simmonsville.

In the deed conveying the original grant of land from the Indian

chieftains, Canonicus and Miantonomi, to Roger Williams, one of the bounds of the grant is "the great hill of Neutaconkanut." This hill is also mentioned in a subsequent deed executed by Roger Williams to the other purchasers. There is no doubt that the hill mentioned is the one known at present in the town of Johnston by the same name. From its summit a fine view may be obtained of the city of Providence, and of the valley of the Woonasquatucket River.

In the colonial days lotteries were allowed by the Legislature for the purpose of raising money for nearly all objects. The General Assembly in the year 1761 passed the following grant: "*Whereas*, several of the inhabitants of the town of Johnston preferred a petition and represented unto this Assembly that there is no meeting-house in said town; that Daniel Manton will give an acre of land near Benjamin Belknap, whereon to set a meeting-house; that the circumstances of said town are low, and, therefore, pray that a lottery might be granted to them to raise money sufficient to build a meeting-house for public worship, free to the Baptist Society of the Ancient Order, in the said place, of the dimensions of forty feet long and thirty feet wide." This lottery was granted, and from it was realized almost money enough to build the church. The remainder was obtained by a second lottery.

Both before and after the Revolution it was customary throughout New England for towns having no work-houses to let out their paupers to the lowest bidders. A town being obliged to support the poor wished to do it as cheaply as possible, and the person who would support a pauper for the smallest sum paid out of the town treasury, would have that opportunity. The paupers were sold at public auction, and the treatment they received under this arrangement depended entirely upon the character of their purchaser. In some instances individuals were treated with great harshness. There was, perhaps, some excuse for this practice; but gradually public sentiment caused it to be discontinued. (In several of the Southern States the same practice prevails to-day.) This incident is found in the records of the town of Johnston: A resolution was passed Oct. 8, 1791, that the poor supported by the town should be sold at public vendue for a period of six months, except all those whom the overseer of the poor had agreed to support for one year. Under this resolution Jabez Westcott was sold to Josiah King at the rate of four shillings per week, and Nathan Pearce at eight shillings.

About five miles from Providence, in the town of Johnston, is a





A View on the Pawtuxet.

romantic spot on the Pocasset Brook which is worth a visit. The brook flows into a deep ravine, the banks of which are thirty or forty feet in height, at the upper end falling over a series of cascades. When the water is abundant, or during a freshet, the effect is picturesque, — much more so than that of many spots tourists go hundreds of miles to visit. The bottom and sides of the ravine below the falls are well wooded with tall, straight trees, whose tops rise as high as those of their brethren of the surrounding forest.

CRANSTON. — Very early in the history of the colony, attempts were made to have this territory set off from Providence, but for a time without success. The principal reasons for these repeated failures were the disagreements in regard to a name for the proposed town. Among those suggested were Mashapaug, Pawtuxet, Meshanticut, Lynn, and Pocasset. Finally the town was incorporated June 14, 1754, and named in honor of Samuel Cranston, the governor of the Colony from 1698 to 1727. Portions of the town were reunited to Providence June 10, 1868, and March 28, 1873. Its population in 1880 was 5,941.

Iron ore was early found here, and in 1767 a company was formed to mine the ore at a place known as the "ore-bed." This business was successfully carried on for a number of years. Large quantities

of ore were sent to supply the numerous furnaces in various parts of the country. Much was sent to the Hope Furnace, in Scituate. From the metal there extracted, cannon were cast which were used in the Revolutionary War. At present the mine is filled with water. Coal was at one time mined on the slope of the Sockanosset Hill in Cranston. The deserted mine and the buildings at its mouth yet remain, and are situated between the Sockanosset Reservoir and the pumping-station of the Providence Water Works. Various attempts have been made to bring the coal obtained there into common use, and about ten years ago efforts were made to interest capital in the enterprise, but without success. The coal would burn, but required great watchfulness; there is no doubt, however, that for some purposes it has superior qualities.

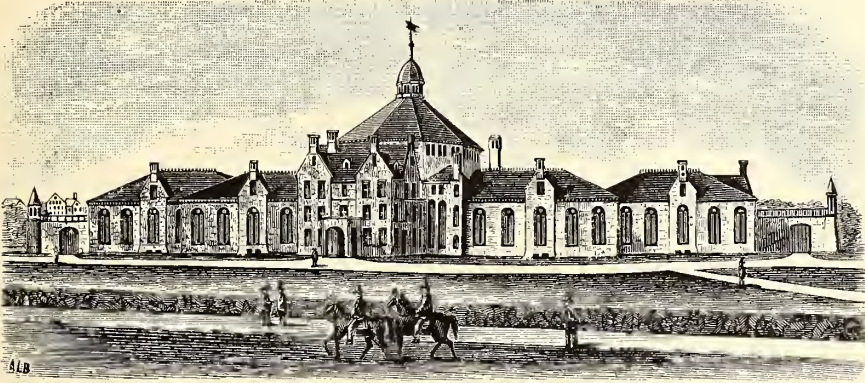
In the Cranston records of the pre-Revolutionary times an action is mentioned which is much to the credit of the place. By some means the town became possessed of a negro slave, named Jack, on the 22d of August, 1767. Having ascertained that the slave was industrious and likely to earn his own living, the town gave him his liberty five days thereafter.

During the years immediately following the Revolution various attempts were made to establish manufactures. Before 1812 there were four establishments for the manufacture of cotton yarn. In the succeeding years, down to the present time, many similar enterprises have been started. It is a singular fact, however, that with one important exception all these undertakings have failed. At present the only manufacturing concern of any extent within the limits of the town is the print-works of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company.

At Arlington are quarries where work was commenced in 1820, and is still carried on. In 1859 a brewery was built at Spectacle Pond, and "lager beer" is now made there.

The first beginning from which has grown the immense business of the Spragues, was made by William Sprague, who built a mill at Cranston Village in 1807 for the spinning of cotton yarn. This mill was burned in 1815, but was immediately rebuilt and enlarged. In the meantime Sprague had hired the Union Mills in Olneyville. In 1825 he began to print cloth, at first from blocks. In 1827 he introduced one printing machine. This William Sprague died in 1836. He was the father of Amasa and William Sprague, the original members of the firm of A. & W. Sprague. The two sons continued the business after their father's death.

William was the master spirit, and one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was governor of the State from 1838 to 1840, and in 1842 became United States Senator. He was subsequently known as the "Old Governor." William Sprague was an exaggerated



A View of the State Prison.

type of the Rhode Island factory magnate. With greater ability than his compeers (perhaps he was a little more unscrupulous than they), he accomplished his ends with more daring, but by the same methods; shrewd, practical, and far-seeing, by the position of his business, in comparative isolation, he was enabled to exercise the authority of an autocrat. His workmen he could control; they would vote at his bidding. He was a feudal lord in the nineteenth century, accomplishing his own will, not by brute force, but within the bounds and with the sanction of law.

On Sunday, the 31st day of December, 1843, Amasa Sprague was murdered. The deed was done in the afternoon, by the side of a beaten path constantly traveled, and within sight of the windows of many houses, yet no one saw it. The body was shockingly mutilated, and the gun with which the murder was committed was found lying in a damaged condition at a distance of about a hundred rods from the corpse. Three brothers, Nicholas S., John and William Gordon were arrested on suspicion. Nicholas was accused of being an accessory, and the other two were charged with having perpetrated the crime. They were natives of Ireland. Nicholas had been in this country a number of years; John and William but a few months. The motive for the murder was said to be the enmity which Nicholas Gordon felt towards Amasa Sprague, because



of the latter's opposition to the granting to Gordon of a license to sell liquor. The trial began April 8, 1844, and resulted in the acquittal of Nicholas and William Gordon. John Gordon was adjudged guilty, wholly on circumstantial evidence, and was executed Feb. 14, 1845. This was the last hanging which took place in Rhode Island.

The present Amasa and William Sprague are the children of the murdered man. The business was built up by the "Old Governor," who resigned his seat in the United States Senate very soon after the murder of his brother.

The village of Pawtuxet, about five miles below Providence, on the west side of Narragansett Bay, is partly in Cranston and partly in Warwick. It is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Pawtuxet River. The river divides the village into two portions, which are connected by a bridge. From this bridge a fine view of the water-fall a short distance above may be obtained. A long, narrow peninsula, jutting out into the bay, encloses a basin at the mouth of the river just below the bridge, which forms a good harbor. This peninsula is known as Pawtuxet Neck, and is said to have been a favorite feasting-place with the Indians before the arrival of Europeans. A small amount of foreign commerce was at one time brought to the wharves of Pawtuxet, but now, like those of many other small harbors, they are almost entirely deserted.

In 1638, two years after the arrival of Roger Williams at Providence, William Arnold, William Carpenter, Zachariah Tucker, and William Harris, removed from Providence and began the settlement at Pawtuxet. Four years afterwards the principal settlers in the place, because of their dissatisfaction with the insubordinate conduct of Samuel Gorton and his followers, put themselves under the protection of the Massachusetts Colony. After the removal of Gorton to Warwick they withdrew their allegiance from Massachusetts, and came under the jurisdiction of Rhode Island. A dispute which had existed from the first settlement, about the boundary between Providence and Pawtuxet, was finally settled in 1712. Gaspee Point, where the British armed schooner "Gaspee" was destroyed, is a short distance below Pawtuxet.

In the year 1869 a farm containing 417.7 acres, situated in the town of Cranston, about six miles from Providence, was purchased by the State for the purpose of locating there the State institutions for the punishment and reformation of criminals, for the insane, and for the State paupers. The farm is in an elevated situation, and com-

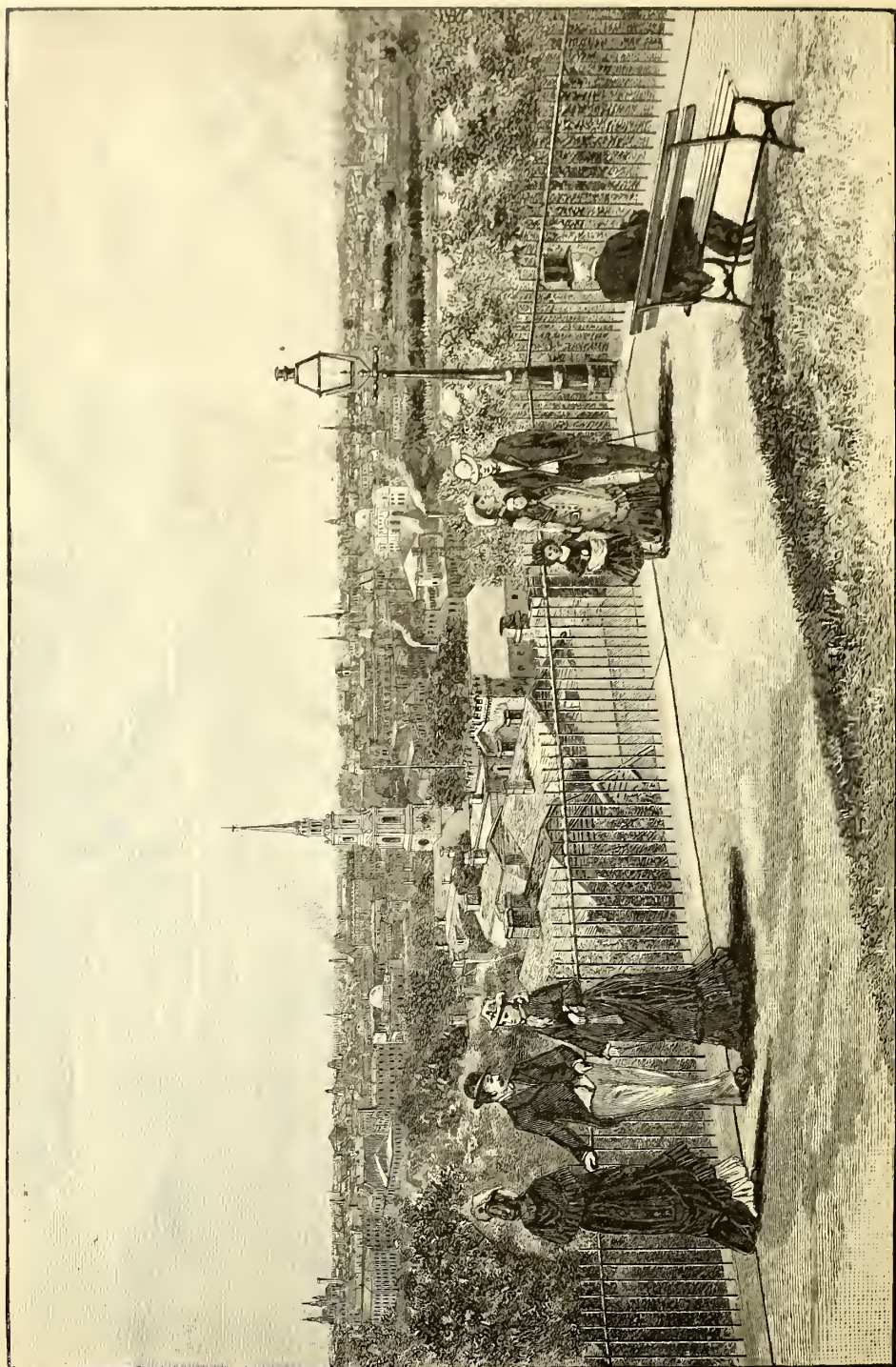
mands a fine view of the city, bay, and surrounding country. At first temporary quarters were erected for those guilty of minor offences. In a short time, however, a permanent work-house was built, which was gradually followed by a house of correction, an asylum for the insane, and an almshouse for paupers having no town settlement. The State Prison was commenced in 1874 and finished in 1878, being ready for occupancy in November of that year. "A large part of the farm was very rough when the State bought it. Great quantities of stone have been dug out of the meadows, drains have been laid, bushes cut, and roads opened. A very convenient and spacious barn has been built, great storehouses have been erected, and numbers of smaller buildings, such as blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, a bakery, a laundry, a basket-shop, etc., have been put up. An extensive system of water works has been established, gas has been introduced, and altogether a great amount of work has been done."

The Sockanosset Reservoir and the Pettaconset pumping-station of the Providence Water Works are situated in Cranston, within a short distance of the State Farm. The reservoir is 185.5 feet above high-water mark at Providence, and is about 1,000 feet long by 860 wide. The base of the reservoir with the embankment covers 14.0719 acres; reservoir bottom, 9.5383 acres; the area of water surface is 10.9467 acres; length of embankments on centre line, 2,885.29 feet; capacity, United States gallons, 51,156,544; the embankment is 19 feet high from bottom of reservoir, 15 wide on top, and the surface of the water is four feet below the top of the bank. The pumping-station is about a mile distant from the reservoir. From the banks of this reservoir is obtained one of the finest views to be had in the environs of Providence. To the north the city is seen in nearly its whole extent, to the south are the buildings on the State Farm, while eastward can be seen Warren and Bristol, and on a clear day Fall River is visible.



Field's Point.





A View of Providence, from Prospect Terrace.





## CHAPTER VIII.

PROVIDENCE—ROGER WILLIAMS AND "SOUL LIBERTY"—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN EARLY DAYS—OLD-TIME "CONVENIENCES" FOR TRAVELING—ROGER WILLIAMS PARK—CHURCHES AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS—DETAILS RESPECTING THE COMMERCE—THE RISE OF MANUFACTURES.



MUCH time and labor have been spent in tracing the events in the life of the founder of PROVIDENCE, previous to his appearance on this side of the Atlantic. Until quite recently no very satisfactory results have followed these efforts. The grand difficulty in the way of identifying these events lay in the fact of the existence of two others of the same name, contemporary with him. His name, Roger Williams, is indicative of his Welch origin. He was born in Wales, in the year 1599. The precise locality cannot be fixed, although Arnold, the historian of Rhode Island, thinks it not unlikely that it was Maestroiddyn. Authorities disagree upon many matters concerning his early life.

It is, however, quite certain that he was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was ordained to the ministry of the Established Church of England, from which he afterwards dissented, and became a rigid separatist.

This was an age of great religious agitation and of little religious toleration. The attempt to force a uniformity of liturgy and the supremacy of the Church of England upon the people had resulted in driving many out of that church. The Dissenters, as they were called, soon found that they had fallen upon troublous times. Long and bitter was the persecution waged against them, and many sought



Old City Building.

religious liberty in strange lands. Among these were the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the Puritans at the head of Massachusetts Bay. Where better, than among these heroic men, who for conscience' sake had braved the perils of the wintry ocean and the greater perils of inhospitable shores and their savage inhabitants, could one enjoy freedom to worship God unrestrained by rules made and imposed by mortals as weak and erring as himself? Surely, in this new world, a new order of things would reign, and one would be allowed to possess one's own opinion in peace. So, to the Massachusetts

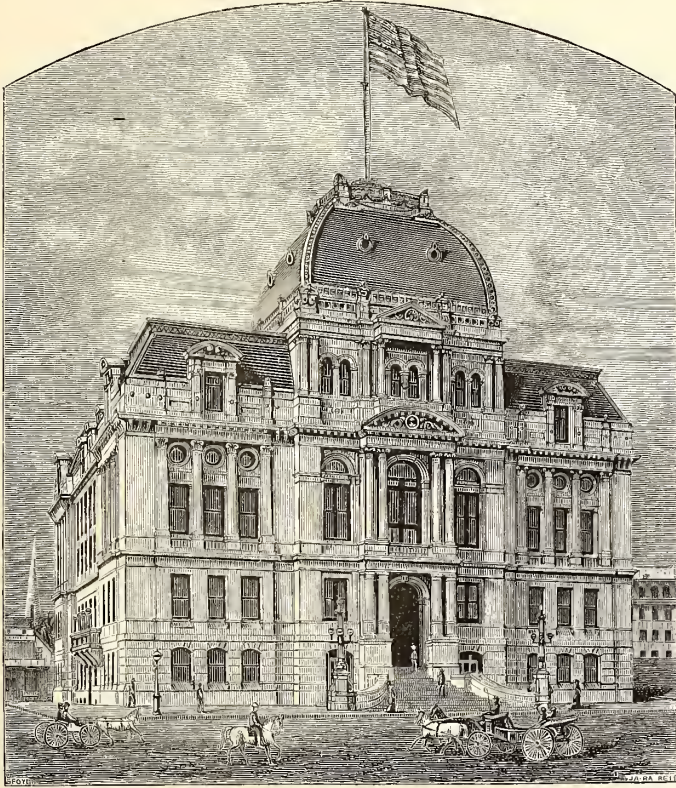
Bay Colony, in 1631, came Roger Williams. The colonists received him most gladly, for he was a profound scholar, and a "godly minister," and likely to become to them a tower of strength. But they were narrow, rigid, and sectarian, incapable of understanding the breadth of mind and liberality of thought which Williams brought to bear upon the subjects that were agitating their own minds. The persecution which had developed in them a heroism which has been the admiration of the Christian world ever since, seems to have stopped the springs of that charity which St. Paul has taught us is the first of all virtues. When differences arose, as they soon did, the Puritan colonists



The State House.



showed themselves quite ready to inaugurate a persecution quite as rancorous as that which they themselves had suffered. Curiously enough, the first issue was raised upon a question of church supremacy, not of the English Church, but of that ecclesiastical organiza-



The New City Hall.

tion of which they themselves were the authors. The church at Salem had the hardihood to call Mr. Williams to assist their pastor, Mr. Skelton, without consulting the Boston authorities. Upon Mr. Williams' acceptance, the church at Boston remonstrated with that of Salem for such a course, but without result. When, therefore, an opportunity presented itself for more active measures, they were by no means slow to avail themselves of it. Among other advanced opinions, Mr. Williams taught that the civil power had no authority to punish a "breach of the first table," that is, an offence purely against God. This was the first assertion of religious freedom, so broad in its application, so catholic in its spirit, that it seemed to

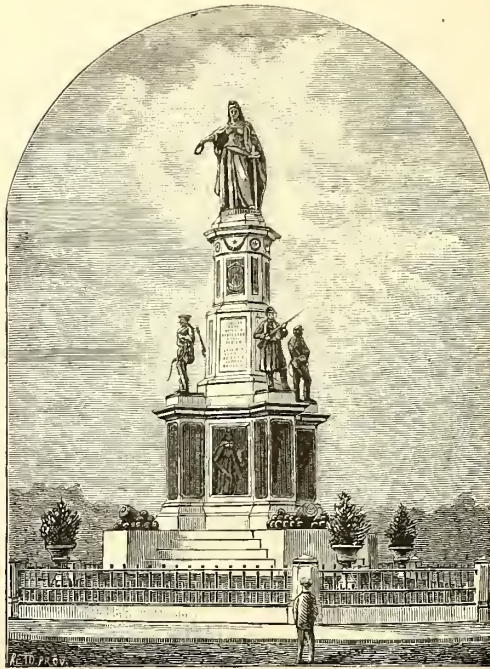


the narrow-minded Massachusetts colonists the rankest heresy. The fearlessness with which he proclaimed this doctrine "gave rise to a system of persecution which, before the close of summer, obliged him to seek a refuge beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in the more liberal colony of the Pilgrims."

He remained at Plymouth two years. During his stay he became well acquainted with the sachems of the neighboring Indian tribes, and more or less familiar with their languages. This familiarity stood him in good stead when, later, he was forced to make a new settlement among them.

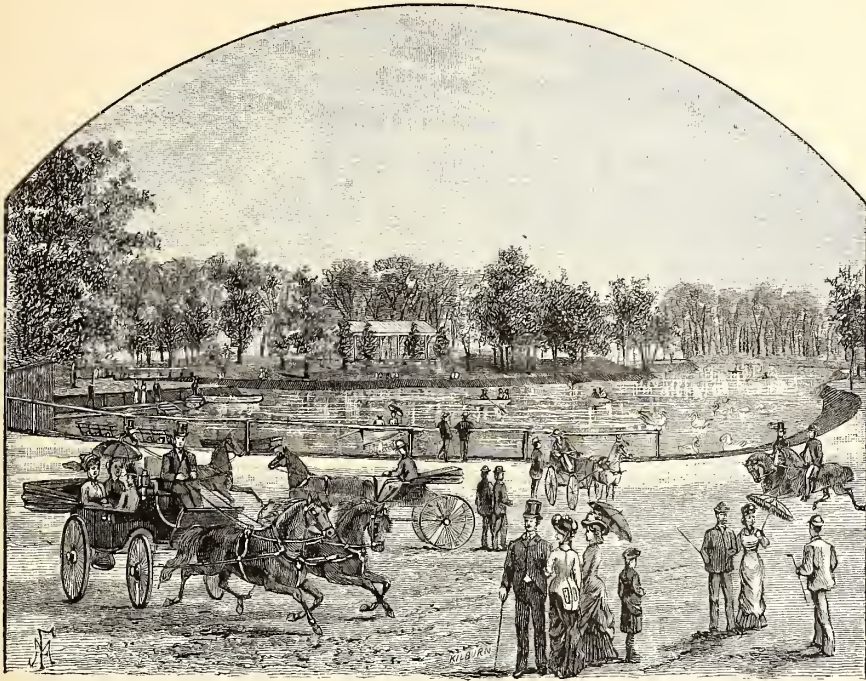
Although the Plymouth Colony was far more liberal than the Massachusetts Bay Colony, both in religious and secular matters, and although they showed a generous disposition towards him,

they could not keep pace with his theory that the mind should be a free agent in spiritual matters. His attachment to his first charge never wavered, and when at length he obtained his dismissal from Plymouth, he returned to Salem, many of his Plymouth congregation either going with him or following soon after. Here the bitter controversy and persecution broke out again. Mr. Williams declared his belief that the king of England had no right to confer patents upon companies or individuals, entitling them to lands in America, without purchasing such right from the aboriginals. This was not



The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

only in accordance with the theory, but also the practice of the colonists, yet for this declaration they summoned him to appear and answer for himself before a court of law. Later, a still more serious cause of complaint was found against him, and again he was cited to

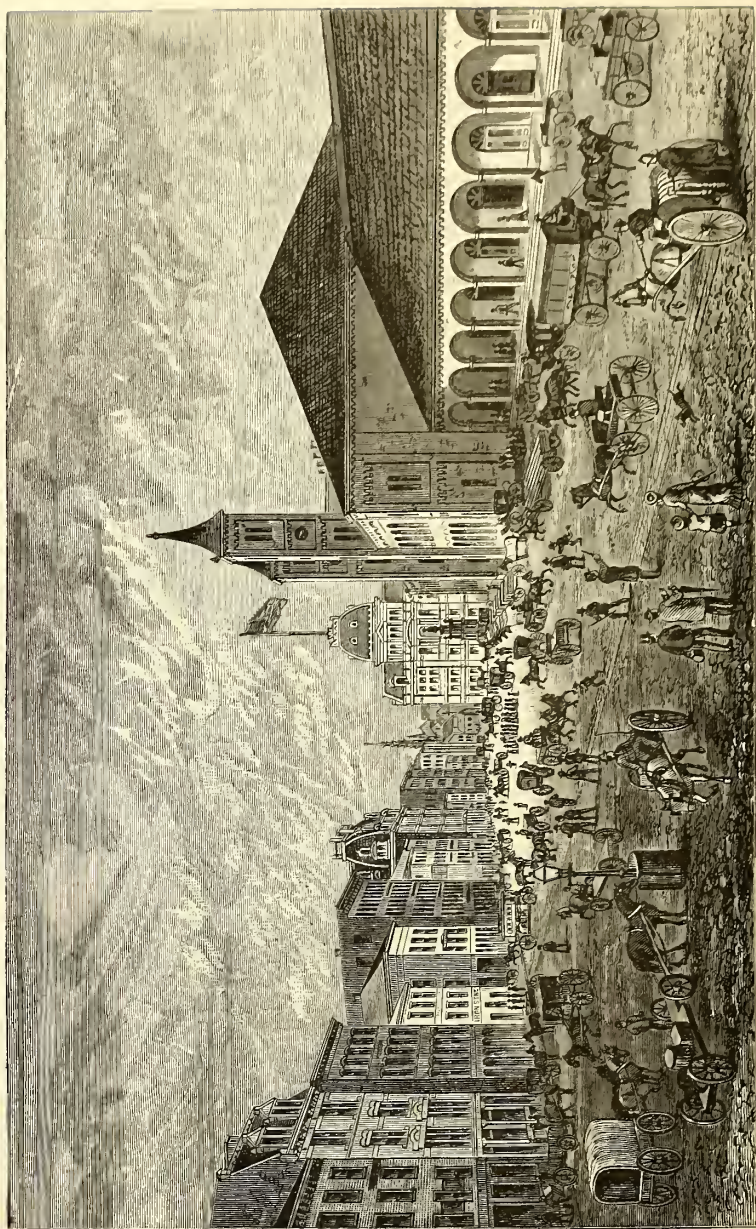


A View of Crystal Lake, Roger Williams Park.

appear before the council, for teaching “that a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man.” His defence was, that an oath is an act of worship, and that the person who takes it, by the very act acknowledges the existence of God. He reasoned that in accordance with his own belief in the liberty of conscience, no man had a right to enforce an oath.

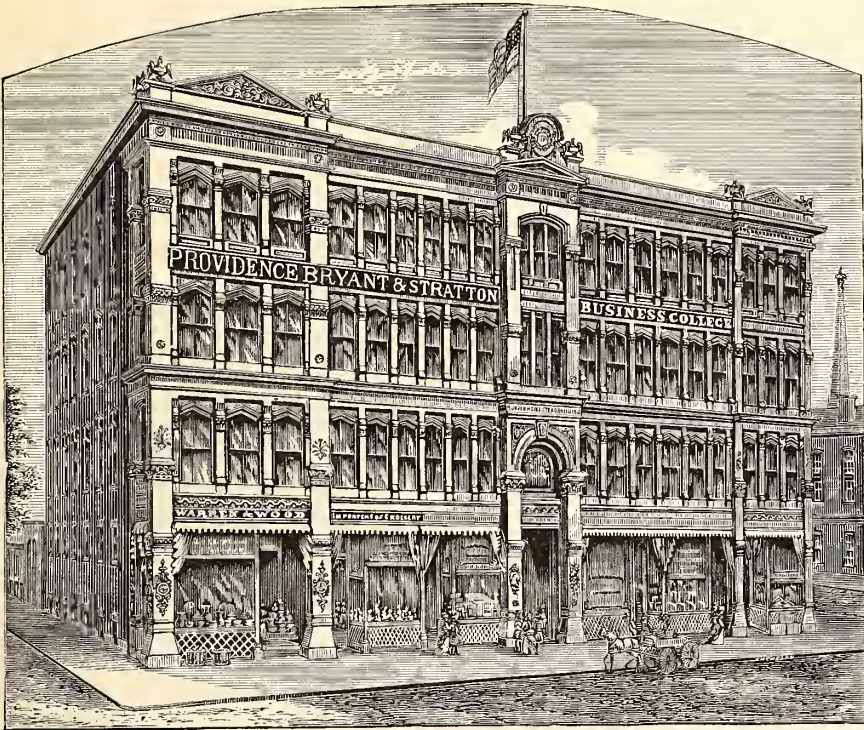
The church at Salem had some time before presented a petition to the General Court for certain “land in Marblehead Neck,” which they said belonged to their town. This had been refused upon the extraordinary ground that “they had chosen Mr. Williams as their teacher.” Indignant at such injustice, Mr. Williams united with his church in a letter of protestation, which met with but scornful reception. The “contempt of authority” evidenced first by their unauthorized call of Mr. Williams, and now by this contumacious epistle, apparently had more weight with the council than all the heresies of which he stood accused. For two years a threat of sentence at the next session of the Court was kept hanging over him, until at length his health broke down under the accumulation of vexations. Worn in body and mind, he wrote a letter to his





A View of Exchange Place.



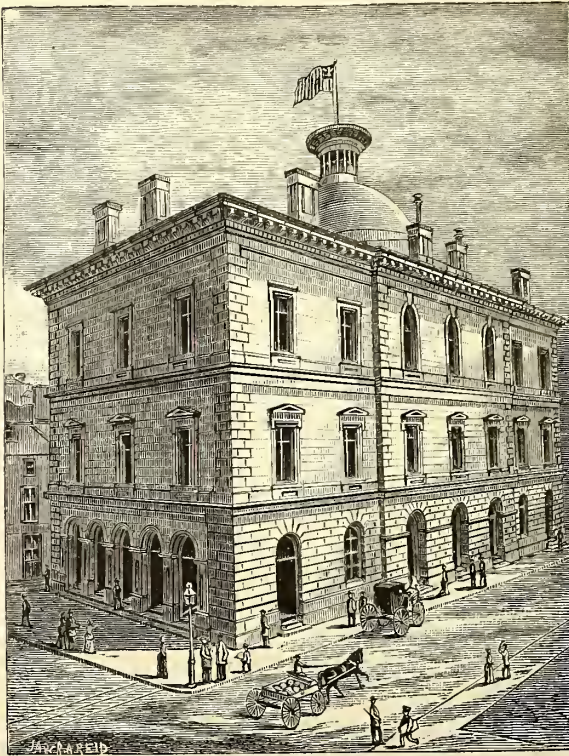


The Hoppin Homestead Building.

church, declaring “that he would not communicate with the churches in the Bay; neither would he communicate with them except they would refuse communion with the rest.” Summoned before the Court for the fifth time, he was confronted with these letters, which constituted the only charges against him. Although he justified their contents, sentence of banishment was pronounced against him, and he was ordered to be beyond the jurisdiction of the colony within six weeks. The period was afterwards extended to spring, on condition that he would not teach any of his mischievous doctrines. But suddenly, upon the plea that he had imparted some of his views to friends at his own house, he was ordered to go to Boston, in order to embark in a vessel ready to sail for England. Upon his refusal to do so, a boat was dispatched to take him by force, but upon its arrival he had been gone from his home three days. Alone, and in the depth of winter, he had set out upon that “sorrowful journey,” through the trackless forest, and after fourteen weeks, during which he knew not what “either bed or bread did mean,” he arrived at

the settlement of the Wampanoags, from whose friendly chief, Massasoiet, he obtained a grant of land on the Seekonk River. He was soon warned by his friend, Governor Winslow, that it would be better for him to cross the river, and thus be beyond the jurisdiction of the Plymouth Colony, who wished to keep on good terms with that of Massachusetts Bay. He accordingly did so, with five others who had joined him from Salem. The names of these were William Harris, John Smith, Joshua Verin, Thomas Angell, Francis Wickes. They landed at Slate Rock, with which tradition will always associate the Indian welcome, "What cheer, netop." From this point they passed down the river and around the headlands into the Moshassuck, now the Providence River, to a point a little north of the present site of St. John's Church. Here a spring of water decided them to stop, and here they commenced the settlement which its pious founder named Providence — "God's Providence." Afterwards, in the apportionment of "home lots," this part of the settlement became the property of Mr.

Williams, and was known as "What Cheer." In accordance with his principles concerning the tenure of lands, he obtained a grant of Providence, at or before its settlement, from Canonicus and Miantonomi, uncle and nephew, and chief sachems of the Narragansetts. This was in 1636. Two years after, he made over by the "Initial Deed" an equal right in this grant to his companions, now twelve in number, and to such others as they should afterward receive as



U. S. Custom House.



members of their company. In the year 1661, a committee from the town waited upon him to procure a deed of the first purchase, which was accepted and placed upon record.

The thirteen original proprietors determined, upon the accept-

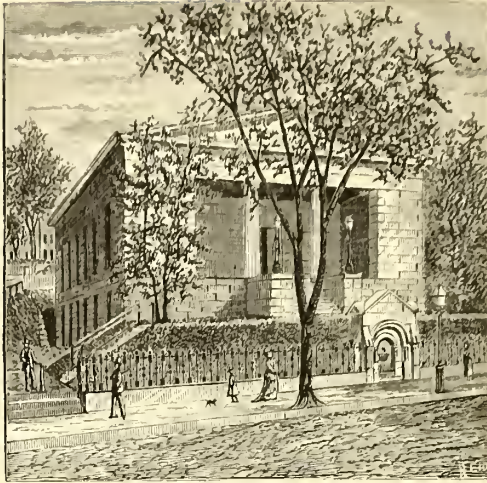


The Butler Exchange.

ance of the Initial Deed, to divide their purchase. Little information in regard to this division can be obtained from the records, except that the "home lots" began at the "Mile-end Cove," which lay between Fox Point and what is now Wickenden Street, and lay between the streets known now as North and South Main Streets, and Hope Street. Great difficulties grew out of this division.

During the first summer of the Providence Colony the Pequots, a warlike tribe of Connecticut, stirred up the neighboring tribes to a war of extermination upon the whites. The Narragansetts, who lived in the south and western parts of Rhode Island, debated for a long time whether they should join the confederacy, and upon their decision hung the fate of the colonists. At this crisis, Roger Wil-





The Providence Athenæum

liams, the only man in the colony whose influence could avert the threatened disaster, at the request of the Boston magistrate, alone and at the constant risk of his life undertook to prevent this alliance. Three days and nights he labored with their sachems, and at length succeeded, not only in the original undertaking, but also in forming a league between the English, the Narragansetts and Mohegans,

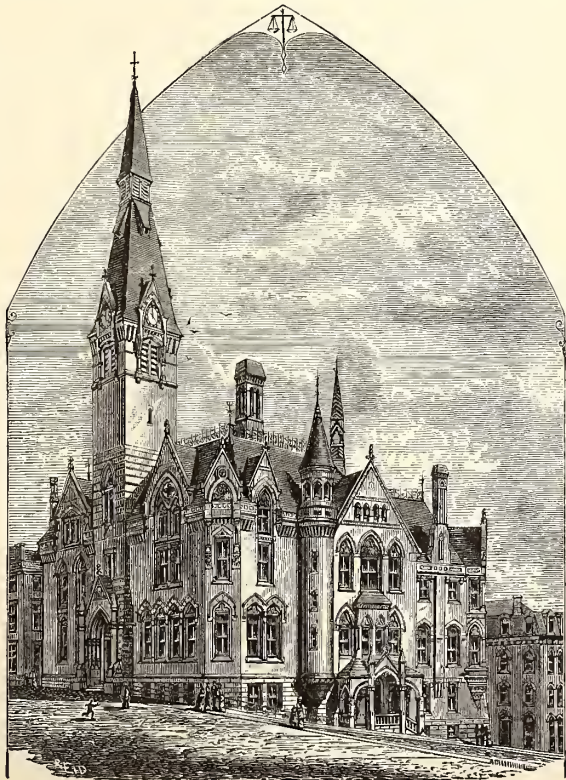
which soon after resulted in the disastrous Pequot War and the total destruction of that tribe.

The government of the infant colony was at first a pure democracy. All the voters met and transacted the business of the commonwealth in town-meeting once a month. The gradual change to a representative government cannot be traced, because the records have not been preserved. But the reasons therefor are plain enough. The first record of delegated power dates from 1640. The colonists, although forced to resort to such power, were exceedingly jealous of it, and hedged it around with innumerable restrictions. Meanwhile, the report of the freedom enjoyed by the new colony had spread abroad, and many in the neighboring settlements who wished to be free from restraint entered it, bringing with them all sorts of heterodox notions upon civil and religious subjects, and the result was that liberty which is freedom under the law degenerated into license which is freedom unrestrained by law. So turbulent did the condition of affairs become, that some of the colonists hastened to place themselves under the protection of Massachusetts, where they continued until 1658.

Meantime, in 1638, a new colony had settled at the north end of the island of Rhode Island, driven thither by the fury of the Antinomian controversy. Their numbers increased so, that in the following spring a part of them withdrew and planted the colony of New-

port. On the main land, the town of Warwick was settled in 1643, under the leadership of Samuel Gorton. A charter, dated 1644, but which really went into effect in 1647, united these four colonies under the name of the "Providence Plantations in Narragansett Bay in New England." Roger Williams had been sent to England to obtain this charter. Upon his return with it he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In 1651, Coddington, who had been to England, returned with a charter appointing him governor of Newport for life. This appointment broke up the colonial government. The separation lasted until 1654, when, by the efforts of Roger Williams, who again went to England for the purpose, the colonies were reunited.

Mr. Williams' good offices were in constant requisition, not only to preserve peace and unity between the colonies themselves, but also between the colonies and the surrounding Indian tribes, with whom his personal influence was almost unbounded. Again and again did he preserve the colonists from destruction at their hands. The first time was when, as we have seen, he went alone and at the constant risk of his life, among the Narragansetts and persuaded them to stand by their white allies. Again, in 1645, the Narragansetts threatened to destroy the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The year before, while Williams was in England negotiating for the first charter, Miantonomi, the noble, high-souled ally of the whites, had, through the treachery



The New Court House.





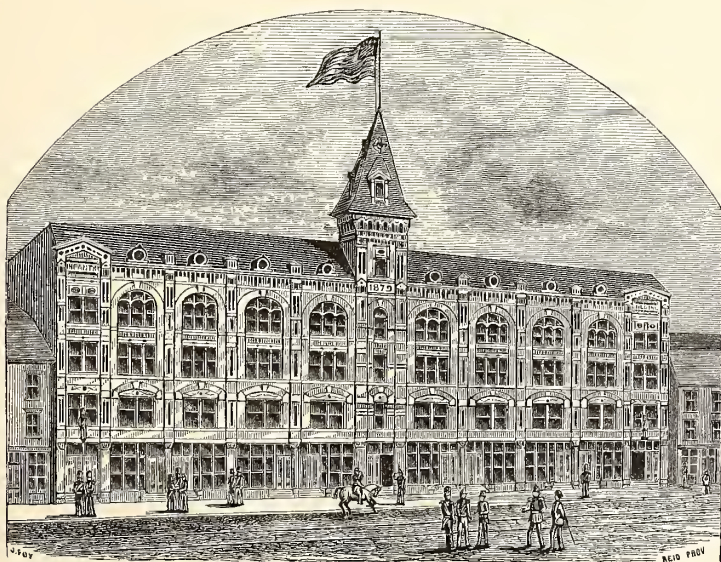
The Arcade.

of two of his captains, fallen into the hands of the cruel Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans. With the shameful connivance of the Massachusetts Colony, which had become prejudiced against Miantonomi, — either because of certain calumnies spread by his enemies, or because of his mistaken act of kindness in selling Shawomet to that “arch-heretic,” Gorton, or both, — he was put to death in the most cowardly manner. Great was the rage of the Narragansetts. But it was not until the spring of 1645 that it broke forth

into action. A thousand of their warriors sallied out against the Mohegans; the latter met them with Uncas at their head, and were defeated with considerable slaughter. The colonies of Connecticut and New Haven espoused the cause of Uncas, and sent troops to his aid. The General Court sent a letter to the Narragansetts, laying commands upon them to desist from the war, and a very short time afterwards sent Benedict Arnold as a messenger to them with a similar requisition. The Narragansetts declared afterwards that he misrepresented their reply, and sent for Roger Williams to come to their help. The New England commissioners held a meeting at this crisis, and again sent messengers to require both the Narragansetts and the Mohegans to send deputies to Boston, who should explain the cause of the war, receive satisfaction, and make terms of peace. The Narragansetts, bent upon revenge for the death of their chief, would not be satisfied except with the head of Uncas. Mr. Williams, instead of personally accepting their invitation to come among them and help them out of their difficulty, sent a letter by their deputies upon their return from Boston, saying that since the Indians had



made terms of neutrality with the Rhode Island Colonies, they, the colonies, did not feel called upon to interfere, and that the war must be regarded as inevitable. The United Colonies — who, having left the Rhode Island Colonies entirely out of their calculations in forming their league, would gladly have made use of their superior influence with the Indians, now that danger threatened them — immediately declared war, and made such energetic preparations for carrying their declaration into effect, that the Narragansetts, alarmed in their turn, sued for peace. At this crisis Mr. Williams came forward and threw the weight of his influence in favor of peace, and through his mediation Pessicus and two other principal sachems were induced to go to Boston and conclude a treaty of peace. The

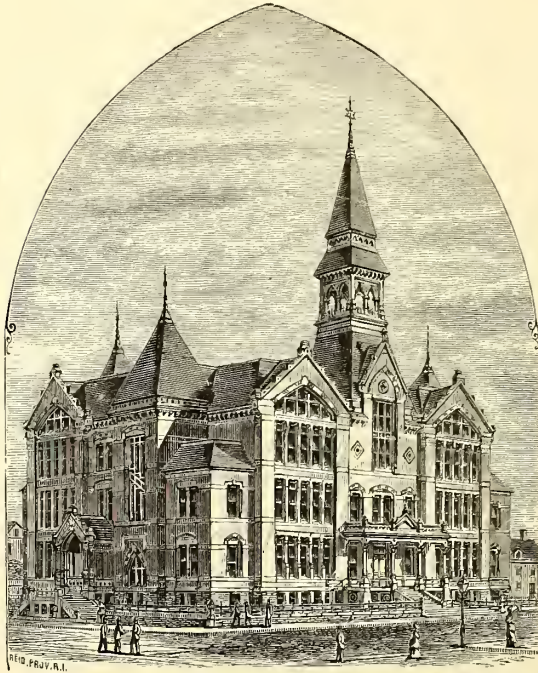


The Infantry Armory.

conditions of this treaty were very severe upon the Narragansetts, but by its means, the colonists were saved from the horrors of an Indian war, which, disastrous at the best, might have terminated fatally for them.

It is quite useless to attempt to deny to the founder of these Plantations a disputatious temperament, — his enemies would and did say, a factious and contentious one. But it must be remembered that the spirit of the age was controversial, and all thoughtful minds were exercised upon the practical settlement of difficult questions. Roger Williams' was the master mind of the time, and his clear and unpreju-

diced perception of the great truths for which he made such a good fight, would often raise issues where inferior minds could see no necessity for discussion. As a matter of course, he was often engaged in controversy, in many cases entered into deliberately and voluntarily, in others thrust upon him by the ignorance of his opponents, or by their willful misunderstanding of his words. In the turbulent times of the early years of the Providence settlement, his ready pen was often busy in making clear to the dull or prejudiced perception of others, the principles which were so well defined in his own mind. Many could not, or would not, understand the difference between liberty and license. They reasoned that since liberty of conscience was the foundation principle of the colony, that therefore they could in all things do precisely as they chose. This was to them the meaning of the phrase.



The High School.

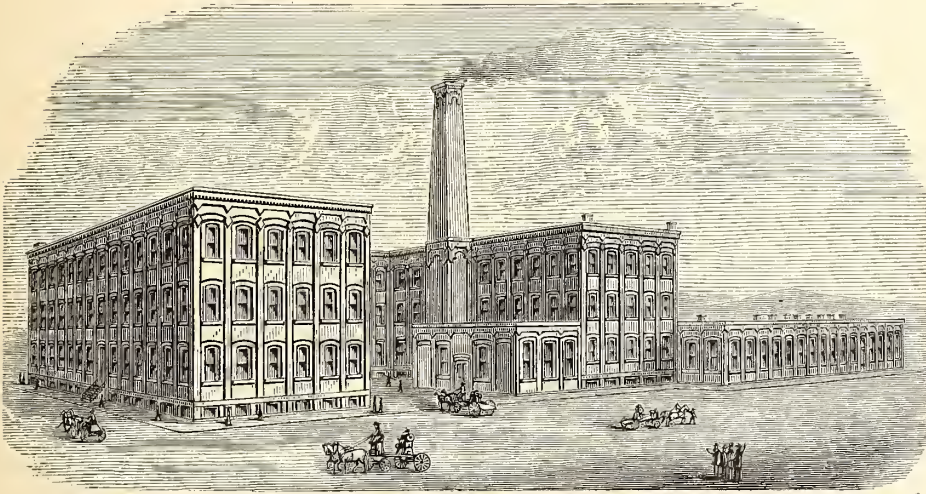
The winter of 1654-55 was one of unusual disorder in Providence. A general training was made the excuse of a riot of such magnitude, that some of the leading citizens were implicated in it. A paper was sent to the town, in which the author asserted that "it is blood-guiltiness to execute judgment upon transgressors against the public weal." This absurd doctrine, so utterly subversive of organized society, was met by the following masterly letter from Mr. Williams, in which

he again explains the much abused doctrine of "liberty of conscience."

"There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of



a commonwealth or a human combination of society. It hath fallen out sometimes that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship; upon which supposal I affirm that all the liberty of conscience, that ever I pleaded for, turns upon



The Buildings of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company.

these two hinges: that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews, or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any. I further add, that I never denied, that notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course, yea, and also command that justice, peace, and sobriety, be kept and practiced, both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any of the seamen refuse to perform their service, or passengers to pay their freight; if any refuse to help, in person or purse, towards the common charges or defence; if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship, concerning their common peace or preservation; if any shall mutiny or rise up against their commanders and officers; if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders or officers because all are equal in Christ, therefore no master nor officers, no laws nor orders, no corrections nor punishments; I say, I never denied, but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commander or commanders may judge, resist, compel, and punish such transgressors, according to their deserts and merits."

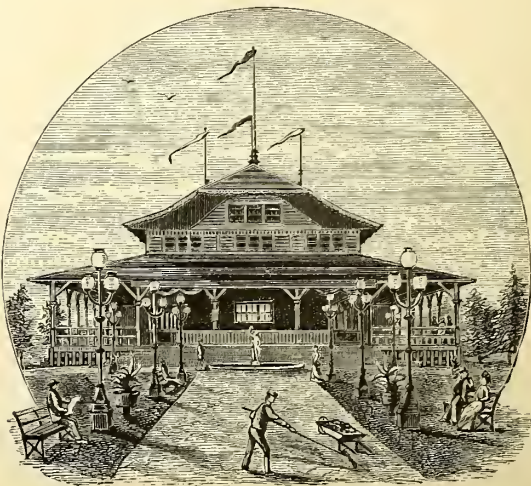




The Roger Williams Monument.

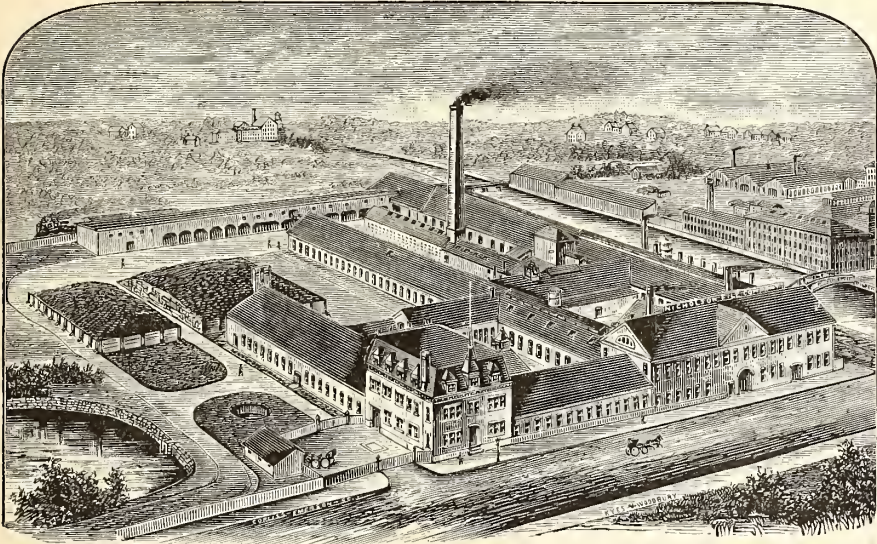
This letter, however convincing to an unprejudiced mind, by no means ended the controversy. The idea set forth in the paper referred to, although absurd upon the face of it, found ready supporters among the lawless, and notably one in William Harris, who, however, can hardly in fairness be called lawless, since, although he did many unprincipled things, he seems to have done them under an honest conviction of their lawfulness. He was a man of pleasing address, cultivated mind, and strong feeling, all of which he brought to bear upon the discussion of the subject. The acrimony of the dispute engendered a hostility between him and Mr. Williams which never died out during their lives, and both, in the heat

of controversy, so far forgot what they owed to their own dignity, as to descend to personal invective. Harris had published "that his conscience would not allow him to be subject to any man," and had attempted to sustain his position by perverting texts from Scripture in its support. It was the same mischievous doctrine which had called forth the letter quoted



The Park Garden Pavilion.

above. Gentle means having failed, Mr. Williams, as president of the colony, resorted to harsher measures, and issued a warrant for his arrest, on a charge of high treason against the Commonwealth



The Works of the Nicholson File Company.

of England, and he and his son, Andrew, were placed under bonds of £500.

The year 1656 is memorable as the time of the advent of the Quakers into the Puritan colony. If the colonists meted out such persecution to those who, while offending in a few points of doctrine, yet held many of the essentials in common with themselves, how direful was the punishment which they inflicted upon this "cursed sect of heretics," who differed so totally from them. A stringent law was enacted and rigidly enforced for their suppression, and in 1658, to hold Quaker tenets was punishable with death. "Fines, imprisonment, banishment, mutilation, death were denounced and inflicted upon them. . . . The wildest fanaticism on their part was met with frenzied bigotry on the other." The persecutions which they had suffered were productive of morbid conditions of mind, and many committed acts which could be accounted for only upon the ground of insanity, but which were visited with the extremity of the law. So great was the fear of them, and the hatred cherished towards them by the Puritans, that they were not content with inflicting punishment upon overt acts of offence, but visited their

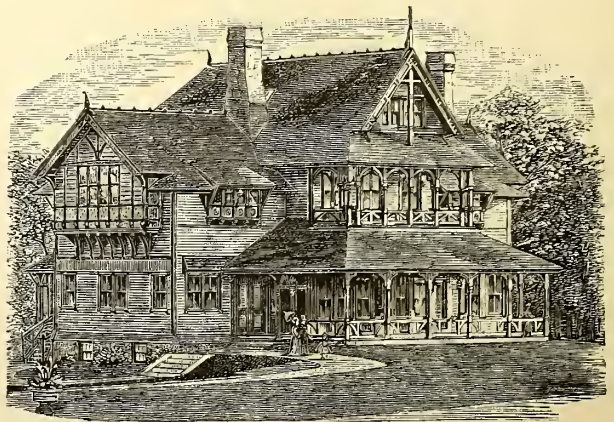




The Betsey Williams House.

severity upon persons of blameless life and character, who held their heretical opinions. This persecution lasted five years, and was only stayed then by an order from King Charles II. that it should cease, and that obnoxious persons should be sent to England, to be dealt with by the home government. Like others who had been driven from the Massachusetts Colony for daring to differ from its founders, many Quakers fled into Rhode Island, where they led peaceable lives, cherishing their own belief without let or hindrance. This state of affairs was almost as vexatious to the Puritans as their presence among themselves. Their commissioners

assembled at Boston and framed a letter requesting the Rhode Island Colony to banish those who were already within the limits of the colony, and to take immediate measures to prevent the entrance of any more. Mr. Williams, who was then president of the Rhode Island Colonies, and his assistants met in Providence, and replied to this request, that there was no law in Rhode Island by which any one could be punished for his opinions; that the Quakers, being allowed to hold and to set forth their doctrines without molestation, had met with so little success in converting others to them, that they were becoming discouraged; and



The What Cheer Cottage.



finally, that if they committed any extravagancies, such as they had been guilty of in Massachusetts, the next General Assembly would provide a corrective. The charter of Rhode Island guaranteed that



The Rhode Island Hospital.

every person should be free to enjoy his own opinions so long as they did not militate against the general good. So the Quakers were allowed free access to the colony, and during the years which immediately followed, great numbers made it their home. They found it a convenient central point from which to make excursions abroad for the purpose of disseminating their doctrines. So bigoted were the surrounding colonies, that they could not comprehend that a thing might be tolerated which yet might not be believed.

Seeing that the Quakers were neither burned nor hanged, they asserted that the colony was actuated by an undue friendliness towards the teachings of Fox. Some color was given to this assertion by the fact that some of its magistrates belonged to the hated sect. Roger Williams, true to his character of champion of intellectual and religious freedom, undertook to prove them in the wrong, and that his colony, while faithful to their ruling idea, yet had no sympathy with Quaker dogmas, even although some of the highest places in the government were filled by their supporters. For this purpose he drew up a statement of fourteen propositions, in which



The Butler Hospital.

he denounced in unmeasured terms the tenets of the Quakers. He challenged Fox to a public dis-

cussion of these, seven to be debated in Newport and seven in Providence. The challenge was sent to Deputy-Governor Cranston, to be delivered by him, but so long was it in reaching the governor, that Fox had left the island, and consequently did not receive it. It was accepted, however, in his behalf by his disciples, Burnyeat, Edmundson, and Stubbs,—all thoroughly qualified by natural gifts and by training to discuss the subject in all its branches. Roger Williams, then seventy-three years old, performed the remarkable feat of rowing himself from Providence to Newport in order to meet his engagement. The first seven of the propositions were debated in Newport, and then, according to agreement, the discussion was resumed in Providence, but only for one day. No special good resulted from the debate, as far as convincing either party of error is concerned, but the immediate object of Williams was attained,—that of convincing the neighboring colonists, especially those of Massachusetts, that while protecting the persons of the unpopular sect, they refused to be identified in the remotest way with their creed.

When King Philip's War broke out, Roger Williams was an old man. Notwithstanding which, he accepted a commission of captain of militia in the year 1676. Providence had been nearly deserted.



The Friends' School.



Less than thirty men remained for its protection. Two places in the town had been fortified, chiefly through Mr. Williams' efforts. Tradition relates that upon the approach of the enemy the venerable captain went out alone to meet and reason with them. "Massachusetts," said he,

"can raise thousands of men at this moment, and if you kill them, the King of England will supply their place as fast as they fall."

"Well, let them come," was the reply, "we are ready for them. But as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good

man; you have been kind to us for many years; not a hair of your head shall be touched." The savages were true to the man who had kept faith with them all those years, and although they burnt the town, he was not harmed. The town records were saved from destruction by being thrown into the mill-pond of John Smith, the miller, who was town clerk at the time.

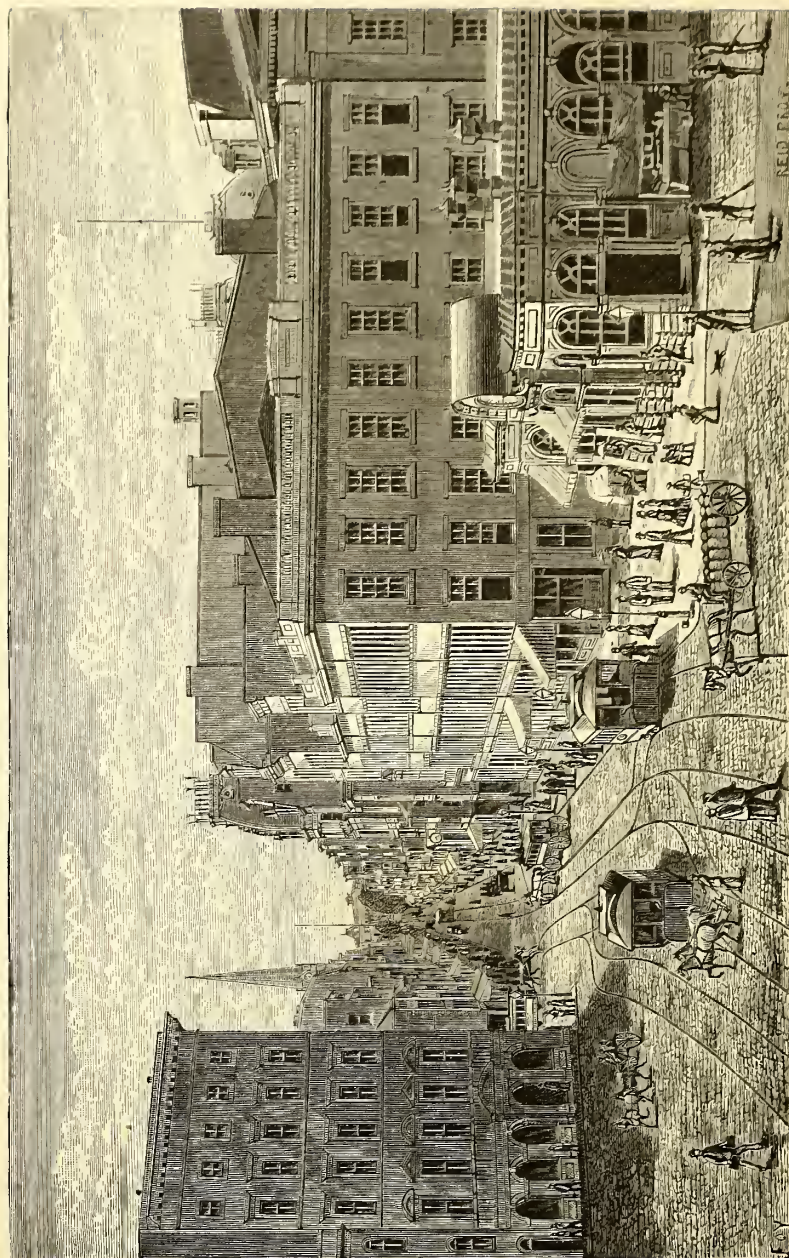
Early in the year 1683, at the ripe age of eighty-four, Roger Williams was gathered to his fathers. Precisely how or when his death occurred is not known. He was buried in a spot said to have been selected by himself on What Cheer, not far from the place where he first landed on Rhode Island shores. At the head of his grave an apple-tree stood for many years. Not long ago, when the grave was opened, the roots of this tree were found to have passed through the space the body is supposed to have occupied. From the main root smaller branches had followed the course of the arms and legs. This singular specimen is still preserved, and may be seen in the Museum of Brown University.

Arnold thus sums up the character of this "Christian statesman": "He suffered more than most men from the slanders of those who should have been his friends, as well as from the oppression of enemies. . . . But posterity has rendered justice to his memory,



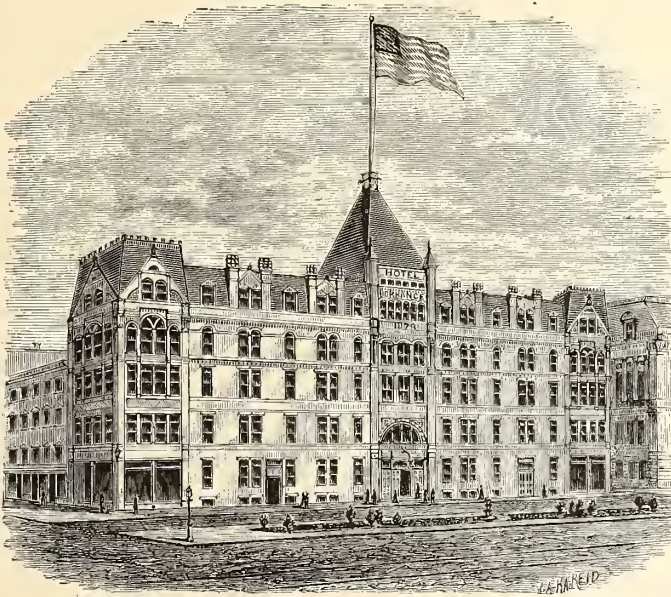
The Narragansett Hotel.





A View of Westminster Street.

and the founder of Rhode Island, the great champion of intellectual liberty, has outlived the efforts of his detractors. The leading pecu-



Hotel Dorrance.

liarities of his mind may be briefly sketched. A firmness, amounting in some cases perhaps to obstinacy, enabled him to suffer hardships, rarely if ever surpassed by those of any exile for opinion's sake. His generosity amounted to prodigality; for after having purchased of the Indians all the lands around his new plantations with his own money, he divided them equally among those who followed him. His charity was an active principle, that led him to brave all peril to effect good to the natives, or to reconcile feuds among his fellow-citizens. Of his forgiving spirit, his conduct towards the neighboring colonies furnishes ample evidence. He harbored no feelings of revenge for injuries received, but pitied the weakness, or lamented the delusion whence they arose. His consistency and love of truth are alike apparent in his controversy with the Quakers at Newport, which has been so much misrepresented; yet he would have laid down his life rather than have a hair of their heads injured on account of their doctrinal views. His industry was unwearied; he valued time and he well improved it. 'One grain of its inestimable sand,' said he, 'is worth a golden mountain.' His faults were those of an



ardent mind, sometimes hasty, ever slow to yield: but these are few beside his exalted virtues. He was a varied scholar, a profound philosopher, a practical Christian, a true philanthropist,—one whose



Low's Opera House.

deep knowledge of men, and whose acute perception of principles as displayed in the foundation of an American State, entitle him to the rank, which posterity has bestowed, among the far-sighted statesmen of his age — one who,

were it his only praise to have been the first of modern legislators to embody the principles of universal toleration in the constitution of a State, would, by this act alone, secure a niche in the temple of fame, and cause his name to be handed down through all future time as the great Apostle of Religious Freedom.”

It is a matter of lasting regret that no portrait of Roger Williams exists. Probably none was ever painted. Historians, in the descriptions of him, although acknowledging the influence of his personal presence, quite ignore his personal appearance. Undoubtedly the grandeur of his character and actions quite overshadowed it. The statue of him in the Old Representatives' Hall at Washington — the first statue presented by any state to the Nation — is a purely ideal one.

In the early years of Providence there was a sheet of water called the Mile-end Cove, between Fox Point and Wickenden Street. This has been filled up for many years. Within the last century, the tide flowed over Westminster Street and all north of it. At the head of Long Wharf was a round hill, which was then an island. The first vessel which sailed from Providence to the West Indies was loaded at a wharf a little west of the canal market. Large vessels used to lie at wharves adjoining the present Smith Street. There was a draw in the great bridge, which was fifty or sixty feet longer than it now is. Two highways originally led from the Moshassuck to the Seekonk River,—one where Power Street now is, and the other at Meet-



ing Street. Before the year 1770 very little attention was given to the subject of education. Some small schools were kept soon after that time, having about a dozen scholars each. The text-books used in them were the Bible, spelling-book, and primer. One was taught by George Taylor, for the special benefit of church scholars, and was partly or entirely supported by England. There were also some "dames' schools." "When one had learned to read, write and do a sum in the rule of three, he was fit for business." About 1770, the first school-house was built, through the exertions of Dr. Jonathan Arnold. It was situated near the north end of Benefit Street, and was called Whipple Hall.

The customs and fashions of Providence in those days were necessarily plain and simple. Durability in the materials of dress was consulted rather than beauty. Men generally wore breeches of wash-leather; laborers of all kinds wore leather aprons; those whose aspirations and means were equal to it wore clothes of English manufacture, but made in the plainest of styles. Most of the cloth used in the settlement was made by those who used it. Occasionally one with an inordinate passion for dress would appear in a cocked hat, or a powdered wig. Women made neighborly calls, dressed in a striped loose-gown, a checked apron, a handkerchief folded over the shoulders and across the bosom, and a sun-bonnet upon the head. The more opulent among them wore silk gowns, or calico ones, long ruffles at the wrist, and a lawn apron in place of the common check. The hair was dressed high over a roll, upon which was worn a low-crowned chip hat, covered with thin silk of whatever color individual taste suggested.

The amusements of young men were chiefly games of ball, shooting at poultry or at a mark, wrestling, jumping and dancing, in the latter of which, as a matter of course, the young women shared. Occasionally a pack of hounds would be kept, and a fox-hunt would give variety to their ordinary amusements.

People lived to be very old in those days. Mr. Samuel Thurber, himself then in his eighty-first year, gives an account of several whom he knew personally, who had reached a great age. A Mrs. Eddy died at the age of 105, and a Mr. Miller, at the same time, at about the same age. Mr. Thurber met a man in Newport who told him he was a hundred years and one month old that day. Mr. Richard Brown, who lived somewhere in the northeastern part of the town, was so active and cheerful that on his hundredth birthday he

played a violin which his family presented to him, and to which in his younger days he had been much attached.

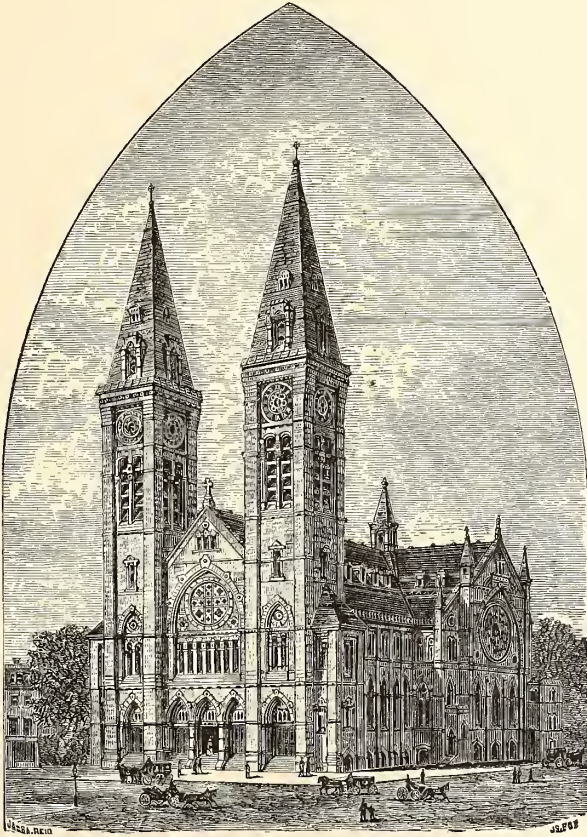
The machinery used was of the simplest kind. Furniture was very plain, and hard, ornamental woods but little used. Chairs and tables were straight and smooth, without paint or polish, and kept white by constant scouring. China and glass were almost unknown, and the few crockery dishes in use were of the coarsest. Most of the dishes were made of pewter or wood, and often a family did not possess enough of these to allow each person one.

The first coach in town was owned by Mr. Merritt, an Englishman. Its advent upon the street created as much excitement as the street parade of a circus does now. Windows and doors were full of excited faces watching the passage of the wonderful object. Col. William Brown kept a vehicle which he called a "curricule," in which he would take an occasional passenger to Boston. The round trip occupied three days. Thomas Sabin, in 1767, advertised that a stage would "start every Tuesday morning from the house of Richard Olney, inn-holder, to carry travelers to Boston on the most expeditious and cheap rate." The coach returned on Thursday. Olney's inn was nearly opposite the Court House parade on North Main Street. The owners of stages used occasionally to give notice a week or ten days beforehand, that on a certain day, if sufficient encouragement were given, they would start for Boston. The object of this long notice was, that passengers might settle their worldly affairs and make their wills, preparatory to entering upon such a perilous undertaking. In 1783 a stage ran twice a week to Boston, and it was possible to look with calmness upon a man who had been to New York. In 1763 a line of two boats began to ply between Providence and Newport twice a week, and oftener if the number of passengers and amount of freight warranted it. The line of packets which soon after began to ply between Providence and New York were said "not to be surpassed in speed and accommodation by any in the world." In 1820 the New London turnpike was built, and a line of stages put upon it connected with steamboats to New York from New London. The following charge, extracted from the account-book of Richard Brown, gives some idea of traveling expenses 150 years ago.

Oct. the 25, 1737, MARY TILLINGHAST, DR.

For the use of my mare the three days last past, a journey to East Greenwich, and carrying double on said mare,     £0.12.0

On the third of June, 1769, a transit of Venus occurred. Great interest in this phenomenon was shown in Providence, and no expense was spared in securing all the instruments necessary for observing it.



The Cathedral.

A temporary observatory was erected upon a cross street, about one hundred feet east of Benefit. The street has ever since borne the name of Transit Street. Dr. West published an account of the observation, which compares most favorably in point of accuracy with those published in Europe.

The winter of 1779-80 was one of unprecedented severity, and is the historical "cold winter." Providence Harbor was closed by the ice as early as November, and continued so two months. The island of Rhode Island became practically a part of the main land, beaten paths over the ice leading to it from Providence, East Greenwich and



Wickford. The ground was covered with snow the whole time, but its depth was not sufficient to interfere materially with travel.

The ecclesiastical history of Providence began with the founding of the First Baptist Church, in 1639. The first settlers were members of the Plymouth and Massachusetts churches. These organizations possessed a Congregational government, were moderately Calvinistic in doctrine, and held to infant baptism. From the beginning of the settlement, meetings for public worship were held with regularity and frequency, and the service was conducted either by Mr. Williams or Mr. James, both of whom were ordained ministers. In March, 1639, active steps were taken to organize a church. Before this they had denied the doctrine of infant baptism, and Mr. Holyman, a layman, had baptized Mr. Williams by immersion, after which Mr. Williams baptized Mr. Holyman in the same manner. By this act they disowned the churches of which they had been members, and were therefore excommunicated by them. They formed a church, and called Mr. Williams to the pastorate of it. This was the commencement of the First Baptist Church, the oldest organization of its kind in the country.

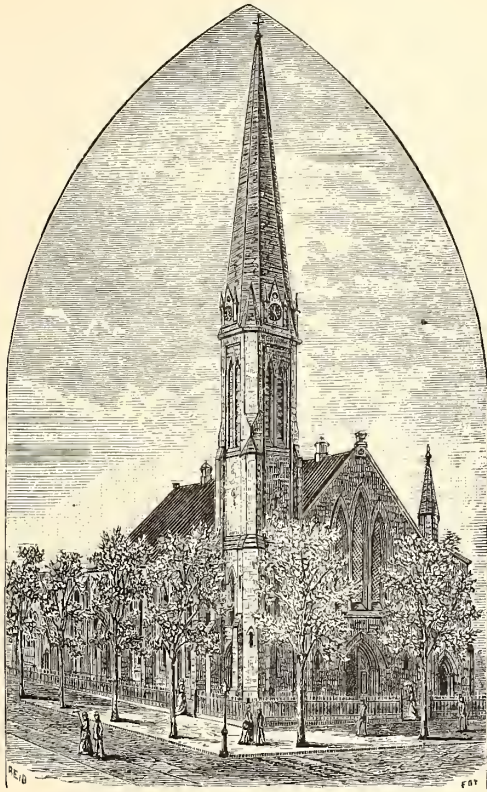
Mr. Williams held this position for four years, at the end of which he resigned it. Mr. Holyman was his colleague. Their successors were Chad Brown, William Wickenden, Gregory Dexter, Pardon Tillinghast, Ebenezer Jenckes, James Brown, Samuel Winsor, James Manning, Jonathan Maxcy, Stephen Gano, Robert E. Pattison, William Hague, Robert E. Pattison, J. N. Granger, W. C. Richards, Dr. Francis Wayland, S. L. Caldwell, and the present pastor, Dr. Edward Glenn Taylor.

Dr. James Manning removed to Providence with the Rhode Island College, of which he was president. He was invited by the pastor of the church to preach before the society, and afterwards to partake of the communion with them. His acceptance gave great offence to some members of the church, because he did not hold that the doctrine of the laying on of hands was an essential one, although he had submitted to the rite, and was in the habit of administering it whenever desired. So great a schism did this create, that at length the pastor withdrew and joined the separates in May of the year 1771. With the advice of some other Baptist churches, President Manning was elected to the vacancy in the following July. It was not the custom to make singing a part of public worship. Mr. Manning held that it should be such, but to Mr. Winsor, the idea was "disgustful."

The records of the church state that "the church at first met for worship in a grove, unless in wet and stormy weather, when they assembled in private houses;" that afterwards Pardon Tillinghast "at his own expense built the first meeting-house about the year 1700." This house stood on the west side of North Main Street, nearly opposite Star Street. Mr. Tillinghast afterwards made a free gift of the house and lot to the society and their successors in the same faith and order. A new house was built in 1726, on the lot south of this one. In 1740 the General Assembly, for reasons which have not been handed down, allowed the society to hold service in the Court House. The house now occupied

by them was first opened for public worship on May 28, 1775. The lot upon which it stands belonged to John Angell, whose orchard it was. They had reason to think that nothing would induce him to let it pass into their hands, knowingly, to become the site of a Baptist meeting-house. They therefore arranged that it should be purchased by an Episcopalian and conveyed to them.

The church, or meeting-house, as it is still most commonly called, stands in the middle of the lot, surrounded with grass, and enclosed by a fence. It is of wood, 80 feet square, of the Roman Ionic order, with a symmetrical and graceful spire at the west end, 196 feet high, said to have been modeled after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. The story is told of a student of Brown University, now living in Kansas, that he once climbed to the top of this steeple. Another tradition relates that at one time, when it required painting, no



Grace Church.

painter would take the contract, until one, quicker witted than the rest, agreed to do it, and fulfilled his agreement by importing sailors from Boston for the purpose.

The harmony of construction has been marred of late years by substituting slips for the old-fashioned square pews, and a pulpit of modern style for the old-fashioned one, with its sounding-board. The first bell weighed 2,515 pounds, and had the following inscription :

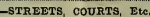
" For freedom of conscience, the town was first planted ;  
Persuasion, not force, was used by the people.  
This church is the eldest, and has not recanted,  
Enjoying and granting bell, temple and steeple."

The present bell weighs 2,387 pounds, and is thus inscribed : " This church was founded A. D. 1639, the first in the State, and the oldest of the Baptists in America."

In the year 1871, more than two hundred years after\* Roger Williams had made the purchase of Providence and Pawtuxet, and had made his companions equal owners thereof with him, a part of the original grant came into the possession of the city. In that year Miss Betsey Williams, a lineal descendant of the fifth generation from Roger Williams, died, and by her will bequeathed to the city of Providence the farm which had been in the possession of her family ever since it was given to her great ancestor by the sachem, Miantonomi. It lies partly in Providence and partly in Cranston, and consists of about one hundred acres of plain and woodland, with gently rising elevations and a stream of water. It was given to the city for a public park forever, to be called Roger Williams Park. The testatrix made but few conditions upon which the city should receive it, but among these few was one that it should erect in it a memorial to Roger Williams, at a cost of not less than five hundred dollars. In 1872 the city formally accepted this bequest, and straightway began to plan for a monument on a much more expensive scale than stipulated in the will. The result was, that in October, 1877, the present monument, designed by Mr. Franklin Simons, of Rome, and executed by the Smith Granite Company, was unveiled and dedicated with great pomp in the presence of many thousands of people. It stands facing the west, on an elevation west of the lake, and is visible from the Cranston road, and from most parts of the park. The old gambrel-roofed homestead, with its well-sweep, is in close proximity, and the immediately surrounding land has been reduced to order and beauty. The monument is of Westerly



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INDEX MAP

City of Providence

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1881

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Published by J. A. R. T. Knight, 100 North Main Street, Providence, R. I.





granite of the finest quality, and uniform throughout in shade. A pedestal of great solidity, reached by a flight of steps, supports the statue of Roger Williams, which was cast in bronze of a peculiarly brilliant color, in Munich. It is seven and a half feet in height, and represents the founder of these Plantations holding in his left hand, against his breast, a volume entitled "Soul Liberty," and with his right hand extended as if in the act of addressing an audience. He wears low shoes, long stockings meeting his knee-breeches, a straight vest buttoned the whole length and finished at the bottom by a frill, a broad, turned-down collar, fastened with cord and tassel, a long cloak, and hair falling upon his shoulders. Although the statue is an ideal one, the artist has succeeded in infusing into its outlines all those characteristics with which we are wont to invest the original. At the foot of the statue, in front of the pedestal, stands a figure of History, clad in classic, flowing drapery, and holding in her right hand the stylus, in the act of completing the inscription: "Roger Williams, 1636." At the right of this figure is a group of bronze emblems, comprising a shield with the anchor, a scroll, book, and a laurel wreath. On the opposite tablet is the inscription: "Erected by the City of Providence, A. D. 1877."

When the natural charms of this park shall have been enhanced by taste and money, as they gradually will be in process of time, the city will own a public pleasure-ground which will be of inestimable benefit to itself, and an honor to him whose name it bears.

The great gale of 1815 wrought terrible havoc in the town of Providence. The tide rose nearly ten feet higher than had ever been known before, and all but two of the vessels in the harbor were driven from their moorings. Only one bridge, the Weybosset, then connected the two sides of the town. Against this the flying vessels were impelled with irresistible force. Very quickly the bridge gave way, and "vessels, lumber, buildings, and property of every description, in one crowded mass, were hurled with great velocity up the Cove. Thirty-five vessels, including four ships, nine brigs, seven schooners, and fifteen sloops, have been enumerated on its shores." The great ship "Ganges," as it sped by the Washington Buildings, thrust its bowsprit into the rooms of the Washington Insurance Company. Very many smaller vessels were dashed against the sides of this same building. All the cellars near the river were filled with water. In many cases the inhabitants were compelled to leave their houses and to take refuge upon the hills. Everywhere chimneys



were thrown down, out-buildings overturned, and fences demolished. Five hundred buildings in all, were said to have been destroyed. It was estimated that the loss of property amounted to considerably more than a million of dollars. Not for many a day was the damage repaired.

All the churches were more or less injured. The Second Baptist Meeting House, with several dwellings near it, was entirely destroyed. When the gale subsided, the shores of the Cove were covered with wrecked vessels and their cargoes, with the remnants of dwelling-houses, and with the household furniture they had contained. Upon nearly all the wharves some vessel or wrecked dwelling was left when the tide went down. At India Point, the bridge was carried away, and two men, David Butler and Reuben Winslow, lost their lives. The buildings that had stood upon these wharves were nearly all swept into the river.

Notwithstanding the immense losses the gale had caused, the energy of the merchants of Providence soon repaired the damage done to its commerce, and in a very short time the trade was going on as prosperously as before.

In the colonial days the commerce of Providence, although not so large as that of Newport, was still very considerable. As early as 1708 the town carried on a large trade with the West Indies, and in a report made to the Board of Trade in that year it was said that in the twenty years preceding, its shipping had increased four-fold. Many subsequent reports show a continued and steady increase. The war of the Revolution interfered greatly with the trade of the port, but did not paralyze it so completely as it did the commerce of Newport.

In 1776, after Commodore Esek Hopkins had made his famous expedition to New Providence, his fleet made a rendezvous at Providence, but never left the port in company again to engage in any naval enterprise. Two armed vessels, the "Warren" and the "Providence," were here built under the authority of the Continental Congress. Commodore Hopkins found great difficulty in procuring sailors for the new vessels, as the privateers which then frequented the harbors of the bay offered much more advantageous terms. Both the privateers and the government vessels had either to fight their way through the British fleet stationed at the mouth of the bay, or to elude the enemy by speed or strategy. As all the avenues to peaceful trade were closed to the Providence sailors, they engaged

extensively in privateering, and “were generally successful in eluding the British cruisers which swarmed on our coast, and in making prizes of merchantmen, transports, and small vessels of war.”



The Union Congregational Church.

After the close of the Revolutionary War the foreign trade, having been quickly resumed, began slowly to increase, though under great disadvantages. While the American states were independent of Great Britain, they had not as yet perfected a union among themselves. Each was an independent commonwealth, exercising all the functions of a sovereign state. In its sovereign capacity each state immediately proceeded to levy duties upon all merchandise imported from other states.

The records of the Providence Custom House from the year 1785 to the year 1789 present some interesting figures in this connection.

In those years the majority of the arrivals were from ports in the other American states. Quite a large number came from the West Indies, and occasionally a vessel sailed into the harbor from some European port. An import duty of 2.5 per cent. was collected on all goods imported from the West Indies, or from abroad, and on manufactured articles from the other states. Country produce, flour, lumber, oil, fish, and all kinds of raw material from American ports were admitted free of duty. The duties were estimated and paid in pounds, shillings and pence. Sometime in the year 1787 the rate was increased to 5 per cent. A large amount of merchandise was brought from Boston by "land transportation" in those years. This business was nearly all carried on by Dexter Brown and Moses Guild. From the records, they seem to have made one trip per week each. The first importation of cotton to Providence of which record has been found, was a bag of ninety pounds of "cotton wool," brought by the sloop "Fox," May, 1785, from "Hyspaniola," to Thos. L. Halsey. At the beginning of the year 1790 there were owned in Providence, "110 sail of 10,590 tons, exclusive of river craft." The statement was then made, in a petition to Congress, that "there is a greater number of vessels belonging to the port than to New York," and that "it is a place of more navigation than any of its size in the Union."

Rhode Island adopted the new Constitution of the United States in May, 1790. An import "act to provide more effectually for the duties imposed by law on goods, wares, and merchandise imported into the United States, and on the tonnage of ships or vessels," had passed through several stages in the United States Congress. By its provisions, Rhode Island was divided into the two customs districts of Providence and Newport. The act was approved Aug. 4, 1790. The first entry recorded under its operation in the books of the Providence Custom House, is that of the sloop "Betsey," William Young, master, from Port au Prince, with a cargo of salt, molasses, sugar, coffee, and oil, on which the duties paid were \$244.45. Under this new condition of affairs, business increased rapidly, and the trade with the West Indies and Europe assumed greater proportions.

During the year 1791, sixty-four vessels arrived from foreign ports, the duties on the cargoes of which amounted to nearly \$80,000. Of these vessels, fifty-three were from ports in the West Indies, one from Canton, China, one from Cape de Verde Islands, and the remainder from European ports. The following is a summary of the foreign



commerce of the port from the year 1810 to 1821 inclusive, showing the number of arrivals each year, and the amount of duties paid :

YEAR.	* No of vessels.	American vessels.	Foreign vessels.
1810 . . . .	84	\$336,098 83	\$2,074 40
1811 . . . .	73	207,989 90	8,985 96
1812 . . . .	41	184,624 31	
1813 . . . .	33	72,117 87	87,093 68
1814 . . . .	21	13,427 50	58,623 49
1815 . . . .	35	99,830 85	559 88
1816 . . . .	58	269,650 12	10 17
1817 . . . .	57	210,359 40	
1818 . . . .	70	210,163 03	
1819 . . . .	70	399,837 81	5,012 37
1820 . . . .	65	118,439 93	
1821 . . . .	61	99,626 99	

The trade to Canton, China, was important. The first direct arrival from this port was the ship "General Washington," July 5, 1789. A continuous trade existed for more than half a century, the last arrival being the ship "Lion," Jan. 30, 1841. For the years covered by the preceding table, the arrivals from Canton and the duties paid were as follows :

YEAR.	Vessels.	Duties.	YEAR.	Vessels.	Duties.
1810 . .	1	53,130 74	1817 . .	2	106,886 44
1811 . .	1	118,503 86	1819 . .	3	278,467 10
1816 . .	1	104,973 13			

The cargoes brought from Canton were mainly of teas, and the duties were more in amount than those paid on cargoes from any other port. In some cases, indeed, a single vessel from Canton paid more duty than all the other vessels entered during the year. The principal imports from the West Indies and South America

\* Of these vessels only twenty-nine were foreign ; most of the foreign vessels reached the port during the War of 1812, when the American merchant ships had been almost swept from the ocean. This fact accounts for the large amount of duties recorded in the fourth column of the foregoing table for the years 1813 and 1814.

were rum, molasses, sugar, salt, and limes. From Europe came manufactured articles and cloths. About the beginning of the century the European trade began to increase, and vessels arrived from Liverpool, London, Bordeaux, Copenhagen, Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, Lisbon, and other European ports. Occasionally a vessel arrived from Bombay, Calcutta, or Africa.

The War of 1812 seriously affected the trade of Providence. During its continuance, the duties paid on merchandise imported in foreign vessels largely exceeded the amount paid on goods imported in American ships. As a small compensation, some of the vessels captured from the British by privateers were brought into this port. In the year 1813 three prizes were entered; the duties paid on their cargoes amounted to \$28,127.49. In 1814 three more arrived, on which the duty was \$12,495.66. In November, 1814, the private armed brig "Scourge," Samuel Eames, master, returned from a cruise with seventeen bales of raw silk, captured from the enemy, on which the duty amounted to \$488.31.

The ship "Governor Tompkins" arrived at Providence in October, 1819, with a cargo of 1,981 bushels of coal from New Castle, Eng., on which a duty of \$99.20 was paid. During the early years of the century, and until 1831, nearly every Liverpool ship brought coal as part of its cargo. In July, 1831, a vessel arrived from Sidney, N. S., with a cargo of coal, and from that time forth all the coal received in Providence from outside the United States, came from Nova Scotia, principally from the port of Pictou. Since the development of the Pennsylvania coal mines the Nova Scotia coal has been crowded out by protective duties.

A great change has taken place in the ownership of the vessels engaged in the American foreign trade. Until the war of the Rebellion they were nearly all owned by citizens of the United States; now the majority are owned in foreign countries. The arrivals for the past two years will illustrate this fact. At the port of Providence in 1879 there were 116 arrivals, only 27 of which were American; in 1880, 139 arrivals, of which only 39 were American. The foreign commerce of Providence has not increased in proportion with the growth of the city. In fact, there has been a very marked decrease. The growth of the city has been in the direction of manufactures, and this growth has brought a large coasting trade to the port.

The first steamboat that ever sailed on the waters of the Providence River was one invented by Elisha Ormsbee, of Providence,

in 1792. It was run by an atmospheric engine, and attained a speed of four or five miles an hour. David Wilkinson, of Pawtucket, made all the iron work for this vessel. After a few trials the engine was taken out of the boat and the attempt abandoned. The first steamer embodying the invention of Robert Fulton which was seen in Providence was the "Firefly." This vessel came from New York, and arrived at Newport, May 26, 1817, and at Providence two days later. For four months the "Firefly" plied between Providence and New York, but, owing to the competition and opposition of the captains of the packets, was obliged to discontinue her trips. No steamer again appeared in Narragansett Bay until the "Robert Fulton" came from New York, August,

1821. She brought an excursion party, and stopped at Newport, Bristol, and Providence. At all these places great crowds were assembled on the wharves to see her. The year following, the Rhode Island Steamboat Company was organized. This company had two steamers, the "Robert Fulton" and the "Connecticut," which made regular trips between Providence and New York, touching at Newport each way. These vessels continued to run for a number of years, and new boats were constantly added to the line. Many opposition boats were put on from time to time, and much competition existed. In 1831 there were two lines to New York, each with two steamers. In those days races frequently took place between the opposition vessels. From that time onward the business has continued, many changes occurring in the companies engaged in it. During all these years the vessels have been growing larger, more elegant, and in every way better suited for travel than were their predecessors. The existing lines are the Fall River line between Providence and Fall River, stopping each way at Bristol and Bristol Ferry; the Providence line to New York; the Providence,



The First Congregational Church.



Norfolk and Baltimore line; the Winsor line to Philadelphia; and the Continental Steamboat Company, whose steamers ply to Newport and all the shore-places on Narragansett Bay.

When the first steamer came to Providence the only means of traveling or carrying merchandise on the water was by sailing vessel, and the quickest way of traveling on land was in a stage-coach. Between Providence and New York a number of packets plied. They were sloop-rigged vessels, built with an eye to speed, and with accommodations for passengers. The captains and owners of these vessels were much opposed to the steamers, and used every means in their power to drive them out. As we have seen, the first steamer that appeared at Providence was unable to compete with the packets, but this was owing more to the clumsiness of her construction than any other cause. The triumph of the steamers was only a question of time. In those days, as now, a great deal of the travel and trade between Boston and New York passed through Providence.

To accommodate this trade a large number of stages were run, making connections with the New York packets at Providence. These vehicles carried both freight and passengers, and made the journey rapidly by means of relays of horses. When the sailing packets were succeeded by the steamers, the business of the stages was largely increased. "During the summer of 1829 there were 328 stage-coaches a week to and from Providence, not counting the local stages running to points within a dozen miles of the city." Very exciting races often occurred between coaches of opposing lines when they happened to come together on the road. The arrival of a number at once, as was usual, to connect with the New York boats was a daily event of great interest. It could not be otherwise, when the ten or twelve large coaches, each drawn by four horses, all filled with passengers, and their tops loaded with freight, came dashing furiously down the street. In those days the "wayside inns" flourished. At present we know them only through Longfellow's poems, Dickens' novels, and other kindred sources. Let us be content with that knowledge, since both the stage-coach and the wayside inn, viewed through the vista of the past, appear more inviting than they were in reality. The Boston and Providence Railroad was completed in 1835, and the death-blow thereby given to the general stage-coach business between the two cities.

Previous to the Revolution, Providence was engaged in the whale-fishery to an extent almost equal to that of any port in Rhode Island.

The war interfered with the business, but did not destroy it, as soon after the peace, in the year 1785, record is found of the arrival of six vessels from whaling voyages. The amount of oil these vessels



The Beneficent Congregational Church.

brought was small, but with one or two exceptions they also brought cargoes from the West Indies, and other foreign ports. From that time very few vessels were fitted out until about the year 1820, when a slight revival of the business occurred. Between 1830 and 1840 a more marked revival took place, and in the year 1841 seven ships cleared from Providence on whaling voyages. For a number of years there were nine vessels licensed to engage in the whale-fishery belonging to Providence, but the number gradually diminished, most of the vessels being sold to New Bedford, and the remainder lost or burned at sea, until not one remained. The last whaler was the ship "Lion," which sailed July 17, 1854, for the Pacific Ocean, and was lost at sea Nov. 30, 1856. The ship "South America," which cleared at Providence Nov. 10, 1843, for the Northwest Coast, and arrived home March 5, 1846, made the best whaling voyage on record up to that date. She had sent home 800 barrels of whale oil, 100 barrels

of sperm, 36,000 pounds of bone, and had sold at Bahia, Brazil, 1,000 barrels whale oil.

Providence is one of the great industrial centres of the United States. Because of the great variety of its manufactures, less disaster befell it during the years of financial distress, from which the country has only just emerged, than almost any city in the Union. And yet, the stranger who walks its streets for the first time does not notice much in the appearance of the city to lead him to suppose that he is in the midst of a "perfect bee-hive of industry." A purely commercial town, the place seems to the chance visitor to be, unless he has the curiosity to inquire carefully as to the secret sources of the wealth that is so plainly proclaimed.

In 1875, before the effects of the panic had worn away, the number of manufacturing establishments in the city was 940. In these factories 20,271 operatives were employed; their invested capital was \$16,393,734; the value of their product manufactured each year, was \$52,782,875. Ever since that time there has been a gradual and healthy growth of business. The statistics of the last census will undoubtedly show that a much greater business, proportionally to the population, is now done than was done five years ago.

One of the most prominent industries is the manufacture of jewelry. There were in the State, in 1875, 133 establishments where jewelry was manufactured. Very nearly all of these factories are within the limits of Providence. The business is yearly increasing in magnitude. It is mainly confined to the territory bounded by Chestnut, Ship, Eddy and Broad streets.

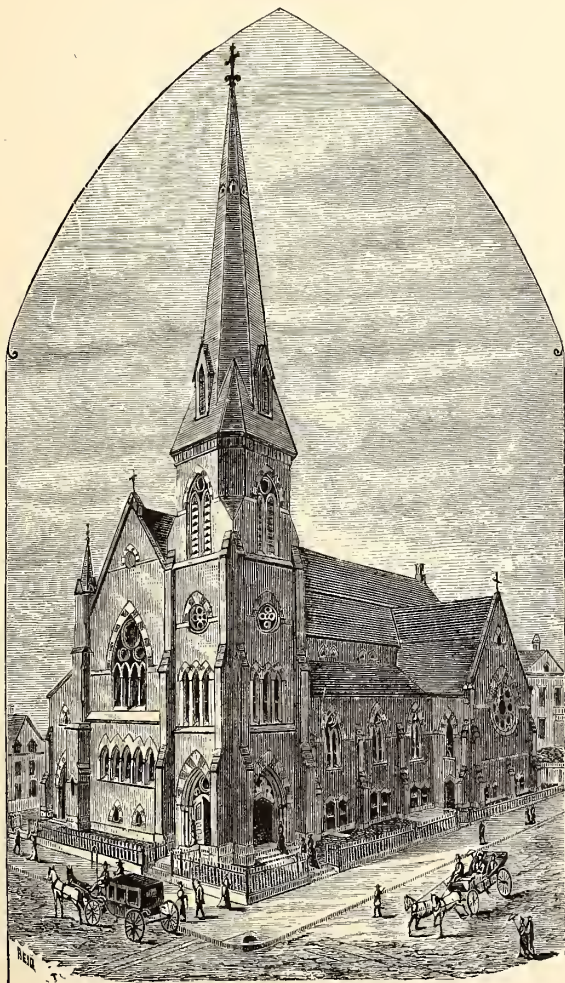
Within the city limits are a number of cotton-factories. Among the principal establishments are the Oriental Mills, the Providence Steam Mill, the Grant Mill, and the James Y. Smith Manufacturing Company.

In 1875, according to the census report, about one-fourth of all the woolen goods in the State were manufactured in Providence. Among the principal concerns are the Geneva Worsted Mills, and the Providence Worsted Mill (worsted goods); the Valley Worsted Mills (braids, yarns and hosiery); the Elba Woolen Mills and the Weybosset Mills (cassimeres); the Wanskuck Mill (coatings); and the Riverside Worsted Mills (suitings).

The Fletcher Manufacturing Company, established in 1793 and incorporated in 1865, manufacture boot, shoe, and corset laces, lamp wicks, yarns, braids and twines. Their mills are situated on Charles Street, in the north part of the city.



The Allen Print Works is one of the best-known establishments of the kind in the country. In the first ward, near the North Burying Ground their buildings stand. Other establishments in the printing



The First Universalist Church.

and bleaching business are the Woonasquatucket Print Works, on the river of that name, the Silver Spring Bleaching and Dyeing Co., the Rhode Island Bleaching and Dye Works, and the Sun Bleaching, Dyeing and Calendering Works.

In the manufacture of silver-ware, Providence has one establishment whose reputation is world-wide, both in regard to the quality

and workmanship of the articles produced, and the extent of the business carried on. It is the Gorham Manufacturing Company. The business was founded by Jabez Gorham in 1831, and at first only one small room was needed for it. Now the tall buildings of the factory cover nearly an entire square between North Main and Canal streets.

Very many large establishments are engaged in the manufacture of machinery. One of the largest works is that of the Corliss Steam Engine Co., situated in the northern part of the city, just above the Charles Street railroad crossing, on the line of the Boston and Providence, and Providence and Worcester Railroads. The buildings cover several acres of ground. Everybody knows that the engine which supplied the power for the machinery at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, was made in these shops.

The Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company are engaged in the construction of the Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine, the making of fine tools, and various machines and contrivances for special uses. Their factory is on Promenade Street, a short distance west of the Cove basin. This company has a most enviable reputation for the exactness and accuracy of its tools and machines. Darling, Brown & Sharpe, rule and gauge makers, occupy a part of the factory of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company.

The works of the Providence Tool Company are among the largest of their kind in the country. The company was organized in 1845, and incorporated in 1847. Sewing machines and ship-chandlers' hardware are now made in its shops, but its specialty is the Peabody-Martini breech-loading rifle. Trustworthy military authorities say that but for these wonderful Providence rifles, the Turks could never have held out half so long against their adversaries, the Russians, in the late sanguinary war. The factories of the company are situated on West River and Burt streets, in the Tenth Ward, and on Wickenden Street, not far from Fox Point.

The American Screw Company, organized in 1860, is the largest screw manufacturing company in the United States. The works comprise five large brick mills—the Eagle Mills, Stevens Street, and the New England Mills, Eddy Street. When working at their full capacity they give employment to 2,500 persons.

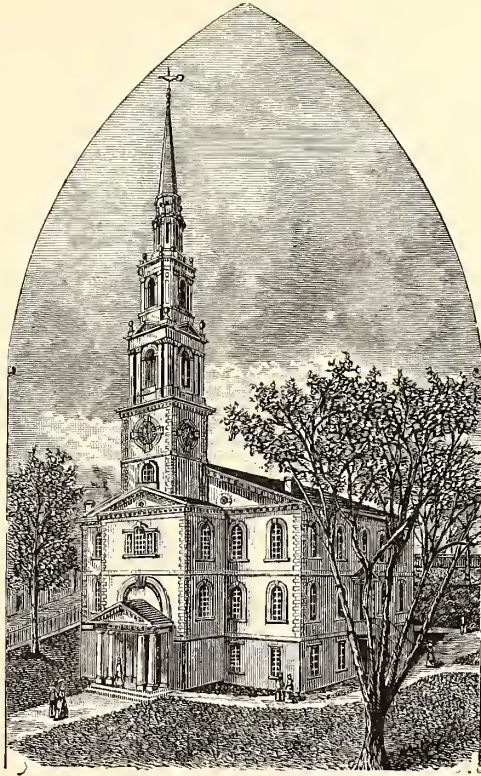
The works of the Nicholson File Company are located on a plat of about four acres, on the banks of the Woonasquatucket River, fifteen minutes' walk from the railroad station. The company was organ-

ized in 1865. The work of making the files is nearly all done by machinery. A large proportion of this machinery was patented by W. T. Nicholson, the founder of the company. About 250 persons are employed in the works.

Other large manufactories are the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, corner of Hemlock and Valley streets; the Franklin Foundry and Machine Company, Charles Street, incorporated in 1836, manufacturers of cotton machinery; the Providence Steam Engine Company, 373 South Main Street; Providence Machine Company, manufacturers of cotton and worsted roving frames, and other machines used in the manufacture of

cotton and wool, 564 Eddy Street; the Granger Foundry and Machine Company, bleaching, dyeing, printing and paper machinery, Gaspee, corner of Francis Street; Spicers & Peckham, manufacturers of the most approved patterns of American ranges, furnaces, and stoves, foundry on Cove Street; the Barstow Stove Company, works on Point Street, corner of Chestnut; City Machine Company, Harris Avenue, corner of Acorn Street; Phenix Iron Foundry, Elm, corner of Eddy Street, manufacturers of machinery for bleaching, dyeing, printing and finishing cotton goods, etc.; Volney W. Mason & Co., elevators and hoisting machinery, Lafayette Street, rear 405 High, and the Rhode Island Braiding Machine Company, Aborn Street.

Providence is situated almost at the head of navigation, on Narragansett Bay. Two fresh-water rivers, the Woonasquatucket and the Moshassuck, flow into the Providence River, and at their confluence



The First Baptist Church.



form a broad sheet of water called the "Cove." This body of water was originally much more extensive than at present, but its area has from time to time been reduced by filling in the surrounding low lands. It is now a circular basin about a mile in circumference, the sides of which are built up with stone. A public walk, the Cove Promenade, encircles it. The central passenger station is on the southeast of the Cove, and the railroads converging there run along its banks in both directions for a short distance. The Woonasquatucket River flows into the Cove from the west, the Moshassuck from the north, and the Providence River flows outward to the east. Rising from the valleys of these three streams are the hills, on the slopes of which the city is built.

One of the best places from which to get a view of the city is Prospect Terrace, a little park near the summit of Prospect Hill, on the east side of the river. From this point of view, the central portion of the city, — where the business is mainly transacted, — in the neighborhood of Westminster, Weybosset, and Dorrance Streets, the railroad station and Exchange Place, lies to the southward. The buildings of this section are mostly large blocks; red brick is the most common material seen. The principal buildings of the city stand out in bold relief, the City Hall, the Butler Exchange, and the Narragansett Hotel, being the more prominent. To the southwest, almost directly at the foot of the hill, is the circular basin of the Cove, with its fringe of trees; and beyond it, to the westward, the broad expanse of lowlands through which flows the Woonasquatucket River. On these lands a number of large manufacturing establishments are located. Rising up on either side of these lowlands, are high sand-bluffs. On the north side of the valley is Smith's Hill, and on the south is Federal Hill.

To the southward of the Cove lies the most densely populated part of the city; spires of churches are seen shooting up here and there, huge school-houses thrust their solid walls upward from the hills, and a few monster gasometers, with the great domes that give such an oriental appearance to the landscape, stand out prominently against the quiet sky.

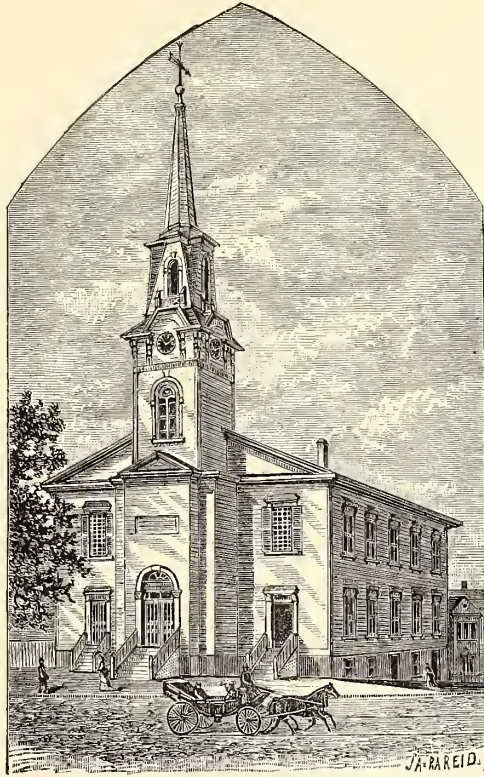
The stately Rhode Island Hospital tells how well private benefactions have provided for public suffering, and the twin towers of the new Cathedral, on High Street — the largest place of worship in the city — of the wonderful strides the Roman Catholic Church has been making in Rhode Island during the last quarter of a century.

Unlike most American cities, Providence has but few blocks of tenement-houses. Apart from each other and overshadowed by waving branches, stand the homes of the great mass of her citizens. Almost like a forest appears the portion of the city which is occupied by dwelling-houses, to one who looks upon it from the "Terrace."

Providence is divided into three well-defined parts by the two fresh-water rivers, the Woonasquatucket and the Moshassuck, and the Providence River in its progress from the Cove to the bay. The most important and populous, though not perhaps in territorial extent the largest division, is that on the west side of the Providence River, having this river for one of its sides, the Woonasquatucket for the other, and for the base of the triangle the towns of Johnston and Cranston. This division includes within its borders the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth wards, and most of the business portion of the city. In this section, also, are Roger Williams Park, at the extreme south of the city; the Park Garden, on Broad Street; Mashapaug Pond; Long Pond; Benedict Pond; and Field's Point, the first shore-resort on the bay as we go down the river.

The eastern part of the city is situated on a range of hills extending from Fox Point some distance, along the banks of the Moshassuck River. In this portion, commonly called the "east side," are many of the finest residences.

At the head of College Street are the buildings of Brown University, and further to the north are the Hope Reservoir and Pump-



The Chestnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

ing-Station of the Providence Water Works. Within this portion are the Friends' School, the Dexter Asylum, the Butler Hospital, the Reform School, the Athenæum, the Court House, the Normal School, and Swan Point Cemetery. On the water-front and the banks of the Moshassuck River are many manufacturing establishments. Until very recently this was the principal part of the city, but of late years the business has moved across the river.

The third triangle includes Smith's Hill, and the country in its neighborhood, and is bounded on the east by the Moshassuck, on the south by the Woonasquatucket, on the north and northwest by North Providence and Pawtucket. This portion is perhaps the largest in territorial extent, but is the most thinly populated. Smith's Hill proper is mostly occupied by dwellings. In this part are several manufacturing villages, among which are Dyerville, Wanskuck, Geneva, and part of Olneyville.

A good view of the lower part of the city and the central portion is obtained from the cupola of the City Hall. Other points from which extended views of the city may be had are Fort Hill, in East Providence, the heights at Field's Point, Smith's Hill, and Neutaconkanut Hill, in Johnston.

The principal hotel in Providence is the Narragansett, a massive building, seven stories in height. Externally it is not a beautiful structure. The money which might have been expended to no purpose in outside decoration was wisely spent in furnishing its interior in the best style possible. It is situated on the corner of Broad and Dorrance streets, and is visible from any elevated out-look in the city or its suburbs. The next important public house is the Hotel Dorrance, which attracts notice by its imposing front.

Brown University crowns the educational system of Rhode Island. It began its career in Warren, under the name of Rhode Island College. Dr. William Rogers, afterward for many years a distinguished professor in the University of Pennsylvania, was its first student. The first Commencement was held in the Warren Meeting House in 1769. In the following year the college was moved to Providence, and in May, 1770, the foundations of the first college-building were laid. A year afterward a portion of the building was ready for the use of students, but it was not until 1788 that the structure was completed. During the Revolutionary War all college exercises were suspended. From 1776 to 1782 the "College Edifice" (this was the only name applied to University Hall — the central building — until



1822) was devoted to the use of the American troops and their French allies, first for barracks, afterwards as a hospital. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the close of the war found it "in a very dilapidated condition." In 1804 the name of the college was changed to Brown University, in honor of Nicholas Brown, its generous friend and benefactor. In 1822 Mr. Brown erected and presented to the corporation Hope College — the building at the extreme left of the cut on page 134. (The name was given it in honor of his sister, Mrs. Hope Ives.) Manning Hall — next to Hope College — (Dr. James Manning was the first president of Rhode Island College) he gave to the University in 1835. Towards the erection of Rhode Island Hall — at the extreme right — and the President's House he subscribed \$10,000. In all he gave more than \$160,000 to advance the interests of the institution which bears his name. Of the newer buildings, the Chemical Laboratory was completed in 1862. The beautiful Library Building, which testifies to the inherited interest of the late John Carter Brown (the son of Nicholas); the stately Slater Hall — next to Rhode Island Hall — which commemorates the liberality of Mr. H. N. Slater, and the magnificent Sayles Memorial Hall, the monument erected by Mr. W. F. Sayles to the memory of a son who died before his college course was half completed, have all been erected since the Rev. Dr. E. G. Robinson took his seat as the president of the University.

St. John's Church is the oldest of the Protestant Episcopal churches in Providence. The first clergyman to officiate in the parish was probably the Rev. James Honeyman, of Newport, though Dr. McSparran, in his *America Dissected*, claims the honor for himself. In 1722 Mr. Honeyman preached "in the open fields to more people than he had before seen together in America." The Rev. George Pigot was the first settled minister of the parish, but his stay was not a long one. On St. Barnabas' Day, June 11, 1722, the erection of the first church-edifice was begun. It was called King's Church. In its steeple was placed the first church-bell hung in the town. This old building, having stood for almost a century, was pulled down in 1810 to make way for the present edifice. Grace Church, now the largest of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in the State, is a comparatively new parish, having been organized in 1829.

The First Congregational Church was formed about the year 1720. In 1723 its first house of worship was erected upon the lot where the

new Court House now stands. In 1794 this building was sold to the town, and was ever after known as the "Old Town House." The second building of the society was erected at the corner of Benevolent and Benefit streets. It was destroyed by fire in 1814; two years afterward the present structure was finished. The Beneficent Congregational Church was erected in 1808. The building has been greatly enlarged since that time.

Jesse Lee, the leading apostle of Methodism in New England, was the first of the sect to preach in Providence. The first Methodist meetings were probably held in the "Old Town House." Not until 1816 was the society able to build a church. This house stood at the corner of Aborn and Washington streets. In the course of a few years, having become too small to accommodate its congregation, it was sold, and converted into a dwelling-house. The second meeting-house, at the junction of Chestnut and Clifford streets, was dedicated Jan. 1, 1822.

The meetings of the Universalist Church Society were begun in 1772. In 1822, the first house of worship was erected, corner of Washington and Union streets. This was burnt in 1825, and in the following year a new one took its place.

The Rev. Robert D. Woodley was the first Roman Catholic priest regularly stationed in Providence. He was sent to the town by Bishop Fenwick in 1827, and remained in the place about three years. At that time there may perhaps have been two hundred members in his congregation. The first services of the church were held in Mechanics' Hall; afterward for four or five years the "Old Town House" was used. In 1832, a lot of land was purchased, and on this the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul was erected five years later. The diocese of Providence was set off from that of Hartford in 1872. The imposing Cathedral, on High Street, which is just approaching completion, is altogether the largest house of worship in the city.





## CHAPTER IX.

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WARWICK—SAMUEL GORTON—FAMOUS SHORE RESORTS—ROCKY POINT—OAK-  
LAND BEACH—BUTTONWOODS—MANUFACTURES—CAPTURE OF  
THE "GASPEE." COVENTRY—EARLY DAYS AND SETTLERS.  
EAST GREENWICH—JEMIMA WILKINSON. WEST GREENWICH—  
THEOPHILUS WHALLEY. EXETER AND HOPKINTON.



WARWICK. — The settlement at Shawomet, as the town of Warwick was first called, was due to the determined persistency, not to say obstinacy, of one of the most remarkable men that ever dwelt within the boundaries of New England. Hardly a name arrests the eye more frequently from the pages of early Rhode Island history, than that of the "most prodigious minter of exorbitant novelties," the "proud and pestilent seducer," Samuel Gorton. Even in their strangely copious vocabulary the Puritan writers of his age could not find epithets harsh enough to express their hatred of him and of the ideas he promulgated. And yet, notwithstanding the load of obloquy that has been heaped upon him, it must appear to those of unprejudiced minds who scan the record of his life that his character was greatly misunderstood. Faults he undoubtedly had, and great ones, but the same were to be found in the career of every one of his opponents. They belonged to the age rather than to the individual. The historian Arnold well says that "his career furnishes an apt illustration of the radicalism in action, which may spring from conservatism in theory. The turbulence of his earlier history was the result of a disregard for existing law, because it was not based upon what he held to be the only legitimate source of power — the assent of the supreme authority in England. He denied the right of a people to self-government, and

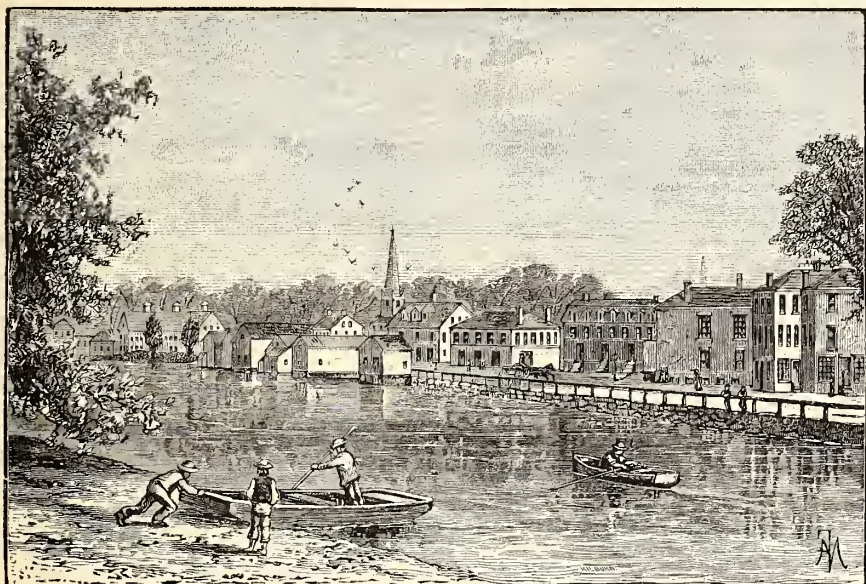


contended for his views with the vigor of an unrivaled intellect, and the strength of an ungoverned passion. But when this point was conceded, by the securing of a patent, no man was more submissive to delegated law."

In 1636 Gorton came to Boston. Of his life before his coming to America, almost nothing is known. Cotton, Hubbard and Mather, those fierce old partisans, who could never see anything to commend in those who disagreed with them, assert that he left England "to escape the claims of a creditor." This seems rather absurd, inasmuch as his removal to America would not have secured to him immunity from arrest. Less prejudiced and more trustworthy historians make no mention of such a reason. The charge is undoubtedly a portion of the persecution which fell to Gorton's lot in this country. About a year after his arrival at Boston he incurred the enmity of one Ralph Smith, who had once been a minister in Plymouth. Of him Gorton had hired a portion of his house, and some of Smith's household were at once drawn to attend the religious services the new comer held daily, morning and evening, in his own family. The ex-minister, a man of very moderate mental capacity, seems to have been endowed with an unusually fiery temper. He could not endure the preference thus plainly shown for his tenant's glowing discourses, and therefore ordered him to leave his house. Gorton, who was nothing if not pugnacious, refused to go, and Smith had recourse to a warrant from the General Court.

Very shortly after the "beast," "miscreant," and "arch-heretic" had thus called to himself the attention of the public, he was guilty of an almost unpardonable offence. One of his female servants was seen to smile in church. To escape the direful consequences of her levity she fled into the woods, having before her flight received an assurance from her master that he would undertake her defence. At the session of the court which followed, Gorton conducted himself in such a "rude and contemptuous" manner that he was bound over to appear at the next session, and ordered to find sureties for his conduct until that time. Immediately he left Plymouth and went to Aquidneck. June 20, 1638, he was admitted an inhabitant of the latter colony, and somewhere about this time he was banished in due process of law from Massachusetts.

The reception accorded to Gorton upon his arrival at Pocasset was most cordial. The fact that his is one of the four names, on the list of fifty-nine inhabitants, which bear the prefix Mr. (Mr.



A View of Phenix.

was used as a special mark of respect in those days), shows the esteem in which he was held. This esteem was quickly forfeited by his outrageous conduct upon the island. He carried his doctrine of "soul-liberty" to such an extreme, and showed so many repulsive traits of character, that he was soon thrust out from Aquidneck, with even more severity than had attended his expulsion from Plymouth. Not only was sentence of banishment pronounced against him, but he was soundly whipped as well.

Respecting this matter, Gorton says in his own defence, that he conducted himself "obediently to the government of Plimouth, so farre as it became me at least, for I understood that they had commission wherein authoritie was derived, which authoritie I revered; but Rhode Island at that time had none, therefore no authoritie legally derived to deale with me. Neither had they the choice of the people, but set up themselves. I know not any man that was present in their creation but a clergie man, who blessed them in their inauguration, and I thought myselfe as fitt and able to governe myselfe and family as any that were then in Rhode Island." The account of his "contention" with the islanders, though most interesting, is yet too long to be transcribed.

From Aquidneck the twice-exiled man went to Providence, and

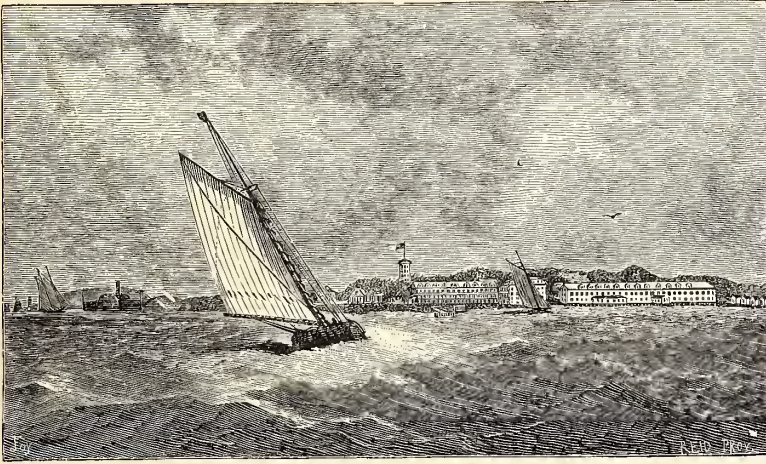
there stirred up so much strife that Roger Williams deliberated seriously whether he should not himself abandon the plantation and remove to Patience Island. While in religious matters Gorton "maintained with Williams the great doctrine of the underived independence of the soul, in civil concerns he was an absolutist, a stickler for authority, yielding, theoretically at least, entire obedience to chartered power, but ignoring any other, and steadily denying the right of the people of Aquidneck or Providence to govern themselves, and hence refusing to be controlled by them. And because of this defect in the basis of their government he used every effort to weaken or destroy it, assuming for that object the attitude of the veriest leveller recorded in history." So entirely subversive of all order was his course, that his application for admission to the rights of citizenship was denied. In November, 1641, the tumult this "insolent, railing and turbulent person" had aroused, culminated in a riot. Some blood was shed upon both sides, and many of the inhabitants, following a strange precedent which had been established some time before, invoked the aid of the neighboring colony of Massachusetts in the interests of peace.

Finding that the sentiment of the colony was so strongly against him, Gorton and his adherents moved to Pawtuxet, whereupon its few, scattered inhabitants, well knowing what was coming, hastened to submit themselves to the government of Massachusetts Bay. The "letter" this action drew forth from Gorton is a most marvelous composition, but one that is not likely to receive a very careful examination at the hands of this impatient generation. It occupies nearly twenty-six closely printed octavo pages, and is filled from beginning to end with scorching invective and bitter sarcasm. To its writer it brought trouble without end; for the Massachusetts magistrates were able on every page to single out heretical doctrines upon which to ground the pretexts for their vengeance. The Gortonists (Gorton-oges, the Indians called them) left Pawtuxet soon after it was written, and having purchased land from the Indians, began at Shawomet, in the wilderness, and beyond the jurisdiction of Providence, the settlement which now bears the name of Warwick.

As the purchasers of Shawomet were but twelve in number, they deemed it unnecessary at first to adopt any regular form of government. Until a charter from England could be obtained they proposed to adjust any differences that might arise by arbitration. The action of the authorities of the Massachusetts Colony soon rendered



the acquisition of the desired charter an absolute impossibility. By the men of the Bay the Warwick sachem was induced to submit himself to the authority of the Massachusetts government, and to deny the sale he had made to Gorton. A voluminous correspondence, con-



A View of Rocky Point.

ducted on Gorton's part with consummate ability, and with a most exasperating weight of argument upon his side, followed this submission. The upshot of the matter was, that in the early fall of 1643 a company of Massachusetts soldiers were sent against the contumacious Gortonoges.

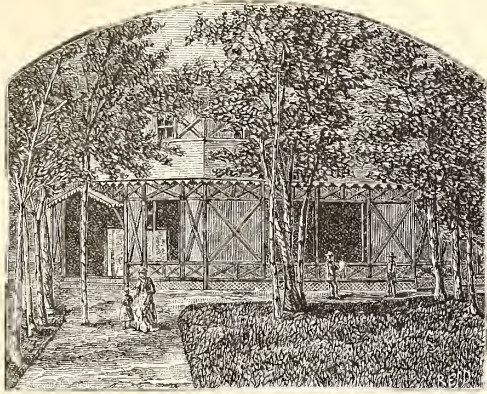
The approach of these troops caused the greatest alarm among the people of the new settlement. The women and children fled for refuge to the neighboring woods; the men hastily fortified one of their strongest dwellings and there, "as men prepared for slaughter," awaited the attack of the assailing party. Negotiations looking toward a peaceful settlement of difficulties having failed, the cattle of the besieged were seized and an assault upon the improvised fortress was begun. Thereupon a strange spectacle was presented to view. As English citizens, the men of Warwick hung an English flag from one of their upper windows. Immediately it was riddled with bullets from English muskets. The assailing troops, knowing well that no aid would come to the relief of the beleaguered garrison, entrenched themselves, and opened a regular system of approaches. For several days the siege lasted, and all the time the Gortonoges, acting solely upon the defensive, did not fire a shot. On the 8th of October, the

works approached so near the house that an attempt was made to set it on fire. It failed, but the determined assailants were not to be baffled, and immediately sent back to Massachusetts for more troops. The Gortonists saw that unless they surrendered a bloody conflict must ensue, and that death would surely come to them, either among the ruins of their house, or else upon the scaffold under cover of the law. Wisely, they surrendered, and were at once carried to Boston as prisoners and placed on trial for their lives.

The courage of most men would have given way under such a combination of circumstances, but the untamable spirit of Gorton was not daunted even by the desperate strait in which he found himself. In his *Simplicities' Defence* he taunts his captors with the extent of their triumph — “a whole county to carry away eleven men.” Not in the slightest degree did he moderate the harsh epithets he was accustomed to apply to his adversaries, and the result was that all but three of the magistrates who sat in judgment upon him united in condemning him to death. To the credit of the Bay Colony it is recorded that the majority of the House of Deputies refused to sanction the barbarous decree. (It should be borne steadily in mind all the while that the crime of which Gorton was accused was “heresy.”) The sentence was therefore modified, and Gorton and six others were ordered to be confined in chains during the pleasure of the court. “Should they break jail, or in any way proclaim heresy, or reproach the Church or State, then upon conviction they should suffer death.” In the course of a year after the sentence was carried into effect public opinion had changed to such an extent that the prisoners were given their liberty, but sent away into banishment. The island of Aquidneck having received most of them, found that the bitter experience they had passed through had left its trace upon them, and had made them much better and less quarrelsome citizens. Gorton himself soon afterwards went to England, and through his efforts he and his partisans were at last placed in quiet possession of the lands they had purchased. The name Warwick was given to the town in honor of the great earl through whose influence Gorton's mission was at last successful. When at last, by the Royal Charter, the jurisdiction of Rhode Island was extended over Shawomet, a wonderful change came over the cavilling Gortonoges. “Their rigid adherence to all the forms of law, as well as to its spirit, was no less remarkable than had been their previous neglect. The charter supplied their theoretical wants, and devotion to its letter and spirit marked all their



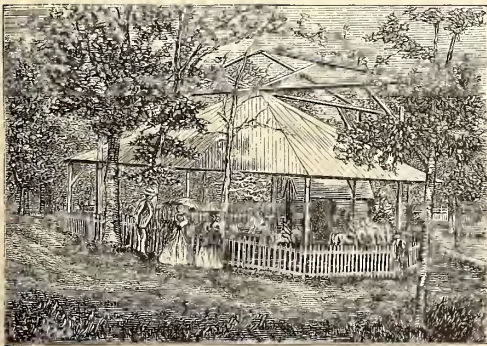
subsequent conduct." Gorton himself settled down into a peaceful, quiet and law-abiding citizen, and his great abilities soon secured for him the leading position in the colony. He lived for thirty years after the events that have just been narrated, and died in 1677. Says his biographer: "The exact spot where his ashes repose, is marked by no pious stone or monumental marble. Yet, if without other honors, may it at least ever be their privilege to sleep beneath the green sward of a free state."



The Restaurant.

The history of the town that was founded more than two hundred years ago, amid such turmoil and strife, is peculiarly rich in romantic incident. Many a noble son it has sent forth from its borders to win distinction and honor for himself and it. Of one such man the fame is national—that one who was second only to Washington in the ability displayed upon many a bloody field during the gloomy days of the American Revolution. While the Union he did so much to perfect shall last, the name of Nathaniel Greene shall not cease to be cherished and held in veneration.

Many a stirring deed also, has the old town witnessed. Upon Gaspee (then called Namquit) Point it was that the British armed schooner "Gaspee" ran aground on the ninth day of June, 1772.



The Flying Horses.

What Rhode Islander is not familiar with the story of the vessel's destruction! The "Gaspee" had been stationed in the bay to prevent smuggling. Her commander had discharged his duty with needless severity and with an entire disregard of the rights of the colonists. One day, while chasing a sloop up the bay, the man-of-war

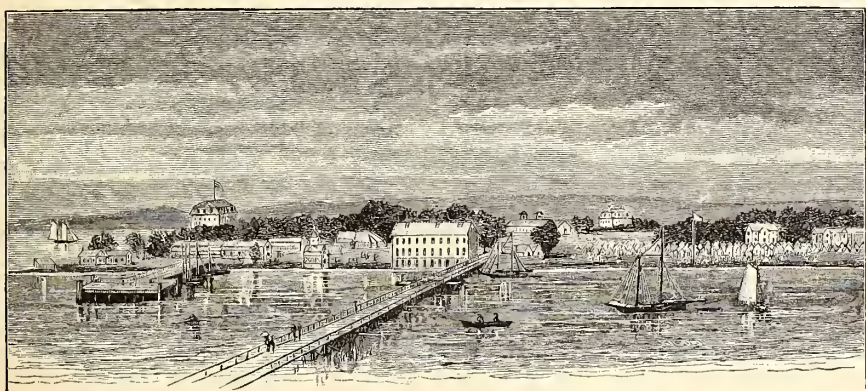


ran aground. The "chase" escaped and announced in Providence the condition of its would-be captor. Immediately a drummer went through the streets of the town proclaiming the situation of the hated vessel, and calling for volunteers to destroy her. It was not difficult to find men ready to engage in such an expedition. At nightfall eight long boats, with muffled oars to enable them to reach the enemy unperceived, started down the bay. As they approached the "Gaspee" they were joined by another boat from Bristol, under the command of Capt. Simeon Potter. The approach of the boats was after a while perceived by the people upon the schooner, who discharged at them a volley of musketry. The assailants promptly returned the fire and dashed forward to board the vessel. The combat which followed was short but decisive. The English commander was wounded, his vessel was captured, set on fire, and entirely destroyed. Without any attempt at concealment the victorious party rowed joyfully homeward. For information which might lead to the conviction of those who had participated in the affair the British government offered a reward of £1,000. Almost every one in Providence and Bristol was familiar with some of the attacking party, yet no one of any character in Rhode Island could be found to testify against them. The blood of Lieutenant Duddingston was the first British blood shed in the contest which resulted in the independence of America. The effect of the destruction of the "Gaspee" was felt throughout the length and breadth of the American Colonies, and the wave which closed over the charred timbers of the burning vessel swept onward, gathering might, across the ocean, until at last it broke with irresistible fury against the rocky coasts of the British Isles.

On the shores of Warwick are many of the most noted summer resorts upon Narragansett Bay. Of these, Rocky Point is the best known and the most picturesque. It is situated about twelve miles from the city of Providence, and was first opened to the public by Captain Winslow in 1847, who in that year purchased the property and began to carry excursionists to it in a steamboat. During his ownership, Captain Winslow spent nearly the whole income of the place in improvements. He sold it, at last, to Byron Sprague for \$60,000. Mr. Sprague still further improved it, spending about \$300,000, and in 1869 sold it to the American Steamboat Company. The Continental Steamboat Company, the present owners, are their successors. The hotel has accommodations for three hundred boarders, and the dining-hall for shore-dinners will seat 1,500 per-

sons. The grounds are ample and the means of enjoyment many, comprising a bathing-beach, a large dance-hall, a summer theatre, an observatory, swings, flying horses, etc. Shore-dinners are served every day during the summer.

Oakland Beach, about two miles southwest from Rocky Point, at the extremity of the peninsula of Horse Neck, is on Cowesett, or



Oakland Beach.

Greenwich Bay. Compared to Rocky Point this resort is new, having been first opened in 1873. It has a fine hotel, and the grounds are well laid out. On these grounds it is proposed to hold the annual encampment of the Rhode Island State Militia. The Warwick Railroad, a branch of the Providence and Stonington, which forms a junction with the main line in the southeastern part of the town of Cranston, has its terminus at Oakland Beach. It was opened in 1874, discontinued in 1876, and remained idle for a number of years. It is at present running under the management of the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad.

Buttonwood Beach is a large stretch of shore on the north side of Greenwich Bay which has always been a noted resort for clam-bakes. In 1871 the Buttonwood Beach Association purchased a tract of land at the eastern end of this beach, erected a large hotel, and laid out their land in cottage-lots, many of which are now occupied by tasteful structures of the style of the Martha's Vineyard cottages. Directly across Greenwich Bay, to the southward from the Buttonwoods, lies Pottowomut Neck, a part of Warwick which is occupied by farms and summer residences.

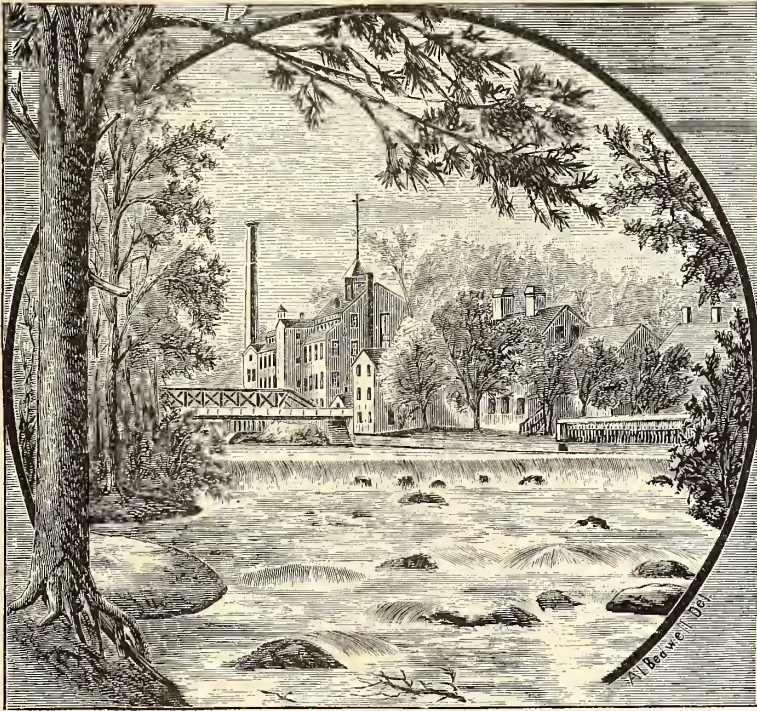
Apponaug, at the head of the river of that name (which is an inlet

from Greenwich Bay), is a small manufacturing and fishing village, on the line of the Providence and Stonington Railroad. As early as 1690, a fulling mill was erected here. This mill was kept in operation until within sixty or seventy years, but whether uninterruptedly from its first establishment in the place, is unknown. Permission was given by the General Assembly, in 1796, for the erection of a tide-mill; the power thus obtained, with that derived from the stream that flowed into the inlet, was used at first for running grist and saw mills, and eventually some small cotton and woolen factories. The principal industrial establishment in the place at present is the Oriental Print Works, one of the largest concerns of the kind in the State. Ship-building was at one time carried on in Apponaug, and also a brisk trade with neighboring parts. Fond dreams were indulged in by its inhabitants of the future importance of the place, and one individual declared that "Apponaug will yet be bigger than London."

The Pawtuxet River flows through a portion of Warwick. On both of its branches are many reservoirs for the storage of the superabundant spring waters. The water thus stored up is not sufficient to last through a very dry season, but in ordinary cases it renders effectual aid to the thirsty mills. For the town is no longer devoted to agriculture, as in olden days. It has become one of the great manufacturing centres of the State, and very many factory villages have grown up within its borders. In some of these villages the owners of the mills are also the owners of the tenement-houses which cluster about them. The great store, with its miscellaneous assortment of groceries, dry goods, hardware and crockery, in many cases likewise belongs to "the corporation." The earliest attempt to manufacture cotton goods in this part of the State was made in Centreville in the year 1794. The second cotton-mill in the country is said to have been erected in that village during that year.

During the early part of the present century most of the establishments here located were started. Since the war of the Rebellion few new cotton-mills have been erected, but many of the old factories have been very greatly enlarged. One of the most noted of the early manufacturers was Dr. Stephen Harris. He was one of the original members of the Greene Manufacturing Company, which began the manufacture of cotton at what is now the village of River Point, in 1813. In 1818 the business came under Dr. Harris' exclusive control, and from that time has been steadily prosperous. Two more





The Falls at Washington Village, Coventry.

mills were built, and many changes and improvements made by Dr. Harris, as his pecuniary means increased. "The tract of land which in 1798 was taxed for \$800, and for which he subsequently paid about \$2,500, he saw taxed, with its improvements, before he died for \$190,000." Dr. Harris died Oct. 10, 1858, aged 72. His heirs still carry on his business under the name of the Greene Manufacturing Company. The Hon. Simon Henry Greene, a grandson of Col. Christopher Greene, of revolutionary fame, was the successful conductor of a business, which, from small beginnings, has attained to considerable proportions. In 1828, in company with Edward Pike, he began the bleaching business, on the lowest water privilege on the north branch of the river. The firm subsequently engaged in calico printing. After Mr. Pike's death the interest of his heirs in the business was purchased by Mr. Greene, by whom and his sons the business has been continued until the present time, under the name of the Clyde Print Works and Bleachery.

In the year 1741 the town of Warwick had become sufficiently

populous to render its division advisable. On the 21st of August, in that year, the western part was set off and incorporated into a new town, under the name of Coventry. The area of the portion thus incorporated was fifty-eight square miles. In the original town only forty-four square miles were left. The new town, however, was much more sparsely settled than the old, and has always continued to be so. In 1748 the population was 792, while at the same date that of Warwick was 1,782. The population of Coventry in 1880 was 4,520; of Warwick, 12,167.

The greater portion of this township is rugged and hilly, though some parts are quite level and fertile. Flat River, the name which the south branch of the Pawtuxet receives in the first part of its course, for more than six miles beyond Washington does not fall more than sixteen inches to the mile. From this fact it derives its name. West of Washington Village, and south of the river, the land is low and marshy; here are located some of the largest reservoirs for the storage of water. Further west, along the line of the New York and New England Railroad, are extensive granite ledges. One is known as Nipmuc, and is situated a short distance from the railroad station of that name. Another is located between Coventry Centre and Summit stations. Summit obtains its name from the fact that it is on the ridge between the water-sheds of the Flat River and the Moosup, a tributary of the Thames. A small stream, which here issues from a ledge, divides into two streamlets, and one reaches the sea through Narragansett Bay, and the other through the Thames River in Connecticut.

Carbuncle Hill, in the northwestern part of Coventry, near the Connecticut border, is a natural curiosity, with which are connected some Indian legends. Tradition says that the Indians in its neighborhood had once in their possession a valuable carbuncle. The settlers desiring to obtain this gem, resorted to many expedients, but without success. Fearing that the white men might accomplish their purpose, the Indians buried the jewel in the pond near by, which is known by the name of Carbuncle Pond.

Before the Revolutionary War an anchor forge stood on the south branch of the Pawtuxet, between the present villages of Anthony and Quidnick. At what time the working of iron was begun here is unknown. Arnold, in his *History of Rhode Island*, states that "James Greene and others petitioned for the right to place a dam across the south branch of Pawtuxet River in the town of War-

wick, and to erect works thereupon for the refining of iron." This was in April, 1741, before the incorporation of Coventry. No doubt the anchor forge was afterwards built near the locality mentioned. Gen. Nathaniel Greene, in company with his brother, here engaged in business just before the Revolution.

The town of EAST GREENWICH was founded, not like Providence, Newport and Warwick, by fugitives from persecution for opinion's sake, but by a deliberate act of legislation. At the session of the General Assembly held in Newport, May, 1677, it was

"Ordered that a certain tract of land in some convenient place in the Narragansett country, shall be laid forth into one hundred acre shares, with the house lots, for the accommodation of so many of the inhabitants of this colony as stand in need of land, and the General Assembly shall judge fit to be supplied.

"In pursuance of said act of the General Assembly, this present court do enact and declare, that the said tract of land be forthwith laid forth to contain five thousand acres, which shall be divided as follows; five hundred acres to be laid in some place near the sea, as commodious as may be for a town, which said five hundred acres shall be divided into fifty house lots, and the remainder of said five thousand acres, being four thousand five hundred acres, shall be divided into fifty equal shares, or great divisions, and that each person hereafter named and admitted by this Assembly, to land in the said tract, shall have and enjoy to him and his heirs and assigns forever, in manner and form and under the conditions hereafter expressed, one of the said house lots and one great division, containing in the whole one hundred acres."

Then follows a list of forty-eight names of persons to whom this tract was granted in consideration of services rendered during King Philip's War, who thus became the proprietors of the town and founders of the new settlement of East Greenwich, this being the name which by act of legislature it was to be known. Farther legislation in regard to its settlement extended to very minute details.

The early settlers expected great things of the town. They anticipated, in view of its excellent harbor, that it would become a place of great commercial importance, and that its healthful location would attract thither many in search of homes. The liberality with which they laid out the streets shows that they meant that it should be worthy of its future greatness. The names which they bestowed upon them,



King, Queen, Marlboro, Duke, London, etc., are proofs of their loyalty to the mother country. Main Street is sixty feet wide, as are also some of the cross streets. The town is situated on an arm of a bay of the same name, which is itself an arm of Narragansett Bay. Its harbor is almost land-locked, and affords safe anchorage from storms which may visit the outer bay. The entrance to it is clear of sand-bars and rocks, so that it is easy of access, and its shores rise abruptly, giving sufficient depth of water to float large vessels. According to its local historian, the climate is healthful, and so mild that a number of delicate plants live out-doors during the entire winter, which in other places in the same latitude can only be preserved under cover.

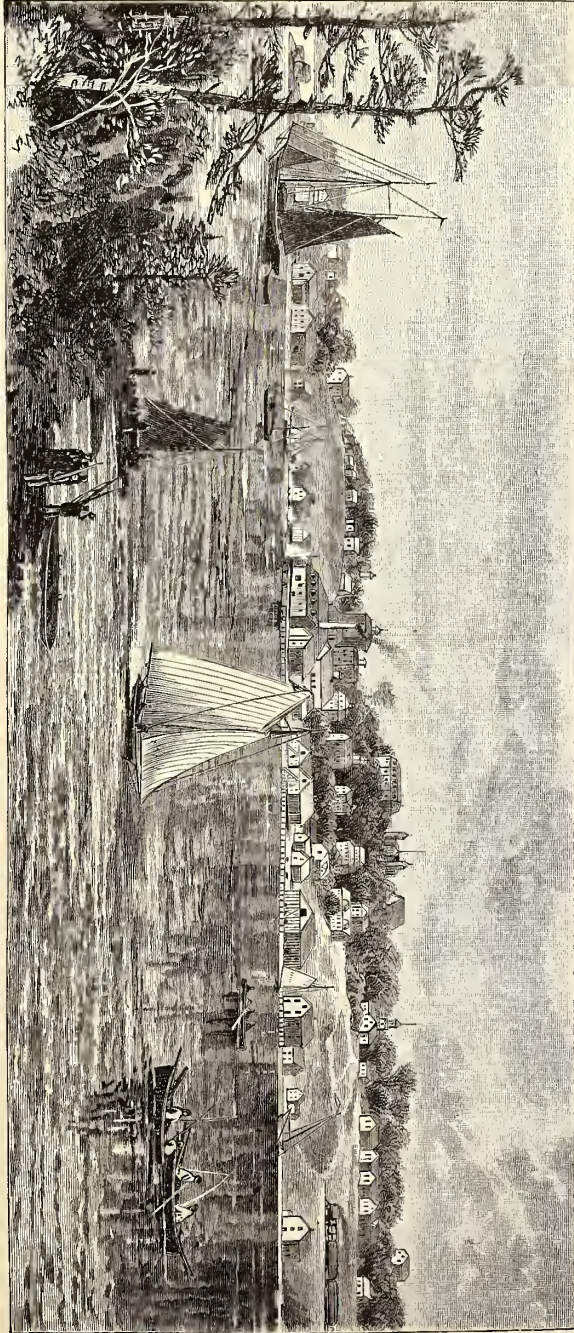
In the year 1709 the town purchased a tract of land adjoining its western border, containing 35,000 acres. Until 1740 the township extended from the bay on the east to Connecticut on the west. In that year it was divided into two parts which have ever since been called East and West Greenwich. On the 15th of June, 1750, the General Assembly formed a new county of the southern part of Providence County, comprising the towns of Warwick, Coventry, East and West Greenwich. It received the name Kent, and East Greenwich was selected to be the county-town, much to the disgust of Warwick, which craved the honor. It was also made a port of entry.

The first collector was Thomas Arnold, formerly an officer in the Revolutionary army. At the battle of Monmouth he lost a leg, and its place was supplied by a wooden one. At that time the town carried on quite an extensive trade with the Dutch colony of Surinam. The officers of the vessels belonging to the trade seem to have been possessed with the common delusion that it is no sin to cheat the government, and generally managed to enter the harbor during the night and smuggle taxable articles ashore before morning, the collector never venturing out in the night on account of his infirmity. At one time a vessel was obliged to stay outside until morning on account of the fog. Its officers, at a loss how to outwit the collector in broad daylight, invoked the aid of his son, by whose connivance his wooden leg disappeared and could not be found until all articles on board the vessel, subject to duties, were safe beyond the reach of custom-house officers. A part of the collector's duty was to issue licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors, the revenue from which helped to fill the treasury of the general government.

At the beginning of the Revolution, a Mr. Upton came from Nantucket and set up the first manufacturing establishment of the town. It was a pottery, and stood on the corner of King and Marlboro streets. The articles made in it were of coarse material and very rude in form. The clay used was obtained from Gould's Mount, in Quidnesett, where it is still found in great quantities. At the close of the war Mr. Upton returned to Nantucket, and his short-lived undertaking came to an end.

The record of first undertakings is always interesting. East Greenwich has the honor to have printed the first calico in America. Some time previous to 1794, a man named Dawson erected print-works, and carried on the business. The material used was linen, spun

A View of East Greenwich from the Water.





and woven in the families of the town. "A calico, or as it was then called, a chintz dress, was at that time a rare and costly article, and ranked as high in the scale of fashion as the silks and velvets do now. . . . Every family made their own cloth, and then carried it to the printing establishment to be printed, each person selecting their own pattern and colors. The patterns were very neat and pretty, and the colors remarkably brilliant."

The first establishment in the country for the manufacture of woolen cards was located at East Greenwich, in the dwelling-house opposite the Updike house. During the Revolution, saltpetre and wire were manufactured in the town. Previous to the year 1800 there were several tanneries in existence.

The first cotton-mill within the limits of the township was Tillinghast's Factory, situated on a small stream at the head of Hunt's River. It is now owned by Mr. Moon. It was built about the year 1812. Green's Dale Bleachery was built by the East Greenwich Manufacturing Company in company with some private individuals. It was situated on the Maskerchugg, but operated by steam. It was used at first as a bleachery, but after it came into the possession of Mr. George J. Adams it was converted into an establishment for printing mouseline de laine. These were so elegant in material, design, and color, that they were readily imposed upon the public, which saw no reason for doubting the genuineness of the labels, as of French make. Mr. Adams afterwards removed his business to Taunton, but for some reason he could not produce clear colors, and the undertaking proved a failure. He therefore returned to Maskerchugg, and devoted himself to calico-printing, which was attracting much attention among printers upon cloth. The buildings have been twice destroyed by fire, and each time rebuilt on a larger scale. The works have been operated by Adams & Butterworth since 1862.

Sixty years ago the town could boast a brass foundry. It was not extensive, but the articles manufactured in it were very elegant. It was owned by Mr. Cromwell Salisbury. He was a very ingenious mechanic, made his own metal, designed his own patterns, and himself did all the iron-work necessary at his own forge. He made tongs, shovels, andirons and supporters. In the year 1845 a machine-shop was erected on the corner of Division and Marlboro streets by Mr. Asa Arnold. Mr. Arnold is known as the inventor of compound motion, or differential wheels, as applied to cotton speeders, an invention which has never been superseded during the fifty years in which



it has been in general use throughout the world. The shop was at first used for the manufacture of various kinds of machinery, but is now confined to that for making seine and fish nets.

In 1873 Mr. Earnshaw commenced the manufacture of mats and scrubbing-brushes out of coir. This is a product of the fibrous part



The Academy, East Greenwich.

of the husk of the cocoanut. This manufactory is the only one of its kind in the United States.

There is no place, however small, without its local celebrity, famous either for good or for evil, for wisdom or for folly. Such a one in East Greenwich was Jemima Wilkinson, and her claim to fame was her almost incredible folly. She was not a native of the town, having been born in Cumberland, in the year 1751, but she included East Greenwich in her periodical visitations, and had here a meeting-house which was called by the irreverent "the Jemima Meeting-house." From a gay, worldly girl, fond of dress, society and amusement, in the year 1774 she suddenly became a religionist, gave up all society, and studied the Bible continually. After about two years of retirement, she pretended to be ill, remaining in bed and exciting much sympathy and solicitude. She recounted to her nurses and watchers marvelous stories of celestial visitors and visions. At length she went into a trance which lasted several days, from which she suddenly awoke, asked for her clothes, rose and dressed, and went about in perfect health. She announced that although it was the body of Jemima, the soul had gone to heaven, and she blasphemously

asserted that the spirit of Jesus Christ now dwelt in her body. She declared that she should live and reign a thousand years on earth, and then be translated, and that her name was the "Universal Friend." Notwithstanding the arrogance and absurdity of her claims, she collected about her some very devoted adherents, not only among the ignorant, but also among the intelligent, who are not supposed to be so susceptible to imposition as the former. This can be partly explained by the fact that she possessed great personal beauty, both of face and form, was graceful, and apparently believed supremely in herself.

Her object seems to have been to found a new religion, of which she should be the head. Disaffected members of various societies became her disciples, and three or four meeting-houses were built for her in different parts of the State. The form of worship which she imposed upon her followers was modeled after that of the Friends, but she continually varied it by enforcing capricious and tyrannical rules from which she allowed no appeal. Her moral character was by no means above reproach, several scandals having been coupled with her name. At one time she was convicted of having stolen \$2,000 from the general treasurer of Rhode Island, either directly or through the instrumentality of one of her satellites who was entertained at his house during one of her visits. Immediately after this, in the spring of 1779, she removed with her adherents to Ontario County, New York, and founded a settlement which she called "New Jerusalem." Here she administered affairs with shrewdness and skill, and died in 1819, at the age of sixty-eight, some nine hundred and odd years before she intended to.

She pretended to work miracles, which, however, invariably proved failures, "owing to want of faith on the part of the spectators." One of these attempts at miracles was openly turned into ridicule by the wit of a military officer who was present. A favorite "apostle" had been ill, and his death was announced. Jemima gave public notice that after he had slept four days, she would restore him to life. An immense throng of people, believers and sceptics, assembled to witness the act. Jemima discoursed briefly on death and the resurrection, and then declared that then and there she would convince them of her heavenly mission by raising the "apostle" from the dead. At this crisis, the officer stepped forward with drawn sword and remarked that he would just run his sword through the body, to make sure that the man was dead. Whereupon the top of the coffin



was violently thrown back, and the ghostly tenant incontinently fled, to the dismay of the faithful and the amusement of the unbelieving.

It is a little remarkable that this fanaticism of Jemima Wilkinson is the only one that has ever had birth within the limits of Rhode Island, a colony whose foundation-stone is religious toleration.



A Street View in East Greenwich.

The Society of Friends has always been identified with East Greenwich. Driven from the Massachusetts colonies, they found rest and security within the borders of Rhode Island. The first house of worship in the town was built by them. The society organization consists of a Yearly Meeting, made up of several quarterly meetings, which in their turn are made up of sundry monthly meetings, and these are composed of preparative meetings. The Yearly Meetings, of which there are several in the country, are organizations entirely independent of each other, and of equal importance and authority. The New England Yearly Meeting comprises the quarterly meetings of Rhode Island, New Bedford, Falmouth, Dover, and some others, and is held on alternate years in Newport and Portland. Until within three years, it was held in Newport every year. Great efforts have been made to effect its permanent removal to Portland, but they have been unsuccessful, the tenure of some of the property of the meeting being dependent upon its being held in Newport. The East Greenwich meeting is a quarterly one, comprising its own monthly meetings, and those of South Kingstown, Providence, and Swansea. East Greenwich monthly meeting includes the preparative meetings of itself and Coventry, which are held on alternate First-days in the two towns. This meeting was organized June 12, 1699, at the



house of John Briggs, Kingstown, and was first called the Narragansett Monthly Meeting. First-day meetings were held in Kingstown, near Wickford, in Joseph Hull's house, and afterwards in that of William Gardiner. Three monthly meetings were held in the house of John Briggs, after which they were held in that of Jabez Greene, of Warwick. Before the close of the year it was resolved to build a meeting-house. This was erected about half a mile southwest of the village, near Payne's grist-mill. It was not finished until 1703, although it was used for First-day meetings for some time before that. In the third month of that year Peter Greene, Jabez Greene, and Thomas Greenall were appointed a committee to finish it. The records of the next month contain the following minute: "Upon further consideration of ye finishing our meeting house, it is seen convenient by this meeting yt those three Friends may omit ye finishing at ye present, yt they may propagate ye building a small addition to ye meeting house as they may see convenient." The addition could have hardly been extensive enough to warrant much delay, as the bill presented therefor amounted to only £1, 10s. 3d. The meeting-house in which the society now worships was built in 1804.

Many able ministers of the society have lived within the limits of the East Greenwich meeting. Among them, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was James Scrivens, or Scribbens, as he was commonly called. His preaching was wonderful, but he himself had so little common sense that he could not earn his own living. He generally attended the Yearly Meeting at Newport. Returning thence, at one time, he boasted that he had preached, and preached well. "No, James," said a Friend who had been present, and who thought it his duty to rebuke such spiritual pride, "thou art greatly mistaken; thou hast not preached to-day, it was thy gift that preached."

East Greenwich is the site of a classical school of a high order of excellence. At its incorporation, in 1802, it was known as Kent Academy. It was opened to pupils in 1804, under Mr. Abner Alden, a very successful instructor. In the year 1841 the establishment was sold to the Providence Methodist Episcopal Conference, and is now known as the Greenwich Academy.

WEST GREENWICH. — The town of West Greenwich was originally a part of the "Vacant Land Tract." In the year 1709 East Greenwich found it expedient to enlarge her borders, and accordingly purchased a tract of land adjoining her western boundary containing

some thirty-five thousand acres. Its owners, thirteen in number, "made Saile" of this tract to the governor and company of "her Majestie's" Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in consideration of the sum of one thousand one hundred pounds of current money of New England "well and truly paid" to them. This tract became part of the town of East Greenwich, and remained so until 1740, when a petition was laid before the General Assembly to set off the western part into a separate township. There seems to have been no reluctance upon the part of the inhabitants of the eastern part of the town to agree to this petition, and they laid no restraint upon the departure of their western neighbors from their control. Indeed, the care which they took to record that they gave their consent "by a great majority," would seem to indicate a rather unflattering willingness to be rid of them.

In 1740, therefore, West Greenwich commenced existence as an independent township. It is an inland town, mathematically regular in outline, being a rectangle three times as long as wide, its greatest length being from east to west. Its surface is somewhat hilly. The most considerable eminence is Hopkins Hill, from whose summit a fine view of the surrounding country, with its forests and streams, its hamlets and out-lying farms can be obtained. The town is an agricultural one, although in many places the soil is light and thin, and in others the advantages which a more favorable condition of the soil would naturally give, are in a great measure neutralized by want of proper cultivation.

A large part of the town is still forest, white pine, oak, chestnut and birch growing in great quantities. These forests are a source of considerable revenue to their owners, and there are not less than twelve saw and shingle mills for their conversion into lumber. There are several ponds within the limits of the town, the principal of which are Tepepecansett and Bailey's ponds on the Connecticut line, Wickaboxet Pond, a little east of these, and Mishnock and Carr's ponds in the eastern section of the town. The streams in this section flow north into the Pawtuxet River, while those of the western half of the town flow south and find their way into the ocean through the Pawcatuck. In the northwestern part of the town, there is a mass of gray granite call Rattlesnake Ledge. It was formerly the fastness of great numbers of those deadly reptiles. They were so numerous years ago, that the inhabitants of the vicinity used to make a practice every year of assembling on a fixed day and

going out to wage a war of extermination against them. In this way they succeeded in greatly reducing their numbers, but they have not been altogether destroyed, a few lurking around the ledge to this day.

When, at the Restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England, the regicide judges found it necessary for the safety of their lives to flee from their native land, they came to America, and Theophilus Whalley found his way into the Rhode Island Colony. After a short stay in North Kingstown, he removed to West Greenwich, where he lived to a very old age in exile. His remains were buried on his farm near Hopkins Hill. This custom of having a private burying-ground on the family estate is one very commonly followed in the town. There is but one public cemetery, and that is connected with the West Greenwich Centre Baptist Church.

There are several villages within the township, all of which are small. Nooseneck Valley is the largest of these. It is almost at the centre of the town, and lies in the valley of the Big River, a branch of the Pawtuxet, which at this point in its course has a very rapid fall. It derives its name, "Nooseneck," from the fact that numbers of deer were formerly entrapped here in a running noose. The mill privilege formed by the rapid fall of the river is quite valuable, and has been improved at various times by different mill-owners. A fatality, which extended to other mills in the town, seems to have attended those built upon this privilege. One built by David Hopkins for the manufacture of yarn was three times destroyed by fire, and another one on the opposite bank, the property of Jonathan Hopkins, twice suffered the same disaster. A short distance above the site of these two mills, one was erected in 1812 by the West Greenwich Manufacturing Company for the purpose of spinning yarn. They became involved in a lawsuit arising out of the question of the title deeds, and the property was sold according to a decision of the United States Circuit Court. Passing through several hands, it finally came into the possession of its present owner, Mr. R. K. Edwards, who having enlarged and improved the mill, manufactures yarn and carpet-warps. This is the most extensive business of the town and employs twenty hands. There is one other yarn-factory about a quarter of a mile above this one, owned by the firm of Hopkins & Edwards. Two establishments for distilling pyroligneous acid are in operation, which together produce about a thousand and fifty gallons a day. Various other industrial enterprises have been attempted in different



parts of the town, but have not proved successful. The mills already mentioned, together with four grist-mills, constitute the principal claims which the town can bring to be considered as interested in manufactures.



Episcopal Church, East Greenwich.

West Greenwich Centre, which one would naturally expect to find in the middle of the town, is a village in the northwestern corner, and is probably so called in accordance with the principle enunciated by that amiable, witty, and altogether admirable young man, the younger Mr. Weller, when he explained that certain persons were called laundresses, "because they has such a mortal aversion to washing anything."

EXETER.—That part of the State comprised within the limits of the town of Exeter has been called the "Alps of Rhode Island." This name applies more properly to the western portions of the town. Numerous small streams, tributaries of the Pawtuxet and Pawcatuck rivers, have their sources among these hills. Because of its remoteness and physical features, this region remained for a longer period than neighboring sections of the country a haunt of the red men. Previous to King Philip's War no settlements had been made in it, and not until the power of the Indians was effectually broken were its hill-sides and valleys occupied by white settlers. It formed a part of the

“Pettaquamscot Purchase,” which was bought from the Indians in 1657, and for many years portions of it were included in the celebrated “vacant lands.” Exeter continued an integral part of North Kingstown until March 8, 1742-43, at which date it was incorporated, and was named after Exeter, in England.

Queen’s River flows through the eastern part of the town, and Wood River through the western portion. The source of one of the branches of the last-named river is Deep Pond. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the fish commissioners in 1872 to stock this pond with black bass. Beach Pond, on the border between Exeter and Connecticut, witnessed in by-gone days many exciting scenes. On its shores on the last Saturday in June, the people from all the surrounding country were accustomed to congregate and engage in various athletic sports. The favorite horses of the neighborhood were pitted against each other in trials of speed. In foot-races and trials of strength the young men found enjoyment and afforded amusement to the spectators. In many other sports and pastimes was the day passed, the people finding thereby “relaxation from the busy toil of the farm and the drudgery of the household.” This practice has now been discontinued.

Five hundred acres of land within the present limits of Exeter had been given, about the year 1696, by “Samuel Sewell, of Boston, one of the original purchasers of Pettaquamscot,” to support a school for the children of the inhabitants. Previous to the incorporation of Exeter this gift had not been used. In 1766 the General Assembly, in response to a petition to that effect, conferred power to render the gift available according to the original design, and “the town of Exeter had leave to build a school-house near the east end of the town, on the public highway, which was laid out ten rods wide.”

The celebrated James Lillibridge is said to have been born in Exeter, about the year 1765. He was the natural child of a Miss Mowrey, and was known by the name of his reputed father, James Lillibridge. In the records of Exeter there is no mention of his birth or of the residence of his mother in the town. “He lived on the Long Wharf in Newport, with his mother and sisters, in the house now known as ‘the Bohanna House.’ It is said that his mother and sisters were disreputable persons, and that in consequence of a family quarrel he left home and went to sea. Lillibridge changed his surname to that of Murray, and was afterwards known as James Murray. He was bound as an apprentice to some mechanical trade before he

became a sailor. After following the sea for a time he arrived at Tranquebar, on the coast of Coromandel, about 1790, and some time in that year, having heard that certain Frenchmen who had entered the service of the Indian princes had risen rapidly in rank and fortune, he determined to take service under some one of the Mahratta chiefs. He reached the province and entered the service of Holkar, one of the most formidable of these leaders. Instead of



Beach Pond, Exeter.

uniting against the common enemy, these petty sovereigns for a half century had been engaged in an intestine warfare. In the hazardous enterprises of these inglorious wars, Murray 'became conspicuous for his invincible courage and undaunted presence of mind, as well as for his personal prowess.' He remained in the Mahratta service for fifteen years, during which he was actively engaged in every species of peril and hardship known to that terrible warfare, from Cape Cormorin to the borders of Persia."

He was brought to the notice of the British government in India, by having saved the lives of a number of British officers whom he had captured, but who had been condemned to death by Holkar. At the risk of his own life Murray prevented their execution, but by this act he lost the confidence of Holkar, and, disgusted with the service of his barbarous master, he revolted and contrived to get possession of a considerable tract of country, which he governed as an independent ruler. On the breaking out of the war between the British government and Scindia, Murray surrendered his sovereignty and proclaimed the supremacy of the British government in his principality. At the head of 7,000 native cavalry he entered the



British service and rendered valuable aid throughout the war. He retained his independent command, and was treated with much deference and respect by the British generals. "At the siege of Bhurtpore, where the British army lost nearly ten thousand men in four successive attempts to storm the place, Murray was in continual action, and earned the title of being 'the best partisan officer in India.'" At the conclusion of the war Murray was retired on half-pay, and as he had acquired a large fortune, he determined to visit his native country. A further reason that caused him to determine upon this course was that, while during the war he had been treated by the British officers with great consideration, on the restoration of peace they manifested indifference toward him.

"A few days before the time fixed for his embarkation he gave a splendid entertainment to his acquaintances in Calcutta. After dinner, when elated with wine, he undertook the entertainment of his guests by riding his Arabian charger, which had carried him in the war, over the dining-table. The horse's foot became entangled in the carpet and threw his rider. Murray received internal injuries, which induced mortification, and he died in a few days. He was said to have been the best horseman in India, and unrivaled in the use of the broad-sword. He is described as having been, in ordinary life, a mild and amiable man, but when aroused in anger he became ferocious and ungovernable. He was of middling height, pleasing expression of countenance, and had great bodily strength and agility. He is said to have been attacked upon one occasion by seven Mahratta horsemen, of whom he killed three and then effected his escape from the other four. Many were his wild and romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, but their history is but imperfectly known, for he was modest, and not given to boasting of his own exploits. Though he had been from his home since his boyhood, he retained a wonderful attachment for his native country, and he sometimes loaned considerable sums of money to persons upon no other assurance than that they were Americans. After his death a portion of his fortune, some \$20,000, it is said, was transmitted to his mother and sisters at Newport, upon the receipt of which they changed their residence and became candidates for respectability, but they afterwards returned to Newport.

"The history of India for twenty years is the record of his achievements and of his wonderful daring. He not only fought Scindia, but the forces of the nabobs of Arcot, of Oudre and Surat, and under

the direction of Major-General Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lake, he took Indore and Malwa, and with equal valor he fought on the plains, in the mountain passes, and among the jungles of Hindostan, either under the cross of St. George or in defence of the claims of some savage master."

The town of HOPKINTON comprises an oblong section of country in the southern part of the State, bounded on the north by Exeter, on the east by Richmond, on the south by Westerly, and on the west by Connecticut. In the northern part the country is rather hilly, and there are numerous ponds. The land is rough and stony, and was originally covered with a strong growth of trees. Farming is the principal occupation of the inhabitants. Wood River is the boundary between Richmond and Hopkinton, and on its banks and those of its tributaries within the town are many grist and saw mills and other small manufacturing establishments. The most considerable village in Hopkinton on this river is Hope Valley, where there are a number of cotton and woolen factories. Here also are located the works of Nichols & Langworthy, machinists and iron founders, and builders of engines, boilers, and printing presses. The Wood River branch of the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad, which connects with the main line at Wood River Junction in the town of Richmond, terminates at Hope Valley. This railroad was opened in the year 1874. Through the southern part of the town, near the Connecticut border, flows the Ashaway River, a tributary of the Pawcatuck. On this stream are several manufacturing villages, the principal one of which is Ashaway, where the woolen manufacture is the leading industry. Hopkinton originally formed part of Westerly, but on March 19, 1757, it was incorporated as a separate town.

The first settlement in Hopkinton is supposed to have been made in 1704, by Daniel Lewis. He was a fuller by trade, and carried on his business near the present village of Laureldale, at which place he built a dam across the Ashaway River. Many of his descendants still reside in the town. One of them, Christopher C. Lewis, was town clerk from 1817 to 1858, when he resigned. During that entire period he was present and officiated at every town-meeting except one, at which his son, Dea. Nathan K. Lewis, took his place. On his retirement from office the town passed a vote thanking him "for the able and impartial manner in which he had discharged the duties of said office for the term of forty-one years."

Hopkinton City is the name given to a small village in the central part of the town, a short distance from the Connecticut border. When it was first laid out great were the expectations of its future importance. In the days of stage-coaches, as the New London and Providence turnpike passed through it, some business was brought to the place, and here was located one of the "wayside inns." But the new methods of traveling by railroad left it stranded high and dry, out of reach and sight of the current of modern commercial intercourse. Among the other small villages in the town are Laureldale, Locustville, Bethel, Woodville, Rockville, and Centreville.

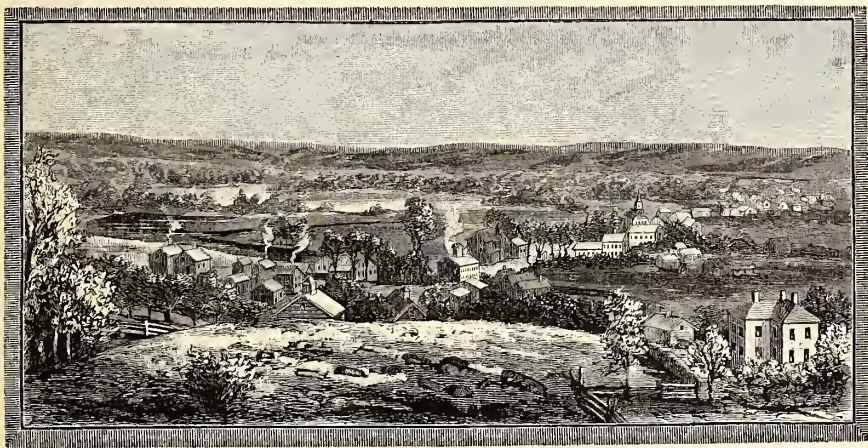
Many of the people of Hopkinton, like their neighbors of Westerly, are Sabbatarians, and there are in the town four churches of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination. There are, besides, a Methodist Episcopal church, a Second Advent, and two First-day Baptist churches, and two Friends' meeting-houses. In 1828 public schools were first established, and from that time until the present, good progress has been made in the erection of suitable school buildings, and in general educational growth. A printing office was established Nov. 1, 1866, in the village of Hope Valley, by Mr. L. W. A. Cole, and in 1876 the same gentleman started a newspaper under the name of the *Wood River Advertiser*.

"The first settlers of Hopkinton, puritanical though they were in many things, had their amusements. Muster or training days were special seasons of amusement and recreation, at which business was generally suspended, and both old and young went to see the 'trainers,' to hear the fife and the drum, and to feast on molasses candy and gingerbread. General or regimental and brigade trainings would call together a large portion of the population from miles around. On these occasions all, with scarcely an exception, imbibed freely of cider, rum and cherry brandy, until story-telling and social hilarity became general. Temperance consisted in not getting drunk, but a little boozy. Stated holidays were special seasons of merry-making. In addition to these, the young people would have huskings, bush-cuts, quiltings, spinning-bees and apple-cuts. At all these there was some work and a good deal of fun, much of story-telling, of love-making, singing and joking."

Before the spread of intelligence had become general, many superstitious notions prevailed. One of the most common of these was a belief in witches and wizards. Tradition tells of two noted diviners who resided in Hopkinton. One was an old woman named

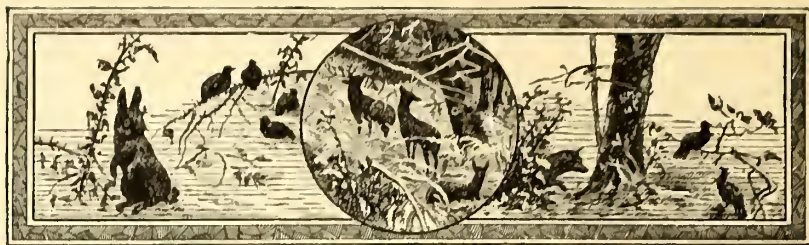


Granny Mott, who lived in Hopkinton while it was still a part of Westerly. While on a hunting expedition, one of her neighbors was much troubled by a flock of heath-hens, one of which would fly close to him, but which he was unable to shoot. At last he cut a



A Bit of Hope Valley, Hopkinton.

silver button from his coat, and with it loaded his gun and shot the bird. Shortly after, Granny Mott was reported to be sick, and soon died, and as her daughter would not allow any one to assist in preparing the body for burial, it was at once surmised that the bird the sportsman had shot with the silver button had been the old woman in disguise. The other "uncanny" personage was a "little old negro man, jet black," who was supposed to have bewitched a young lady whose father would not allow him to fiddle at the marriage of her sister. The result of this refusal was that the young lady became subject to fits, which could only be alleviated by fiddling, and her father was obliged to engage a fiddler by the month, as the spasms occurred every evening. She was ultimately partially cured by the prayers of a man from Connecticut. Several peculiar religious sects have at times been found in Hopkinton. Toward the close of the last century a few Shakers were living here. Some years after, however, another sect, called Beldenites, arose. Those in Hopkinton, from one of their preachers, were called Morseites; in their meetings they went through a ridiculous performance of dancing, leaping, shouting and hooting. They also practiced what they called the "Holy Kiss," and were accused of great looseness in their manner of life. After a few years the sect died out.



## CHAPTER X.

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WESTERLY — THE NIANITIC INDIANS — THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS — THE GREAT AWAKENING — WESTERLY GRANITE — FOUR NOTED MEN. CHARLESTOWN — NINIGRET'S FORT — THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ESTHER. RICHMOND — THE FIGHT AT SHANNOCK MILLS.



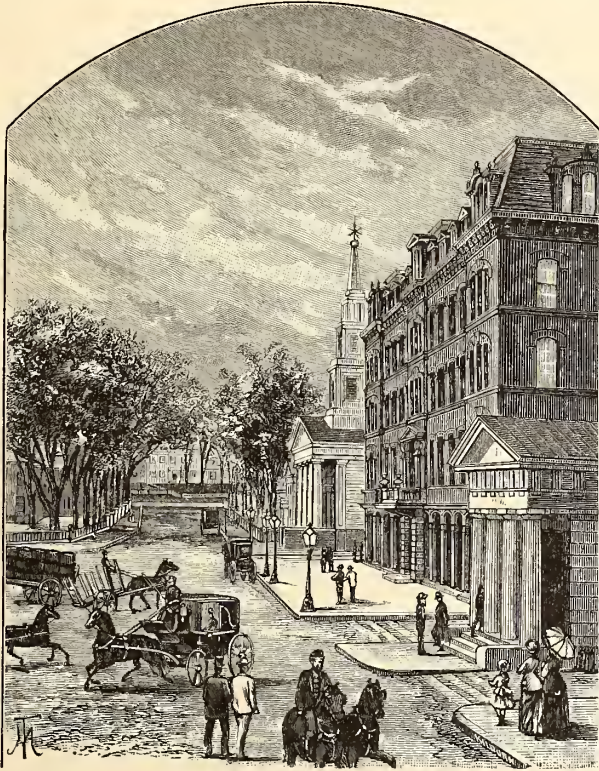
WESTERLY. — Centuries ago, before the white man had thought of seeking a home in these distant lands, when the broad Atlantic rolled its surf against a shore whose trackless forests, extending far inland, were the abodes of savage Indians and prowling wild beasts, Misquamicut, as the southern shore of Rhode Island was called, was the home of the aboriginal tribe of the Niantics. Their territory extended from Wecapaug in Charlestown to the Connecticut River, and reached back twenty or thirty miles from the coast. Their kings were the celebrated Ninigrets. When the first white settlers came hither the tribe was divided into the Eastern and the Western Niantics, the Eastern section holding Misquamicut and the Western having their home in Connecticut.

The history of the Niantics is interwoven with that of all of the present towns of Westerly, Charlestown, Richmond, and Hopkinton, which constituted the original tract of Misquamicut, which after its settlement by Europeans was called Westerly; and although the reservation upon which the remnant of the tribe lives is in Charlestown, it is as well, perhaps, that their story should be told as part of the portion which retains the name of Westerly.

According to tradition, the Niantics were comparatively mild in their manners, and disposed to live peaceably with the surrounding



tribes. But the Pequots, who were not only cruel but also grasping, cast covetous eyes upon their fair possessions, and descended upon them from the head waters of the Hudson with such slaughter that the tribe was almost destroyed. The Eastern Niantics were glad to place themselves under the protection of the Narragansetts, an ancient and powerful tribe, which occupied almost the whole of the



A View on Broad Street, Westerly.

western part of Rhode Island. Now that the Niantics had become tributary to them, their sway extended to the ocean on the south and to the Pawcatuck or "Narragansett River" on the west. Historians always speak of the two tribes under the common name of the Narragansetts, although the remnant of the two is largely Niantic, and dwells upon Niantic land, and although at the death of the Narragansett sachem, Canonchet, his sceptre passed into the hands of Ninigret, who with his descendants ruled the tribes until the death of George, the last of the Ninigrets.

The Ninigret who held sway when the first whites came to these



shores, was a chief of great military reputation, haughty and spirited, but honorable in his dealings with the whites. In the year 1664, he was at war with the Montauks, who lived at the eastern end of Long Island, and whose king was the notable Wyandance. The latter was represented by his sachem, Ascassassatic. Of him and his opponent, Roger Williams says: "The former is proud and foolish, the latter proud and fierce." Victory perched on Ninigret's banner. The Connecticut settlers with some arrogance declared that they had taken the Montauks under their protection, and demanded peace in their behalf. Ninigret's answer to this demand was, "The Long Island Indians began the war, killed one of my sachem's sons, and sixty men. If your governor's son were killed, and several men, would you ask counsel of another nation how and when to right yourself?" Incensed at this scornful reply, they straightway sent forces, horse and foot, against Ninigret, who, however, entrenched himself in a swamp, and the troops were fain to acknowledge themselves outwitted and to return. This swamp, is doubtless the cedar swamp, near Burden's Pond, Westerly.

The feud between the two tribes continued in all its bitterness. At length each, without the knowledge of the other, determined to make an onslaught which should be final. It so happened that they fixed upon the same night for the purpose. It was a clear moonlight night. The Niantics starting out, saw the canoes of the Montauk warriors approaching their shores swiftly and silently. Immediately they fell back, and themselves unseen, awaited the landing of the enemy. As they were forming into line, the Niantics descended upon them like a tempest, and dealt destruction among them until there was scarcely a remnant of the invading host left. This slaughter took place near Watch Hill. Not content with this success, Ninigret embarked for Montauk, where Wyandance, weakened by the loss of his warriors and taken by surprise, fell an easy prey, and the strength of the Montauks was forever broken.

Ninigret remained a pagan all his life. Indeed, the practice of many of the whites went but little way to commend their preaching. When asked to favor the spread of Christianity among the Indians, he replied that it would be better to confine its preaching to the English until they brought forth some good fruits. One of his descendants, however, known as "King Tom," became a Christian, and during his reign an Indian church was established. The last of the Ninigrets was George, who was reigning during the American

Revolution. By his untimely death at the age of twenty-two, the dynasty came to an end. Since this event the tribe has been ruled by a president or governor, elected annually, assisted by a council of four. Ever since the year 1707 they have been under the jurisdiction of the State. They are allowed their own government, but it must harmonize with that of Rhode Island. The tribe has dwindled away to a very small number, and has lost most of its characteristics through intercourse with the whites. At present there is not a pure-blooded Indian among them.

The first Europeans who visited the shores of Misquamicut were Dutch traders, who came hither in search of furs. They made no settlement, they did not even set up any trading-houses, but came up the rivers and inlets and made exchanges with the Indians. Adrian Block, the Dutch navigator, explored the coast in his little vessel, the "Restless," in the year 1614, and the Dutch geographer, DeLast, sketched it in 1616, from the journal kept by Captain Block. The outline of the coast has changed quite materially since this first map of it was sketched. What is now Quonocontaug Pond, was formerly a harbor, open to the ocean, but which has since been cut off from the ocean by the filling up of its mouth during heavy gales.

Tradition and poetry, neither of which can be relied upon in matters of history, have preserved an account of the first colonists of Westerly. With that disregard of strict accuracy which characterizes them, they have both overlooked the date of the event which they commemorate. But it was probably somewhere near the year 1630. In those days there came to Newport, then a hamlet, a young man by the name of John Babcock, who entered the employ of Thomas Lawton. Mr. Lawton had a daughter Mary, and the two young people fell in love with each other. Mary's father refused his consent to their marriage, but they, nothing daunted, determined to marry without it, which they accordingly did. So far the story is commonplace enough. The romance of it is found in their journey — or voyage, rather — to the mainland, to escape the wrath of the angry father. They embarked in a small boat and sailed past Point Judith, out upon the stormy Atlantic. Turning westward, they skirted the coast until, having passed Watch Hill, they came to the mouth of the Pawcatuck. They sailed up the river as far as Pawcatuck Rock. Here they landed, and were cordially welcomed by Ninigret, and here founded the first home of white men in this wilderness. Such is the tradition sacredly preserved among the early fam-

ilies of the town, dearer to them, no doubt, than the strictest truth would be, if it were possible to know it.

The first really historic white men who ever penetrated the primeval forest of the town, were the heroes who marched through it to the aid of their brethren and the discomfiture of the terrible Pequots, in the year 1637. They came with Capt. John Mason as their leader from the shores of the Narragansett, halted over night at Ninigret's Fort, and persuaded him, although he had determined to preserve a neutral position, to send some of his warriors against the Pequots. When they reached the Pawcatuck, they rested and refreshed themselves at the ford, and then pursued their march into the enemy's country, to aid in what proved to be a war of extermination upon the Pequots.

A reliable date meets us at 1660. In this year Misquamicut became the property of a company organized in Newport for its purchase. The principles of the Rhode Island colonies forbade that land should be acquired from the Indians in any other way. Efforts had been made as early as 1658, to obtain a deed of this tract. In 1660 the purchase was made of Sosoia, a renegade Pequot, who, for conspicuous services rendered to the Rhode Island tribes in one of their many fierce battles, was rewarded by Miantonomi and Ninigret with the title-deeds of Misquamicut. Some doubt was felt as to the legality of Sosoia's claim and consequent right to make the transfer, which was set at rest by a document signed by Wawaloam, widow of Miantonomi, confirming his claim. The company forming the other party to the transaction consisted of William Vaughan, Robert Stanton, John Fairfield, Hugh Mosher, and James Longbottom. They organized a colony the next year, which was incorporated as a town in 1669, although it then contained but thirty white families. The town was called Westerly, from its position. A portion of it was erected into a new township in 1738, under the name of Charlestown. In 1757 another portion was set off and called Hopkinton. In the year 1747 Charlestown was divided, the new township thus formed receiving the name of Richmond.

In the year 1740 there occurred a remarkable religious movement, known as the "Great Awakening." Its influence extended throughout the settlements of the land, but was especially felt in New England. In Westerly, it produced great results, leading to the formation of no less than five religious societies within the limits of the original town. Previous to this revival the Sabbatarians had held



regular services, and a missionary had been sent by the New England Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to preach to the Indians and such English as chose to attend upon his ministrations. As he was, in his own words, "a moral religious person, but awfully in the dark as to the way of salvation," it is fair to infer that his missionary efforts were not specially productive of good. The revival owed its immediate origin to the eloquent preaching of George Whitefield. He had spent three days in Newport, preaching and praying for a land waiting and longing for spiritual relief. When the awakening came it spread like wildfire over the land. It was viewed with disfavor by the churches already established, which, indeed, were sore shaken and torn by it. The Sabbatarians or Seventh Day Baptists were, by their own showing, especially opposed to it, and spoke scornfully of it as the "New Light Stir." It produced a particularly happy effect among the Indians of Westerly, bringing many of them out of pagan darkness into the light of the Gospel. "The movement resulted in the separation of scores of churches from the standing order, and in the general renovation of the State churches themselves. In fact, the revival was the blow that, in its consequences, led to the separation of Church and State, and resolved the Presbyterians into Congregationalists. And how much the American Revolution owes to the Great Awakening, as a preparation, both in spirit and principles, might well engage a chapter of our national history. . . . If the old churches of Massachusetts had cordially accepted the New Light diffused by the Spirit, through the testimony of Whitefield, Tennent, Backus and the Separatists, they would have been spared the pain and loss that finally came upon them, through their half-way covenants, in the apostasy of multitudes in the bosom of the churches and societies, who, under the plea of liberalism, went over to the ranks of Unitarianism, and rent the churches and societies, and bore away from them much of their invested property." (The passage just quoted is from the Rev. F. Denison's *History of Westerly*.)

The coast of Westerly is a very dangerous one, being partly sand and partly rock. Watch Hill Point runs far out into the ocean, and with its out-lying reefs has been the scene of many a dreadful disaster. Napatree and Sandy points are a continuation of this promontory. They curve around, enclosing a portion of the sound called Little Narragansett Bay. Watch Hill looks down upon the scene of many a bygone event. Its elevation makes it a good point of

lookout. From it, Ninigret watched the Pequot canoes stealthily approaching for his destruction, and at its foot is the old battle-ground, where he and his warriors descended upon them, surprised in their turn, and vanquished them. During the dreadful French and Indian wars, a watch-tower stood here and a signal station, the signal being fire by night and smoke by day. The tower was renewed during the Revolution, and from it the coast guardsmen kept watch for the coming of British vessels. The neck which connects Napatree Point with the mainland was then so broad that it contained a swamp and a pond, and was so well wooded that it would have been easy for an enemy to land there unseen. A story which the incredulous might look upon as a "yarn," is told of this vicinity, celebrating the exploit of an old negro man named Vester. He was of huge stature and proportionate strength. It is said that he could lift a tierce of molasses. He was in the habit of swimming off to the Spindle at low tide and fishing until the returning flood drove him off, when he would swim ashore with the products of his labor. One day he was captured by a party of British foragers, who took him to Fisher's Island and compelled him to work as a slave. He, however, had no mind to waste his strength in slavery, when by a proper exertion of it, he might recover his freedom. One evening, at ebb-tide, he plunged into the waters of the sound, swam out to the current, turned over upon his back and floated until opposite Watch Hill, where he resumed his swimming, and so reached the shore and regained his liberty.

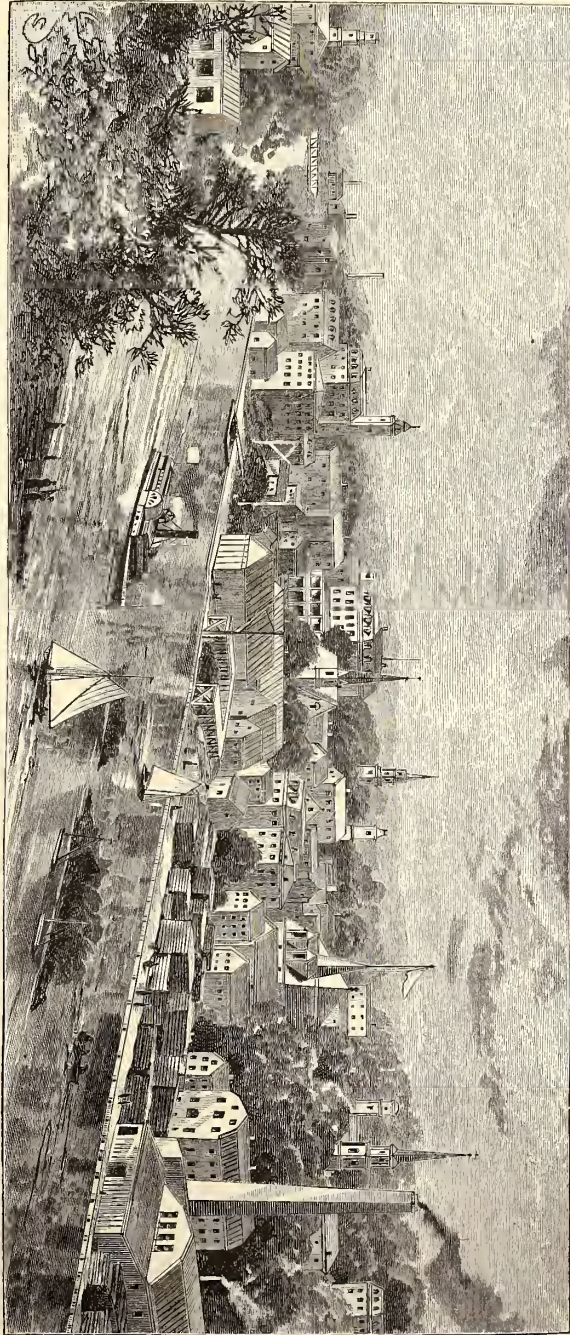
From this same promontory, the awe-struck gazers watched the ghostly burning of the phantom Palatine. On its shores tradition tells that some of Captain Kidd's ill-gained riches were buried. But treasures far surpassing any of the pirate-king lie at the bottom of the ocean that washes its base, where many a good ship has gone down with its freight of precious lives. Some of these have gone to wreck in storm and darkness, some in broad day and smooth waters. "In 1850 a brig and a schooner bound eastward on a calm morning were swept by the tide upon a reef west of the light, and were lost." The story of the ill-starred "Metis," which was wrecked here in 1872, is too fresh to need more than a passing allusion. A lighthouse was erected upon Watch Hill in the year 1802. Its first keeper was Mr. Jonathan Nash, who guarded the light for twenty-seven years. In May, 1806, a vote of the town transferred the jurisdiction of Watch Hill Point and light to the general government at Washington. There is a good beach upon the shore, and this, with its fresh breezes



from the ocean, has earned for it a fine reputation as a summer sea-side resort.

The inhabitants of Westerly have found in its rugged and unsightly rocks a mine of wealth far exceeding any foreign treasure which their wildest imaginings could picture as hidden in caves and recesses with mysterious ceremonies, and under the cover of darkness. There is no granite in the country, if indeed there is in the world, which in fineness of grain, beauty of coloring, susceptibility to polish, and strength of resistance to the destroying power of time and the natural elements, surpasses that quarried in Westerly. Its "crushing power" far exceeds that of other granites, for while they vary from six thousand to thirteen thousand pounds to a square inch, this will not be acted upon by less than nineteen

A View of Westerly.





thousand pounds. There are seven quarries of granite in the town, and the varieties produced are the white, red, blue, and maculated or mottled. Their fame has spread abroad in all directions, and "Westerly granite" is as familiar a phrase as ever "Carrara marble" was. It has in a great measure superseded marble, which although very much more easily chiseled, is wanting in the enduring qualities of the former. The block which is Rhode Island's contribution to the national monument at Washington was taken from the Westerly quarries.

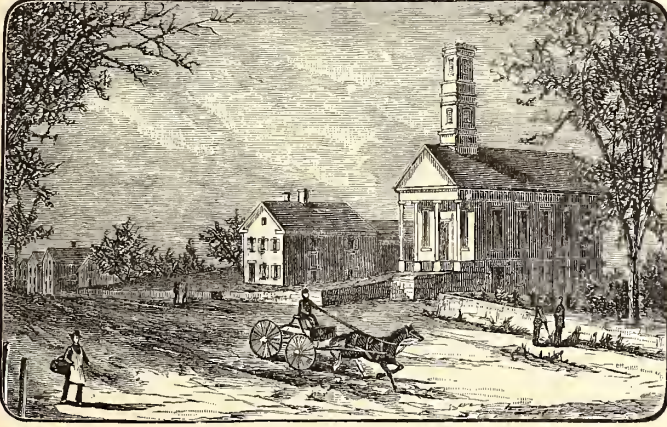
The first of these, which is also the largest and whose products are considered the most valuable, was discovered in 1845, by Mr. Orlando Smith. Certain boulders and rubble stones upon the surface caused him to suspect the existence of valuable stone beneath. Mr. Smith bought the farm containing these indications, which was formerly the property of Dr. Joshua Babcock. He opened a quarry at the top of Rhodes' Hill, between the old Babcock house and the site of the old Hill Church. This was in 1847. Since his death, a few years ago, it has been worked in the interest of his estate by a firm called the Smith Granite Company. The monument erected to Roger Williams, at Roger Williams Park, Providence, was cut by this company from granite obtained from their quarry.

In 1866 Mr. George Ledward opened a second quarry, which proved, however, to be a continuation of the first. It is operated under the name of the Rhode Island Granite Works, the headquarters for business being at Hartford, with the New England Granite Works. Immense quantities of the stone have been quarried here for building, monumental, and ornamental purposes. Perhaps the most famous work of this company is the "Antietam Soldier," for the battle-field of Antietam. It was cut from a single block which, when lifted from its bed weighed sixty tons, but which was reduced by cutting to half of that weight. The figure was designed by Carl Conrads, and with its pedestal measures forty-five feet in height. It represents a Union soldier of the Rebellion, standing at parade rest.

Half a mile north of the second quarry, a vein of red granite, much prized for building purposes, is worked. On Vincent Hill there is a deposit of blue and white granite, with here and there a vein of red. East of these two, in the line of the railroad, are two quarries which produce fine building material. The seventh is situated on Cormorant Hill. The stone which it yields is of a very fine

quality, but lying as it does mainly in thin strata, it is used for curbing, flagging, and such other purposes as require thin stones.

There is also in the town a small quarry of soapstone, which is not worked at present. The aborigines prized this quarry highly,



Congregational Church, Westerly.

and obtained material from it for such rude implements as they could fashion.

In the list of noted men whom Westerly holds in grateful remembrance should be especially mentioned the two Wards, father and son, of Revolutionary times, and the Dixons, father and son, of our own day. The elder Ward was the son of Governor Ward of Newport. He removed to Westerly when he was about twenty. He was three times chosen governor of the colony. In the exciting times which ushered in the Revolution, his pen did good service in inciting the colonists to resist the aggressions of England. In 1774 he was chosen as colleague of Stephen Hopkins to represent Rhode Island in the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was re-elected to the position the next year, and while in discharge of his duty died at Philadelphia, March 25, 1776.

Samuel Ward, his son, was born in Westerly in 1756. He fought in the Revolutionary War, having risen to the rank of captain when he was nineteen years old. He joined in the siege of Boston, and accompanied General Arnold in the expedition against Quebec. He was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged. He helped defend Rhode Island under Generals Greene, Lafayette, and Sullivan. He commanded a regiment here, and received a commission as lieu-

tenant-colonel. Afterwards he joined Washington's army in New Jersey. At the close of the war he became a merchant. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in the year 1832.

No name upon the public records of Westerly is more familiar, not only to the town itself, but also to the whole State, than that of Nathan Fellows Dixon, a name borne by a father and son whose public careers were very similar. Both were leading lawyers; both represented their town in the General Assembly of the State, one for seventeen and the other for eighteen years, and both sat in the councils of the Nation at Washington, the one as a Senator and the other as a Representative. Their names will always be held in proud esteem by the town and State they served so long and faithfully.

Westerly is one of the most thriving and enterprising towns in the State. Here are located many cotton and woolen factories, machine-shops, and manufacturing establishments of various kinds. It is also a business centre and a depot of supplies for the manufactories throughout the surrounding country.

The principal cotton-factories are those of the Moss Manufacturing Company, situated on Mechanic Street; and the establishment of B. B. & R. Knight, at White Rock village, about a mile above, on the Pawcatuck River. Among the companies and firms in the town engaged in the woolen manufacture are the Phenix Woolen Company, the Stillman Manufacturing Company, the Westerly Woolen Company, Latimer Stillman & Co., and at Stillmanville, O. M. Stillman & Co.

There are several machine-shops, where excellent work is done. Among these are the establishments of Cottrell & Babcock, iron-founders and manufacturers of printing-presses; T. V. & V. C. Stillman, makers of wood-working machinery; and N. A. Woodward & Co., transacting a general machine business.

During the last decade, Watch Hill, the extreme southwestern point of Rhode Island, has become a noted summer resort. It is about five miles from the town of Westerly, from which place it is easily reached by steamer or carriage. A number of well-appointed and elegant hotels are here located. The largest is the Larkin House, D. F. Larkin & Co., proprietors, with accommodations for 260 guests. Watch Hill House, with ample room for many guests, is the oldest hotel. Besides these are the Atlantic House, the Plympton House, the Ocean House, the Narragansett House, and the Bay View House.



The present town of CHARLESTOWN, which until the year 1738 was a part of Westerly, comprises the extreme eastern portion of the territory which was formerly the home of the ancient and powerful tribe of the Niantics. Here, upon Fort Neck, was Ninigret's Fort, the historic resting-place of Capt. John Mason and his little band of white men, when on their long and dreary march into the Pequot country, they halted for one night. Sitting around their council fires with the Niantic braves, he persuaded Ninigret to send a band of his warriors with him against their ancient enemy. Not far from the site of this old fort stands the mansion now owned by Mr. James N. Kenyon. It was built by that one of the Ninigrets known as "King Tom." Under the influence of the Gospel, he became civilized and christianized, and, wishing to live like other civilized men, had this house built for his use. The plan of it was brought from England.

Coronation Rock, in the vicinity, was the scene of the coronation of his sister Esther, who succeeded him. This event having taken place since the white man settled here, the account of it has been transmitted to us. The tribes of which she was the head, although fast fading away, still held to the customs of their ancestors, and the coronation was attended with as much pomp and circumstance as their enfeebled condition was able to compass. Esther, escorted by about twenty Indian soldiers carrying guns, marched to Coronation Rock, where the council of her braves waited to receive her. Surrounded by them and by all her subjects, who had assembled to witness the pageant, she stood upon the rock, in the sight of the multitude, and those nearest to the royal blood placed upon her head the crown. It was made of cloth, covered with blue and white peage. ("Peage was the coin used among the Indians, in the manufacture of which the Narragansetts excelled. It was more commonly called "wampumpeage," or simply "wampum," and was strung upon cord and reckoned by the fathom. The word "peage," seems to be precisely the Latin "*peage*" or "*pedage*," from "*pes*," a foot. This latter was a toll exacted from foot passengers for their safe conduct. The resemblance of the two words is suggestive of that often-recurring question of the common origin of the human race.") As the crown rested upon Esther's head, the Indians fired a salute and cheered. They then escorted her to her home with great dignity and ceremony, and upon leaving her, again saluted her with the firing of guns. Her son George, who succeeded her, was the last sovereign who reigned over the Niantics, or Narragansetts, as they have been called ever

since they placed themselves under the protection of the latter after the invasion of their country by the Pequots. The feeble remnant of the two tribes whose united sway extended over the whole western part of Rhode Island, now occupy a small reservation in the centre of Charlestown. They are in a certain way under the jurisdiction of the State, although they have a government of their own. The following extract from a report which appeared in the *Providence Journal* of Oct. 17, 1866, gives a clear idea of their condition, powers and privileges :

“In 1707 the colonial authorities procured from the chief sachem of the Narragansetts, a title deed of all the lands belonging to the tribe within the colonial jurisdiction, excepting and reserving a tract situate in what is now the town of Charlestown, and by that deed the Indians were prohibited from making any further grants of their lands without the consent of the General Assembly. The Indians contend that the provisions of this grant constituted a treaty between the colony and the tribe, and that by the terms to be implied from the treaty, the colony bound itself, and consequently the State is now bound to preserve to them their tribal jurisdiction, and the right to improve and occupy their lands. Whatever may be the true construction of this grant, we cannot believe that it will be seriously contended that the colony bound itself, or that there is any just pretence for saying that the State is bound, to preserve to the tribe a jurisdiction foreign to and independent of the State; or that it is bound to extend to the members of the tribe any peculiar or special privileges not enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the State.

“The tribe elect their own officers, and are governed by their own laws, which embrace their customs and usages as they are gathered from tradition. Their council is of annual election, and, subject to an undefined supervising power resting with the General Assembly, is the arbiter of all their affairs. About two thousand acres of their tribal lands are held by individual members of the tribe as their separate estate. Their titles were derived originally from the tribe, and rest upon tradition. The council grant the titles. Their mode of grant is interesting. The council go with the grantee upon the lot proposed to be granted. After the lot is marked out and bounded, the council cut a rod and place it upon the bare head of the grantee, and then, while he is upon the land and under the rod, they administer to him a solemn oath of allegiance to the tribal authority. This mode of investiture of title bears considerable analogy to the old

common-law *livery of seizen*, and if this Indian custom antedates the landing of the Pilgrims, it might be suggested that there is a possibility that there was a community of origin in the two modes of grant. The individual lands of the tribe cannot be alienated without the consent of the General Assembly; they descend to the heir upon the decease of the holder, subject, however, to the right of occupancy in the next of kin who remains with the tribe, the possession, however, to be restored to the heir when he returns to the tribal jurisdiction; but should the owner die in debt to the tribe, the council let or improve the lands, or sell the wood from them to pay the debts due to the tribe, and when these are paid,



Christ Church, Westerly.

they surrender the lands to the heir or the holder entitled to possess them. The tribe maintain their poor, and support public worship; and the State supports their school. The tribe numbers fifty-eight males and seventy-five females; in all, 133. They own in all about 3,000 acres of land in the centre of the town of Charlestown."

The "public worship" referred to in the above report, dates from 1750. The Great Revival numbered among its converts several Indians. At first they worshiped with the Presbyterians, but becoming dissatisfied with the ceremonials of that body, withdrew, and under the leadership of Samuel Niles, an "Indian exhorter," formed a new society. The faith which these simple red men exhibited is beautifully illustrated by an incident related upon good authority by the Rev. F. Denison:

"In a time of severe drought, when their gardens and fields were withering and dying, the devout who had faith in prayer, made an appointment and met in their meeting-house to pray for rain. With one heart they united in their humble, earnest, trusting petitions. No sooner had they commenced praying than a little cloud, the size of an apron, was seen in the southwest, that steadily drew near and



increased in volume, till it came over the settlement and poured down its water on the thirsty earth. Said one of the praying Indians, 'We had a glorious shower, and went home dripping and praising God.'

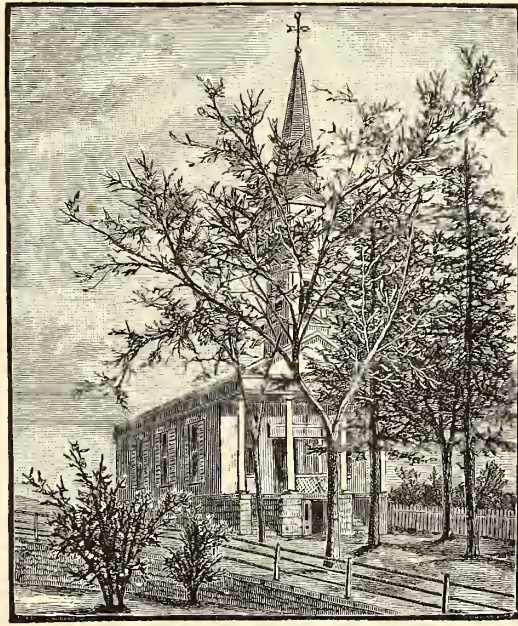
The house which the society occupied from the middle of the last century was replaced in 1860 by the stone one of the present time. The church began its career as a New-Light Baptist, but it has been shaken by many winds of doctrine. It has been described as being at present "a Free-Will Baptist Church in a weak condition, agitated by Advent doctrines, and conspicuous chiefly for its annual mass-meetings in August, after an old Indian custom."

Of Indian burying-grounds several exist within the original limits of the town of Westerly. Many of them are small and obscure, and only to be traced by relics occasionally turned up by the plow. The royal burying-ground, known to be the most ancient, is situated in Charlestown, about a mile north of Cross' Mills. Undoubtedly the imagination which could picture the dead warrior as roaming over the happy hunting-grounds with his dog and his gun, would also suggest that his body would rest more peacefully in a pleasant spot than on a barren and stony hill-side, far from all pleasant sights and sounds. Whether it was their materialistic ideas of death and the hereafter or not which influenced them in the selection of this ground, they chose a picturesque place for their purpose. On a plateau elevated some fifteen feet above the surrounding high lands, with a pretty sheet of water at the south, and overlooking the sea, lie the remains of the kings, queens, and other members of the royal family of the Narragansetts. Their resting-places are marked by mounds, which are identified only by tradition.

In the year 1859 a party visited this ancient cemetery and opened a grave, which proved to be that of a sachem. The body had been enclosed in a coffin made of two logs, split, and kept in shape by heavy bands of iron. At one end was a brass kettle and at the other an iron one. Various smaller relics were found and exhibited as curiosities. Some of the tribe, indignant at this act of vandalism, arraigned the guilty persons, but upon trial before an enlightened court of their peers, they were honorably acquitted. Encouraged by this judgment, others committed like acts, and many relics were obtained in a manner, which, if practiced upon our own dead, would fill every one with horror at its profanity.

The burial-place of the Ninigrets is at Fort Neck, and is of more recent date than this of the Narragansetts.

Of Indian relics which one may legitimately see, one remains upon the land owned by Mr. Oliver D. Clarke. It is a stationary mortar, of which several are to be found in the adjoining town of Richmond. This is the largest in the vicinity, and is hollowed out of a boulder weighing about two tons, on the margin of Charlestown Pond. It measures three feet in diameter and is fifteen inches deep. As its name signifies, it was used by the aborigines for crushing corn and seeds.



Seventh-Day Baptist Church, Westerly.

In the early days of this settlement planters held great estates. "The great estate of the Champlins" consisted of 2,000 acres. Of Joseph Stanton it is recorded that he "owned a lordship in Charlestown." He was descended from Thomas Stanton, the Indian interpreter, who, a generation earlier, had a trading house upon the Pawcatuck, where he received furs from the Indians. A Narragansett princess had been captured by the Manisses in one of their inter-tribal wars, and carried off to their home on the island which then bore their name, but which is now known as Block Island. The number of fathoms of wampum which they demanded for her ransom was so great that her people could not obtain it among themselves. They therefore applied to Mr. Stanton, who had become rich by his trade in furs, and who had great quantities of it. Mr. Stanton gave his assistance promptly, and the princess was restored to her people. In gratitude to Mr. Stanton for his aid at this crisis, the Indian authorities gave him this tract of land. His third son, Joseph, settled upon it. From him descended the Rhode Island branch of the Stanton family. He was one of the first United States Senators under the Constitution, and sat in the upper house of Congress from 1790 to 1793. He afterwards represented the town in the national assembly from 1801 until 1807.

The Rev. Dr. McSparran, whose name is very familiar to readers of the early church history of Rhode Island, was sent as a missionary into the Narragansett country by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in the year 1721. The centre of his extensive parish was at South Kingstown. In his volume, *America Dissected*, which he wrote just before his second visit to England, he says, "By my excursions and out<sup>d</sup> labors, a church is built twenty-five miles to the westward of me, but not now under my care." This was the first Episcopal Church in Charlestown, and stood upon ground given by George Ninigret, "Chief Sachem and Prince" of the Indians of that region, "for the benefit of the Church of England in Charlestown and Westerly." The deed conveys a tract of land forty acres in extent, in consideration of the sum of five shillings. The existence of this church was of short duration.

Until the year 1747, Charlestown extended as far north as the southern boundary of Exeter. In that year all that part of the former town which lay north of the Pawcatuck River was erected into a new township and received the name of RICHMOND. The tradition of a terrible Indian battle which took place at the dividing line of these two towns has been handed down with the greatest care, but it possesses all the vagueness which must accompany such a mode of transmission. Neither the date nor anything like full particulars of the event are known. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the affair really happened. The exact spot is still pointed out where the sanguinary contest took place, near Shannock Ford, now Shannock Mills. Nothing except the fact of a fight is certainly known, although it is reasonable to adopt the commonly received supposition that it grew out of a dispute concerning the right to fish at that point. Even at the present day, the plow occasionally brings to light the bones and warlike implements of the slaughtered hosts.

Shannock "is an Indian name, and means 'squirrel.'" It is applied not only to the ford and falls, but also to the hills in the southeastern part of the town, in whose primitive forests large numbers of squirrels made their home. During the "hard winter" of 1740-41, a great many of these little creatures were found dead, having perished from cold.

Charlestown is not to be regarded as a manufacturing town; many of its citizens, however, and much of its capital are interested in cotton and woolen mills in Richmond, which contains several manufacturing villages. Of these, Carolina Mills, named in honor of



# MAP OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

AND ADJACENT TERRITORY.  
Showing the Points of Interest  
for Excursionists, Tourists &c



Scale of Miles.

Drawn by John C. Thompson

W. H. Egan, Photo-Engraving Boston.

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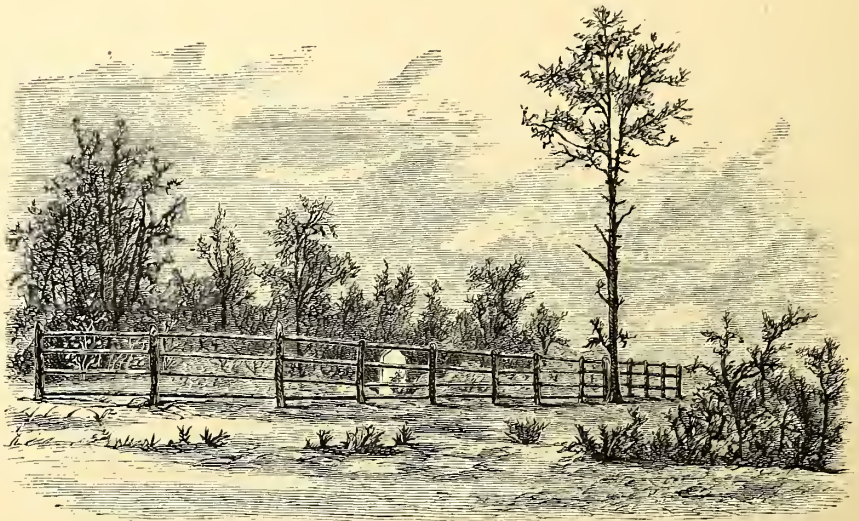
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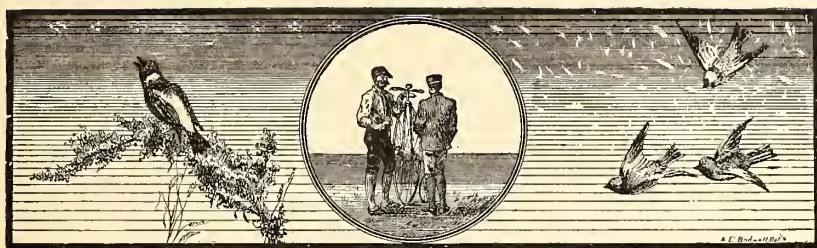


war bears date of June 4, 1776, more than a year after the first blood was shed at Lexington, and just one month before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

At the close of the Revolution, when the present Constitution of the United States was submitted to the colonies for approval or rejection, Rhode Island was the last one to give in her adherence to it. In the town of Richmond, the discussion over its adoption resulted in a vote of sixty-eight to one against it. The brave man who dared to make a stand against such an overwhelming majority was Jonathan Maxson. It is a satisfaction to know that he lived to see the decision reversed, and Rhode Island take her place "last" — it would be pleasant to feel that the rest of the quotation was equally applicable, but every one knows that it is also the least — among the sisterhood of States.



An Indian Burial-Ground, Charlestown.



## CHAPTER XI.

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NORTH AND SOUTH KINGSTOWN — RICHARD SMITH — THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT —  
LARGE ESTATES — ANCIENT NARRAGANSETT — SLAVE ELEC-  
TIONS — NARRAGANSETT PACERS — DR. McSPARRAN — THE “UN-  
FORTUNATE HANNAH ROBINSON” — GILBERT CHARLES STUART.  
JAMESTOWN. BLOCK ISLAND — THE LEGEND OF THE “PALA-  
TINE.”



NAHIGGONSIK, 24 JULY, 1679 (*ut vulgo.*)

I. “I, Roger Wjlljams of Providence in ye Nahig-  
gonsik bay in N. Engl. being (by God’s mersie) ye  
first beginner of ye mother Towne of Providence and  
of ye Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Planta-  
tions being now neere to Foure Score years of age.  
Yet (by God’s mersie) of sound understanding and  
memorie; doe humbly and faithfully declare yt Mr.  
Richard Smith Sen., who for his conscience to God  
left faire Possessions in Gloster Shire and adventured  
with his Relations and Estate to N. Engl. and was a  
most acceptable Inhabitant and prime leading man in Taunton in  
Plymouth Colony. For his conscience sake (many differences aris-  
ing) he left Taunton and came to ye Nahiggonsik Country where by  
God’s mersie and ye fave of ye Nahiggonsik Sachems he broke ye  
Ice (at his great Charge and Hazards) and put up in ye thickest of  
ye Barbarians ye first English House amongst them.

II. “I humbly testifie yt about forty years (from this date) he  
kept Possession Comming and going himselfe children and servants  
and he had quiet Possession of his Howsing, Lands and medow, and  
there in his own house with much serenity of soule and comfort he  
yielded up his spirit to God ye Father of Spirits in Peace.”

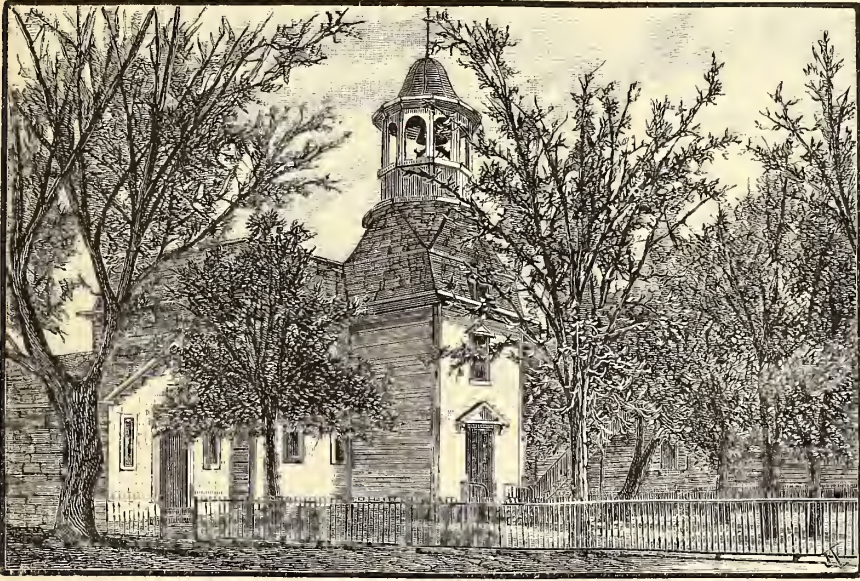
Thus the great founder of Rhode Island “as leaving this country

and this world," gave his testimony in favor of Richard Smith's title to his lands in the Narragansett Country. Never a claim to land in New England was involved in greater uncertainty than this. The fight for its possession lasted long after Roger Williams had been placed in his grave. All the surrounding colonies became gradually involved in it, and for a while the country was erected into an independent jurisdiction under the name of King's Province, until judgment could be had from the Royal Court of Great Britain. The decree which finally confirmed it to Rhode Island, has by some writers been supposed to have saved that little colony from being entirely absorbed by Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The Indians, as well as the white men, realized that the land was well worth fighting for. Many were the traditions of long-continued wars and bloody conflicts his Indian neighbors had to tell, when Richard Smith settled at Wickford in the year of our Lord 1639. A few of these traditions have been handed down even to our own times. Some of them have been narrated in the pages of this book, but by far the greater portion perished with those whose ancestors had participated in the encounters they related. Of the last great combat in the Narragansett Country, a well-authenticated account has been preserved. It was fought, not between two tribes of savages, but between the savages on the one side and the English on the other; and yet the atrocity which crowned the success of the victorious party is much more horrible than any that was commemorated in the vague traditions of the heathen aborigines.

On the nineteenth day of December, 1675, six months after Philip's War had begun its course of devastation, a large body of Narragansett Indians were resting in fancied security within the walls of their great stronghold. The fortress was situated on some rising ground in the centre of a dense swamp in what is now the town of South Kingstown. The position would have been deemed an unusually strong one, even by those deeply skilled in the art of civilized warfare. To the Indians, accustomed only to the hastily-contrived refuges of colonial days, it seemed impregnable. An impenetrable hedge surrounded it; it was fortified by palisade and breast-work constructed with unusual art, and its one narrow entrance was entirely commanded by the loop-holes of a neighboring block-house. Five hundred wigwams there were within its walls. Into them almost all the grain and the other provisions the tribe had laid up for the winter had been carried. Thus the ordinarily thin walls had been made





The Court House at Kingston.

thick enough not only to furnish a perfect protection from the piercing winter winds, but to be bullet-proof as well. Not alone was the fort thronged with warriors. The wigwams were filled with old men, with women and with children, who had flocked into the place as to the one stronghold their white enemies could not possibly capture.

The force that was to attempt its reduction was made up of troops from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut; in all, thirteen companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry. Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, was its commander. Some Rhode Island soldiers accompanied the expedition as volunteers, but Rhode Island, as a colony, was allowed no part in the war. "To the confederated Puritans, heathens and heretics were classed together as beneath the regard of Christian fellowship."

The English troops reached the borders of the swamp at about one o'clock in the afternoon, fatigued and disheartened by a long march of fifteen miles over a very rough country, through deep drifts of snow. A renegade Indian was found to conduct them to the one entrance to the fort. At the first attempt to cross the narrow bridge, so murderous a fire was poured out from the block-house that six captains and a very large number of the soldiers sank before it. But

with the death of their comrades, weariness for a time fled away from the limbs of the survivors, and an insane desire for vengeance took possession of every heart. "Over the mangled corpses of their comrades, the desperate assailants climbed the logs and breastworks to effect an entrance. The struggle on either side was one for life. Whichever party triumphed, there was no hope of quarter to the vanquished. Christian and savage fought alike with the fury of fiends, and the sanctity of a New England Sabbath was broken by the yells of conflict, the roar of musketry, the clash of steel, and all the demoniac passions which make a battle-ground an earthly hell. It was the great conflict of New England. A century was to roll by before the sons of the Puritans were again to witness upon their own soil so fierce a struggle."

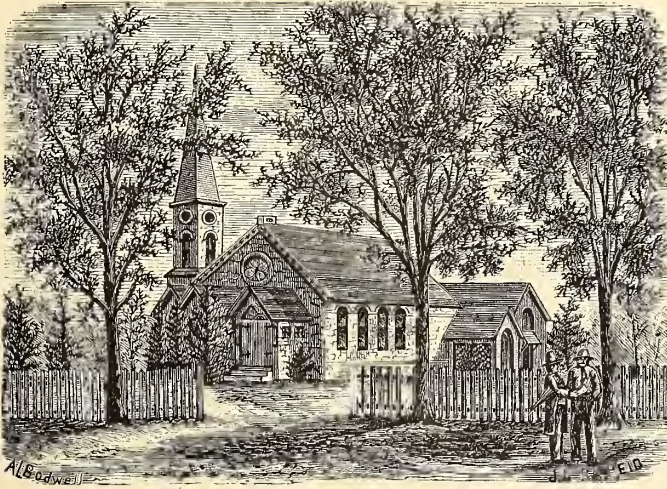
For three hours the Indians held their assailants in check. At one time, indeed, it seemed likely that they would succeed in beating them back. All at once the exulting warriors were stricken down by a withering fire poured upon them from behind. Some of the Connecticut troops, crossing over the frozen trenches, had succeeded in breaking through the barricades when there were none to oppose them, and had entered the fort.

After that the fight was quickly turned into a massacre. The Indians with desperate valor continued to wage the combat, but their powder was long since exhausted, and even their stock of arrows began to fail them. At last the torch of an infuriated soldier was applied to one of the wigwams. Despite the earnest protest of Capt. Benjamin Church, whose humane spirit revolted at the needless cruelty, and whose military forecast plainly discerned the exceeding folly of the act, a hundred others were immediately set on fire, and the doom of the Narragansetts was sealed. When the curtain of night was mercifully drawn over the scene the fort was only a smouldering ruin, the sickening stench from hundreds of half-consumed corpses marked where its wigwams had been. Almost all of the women and children perished amid those terrible flames. Only the more active of the Indians escaped to the neighboring swamp, and there, in the bitter cold of the night which followed, many of them lay down to die from the combined effects of exposure and of weariness.

In October, 1674, just before King Philip's War, and a generation after Richard Smith had taken up his abode within its borders, *King's Towne* was incorporated. It thus became the seventh town in the



colony of Rhode Island, although in point of fact it was probably the third settlement. In 1679 the incorporation was reaffirmed. During the years of the "usurpation" of Sir Edmund Andros, the name King's Towne was changed to Rochester, but with his deposition the old name was resumed. In 1722 the town was divided into North and South Kingstown, the act of the Legislature providing that North Kingstown should be considered the elder town.



The Congregational Church, Peacedale.

Four years later the title to the Narragansett Country, which had been so long held in dispute, was finally confirmed by the king to Rhode Island, and from that time forward, until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, prosperity attended the fortunes of its inhabitants.

The tract of country Richard Smith secured from the Indians was almost nine miles long by three miles wide, large enough, one would suppose, to comfort him for the loss of the "faire possessions" he had left in his native Gloster Shire. A considerable portion of this land was not at first sold outright, but was simply leased — for a thousand years. Before the lease had been a long time in force Mr. Smith was prudent enough to secure a quit-claim deed to the territory it covered.

Like the first settler in the fair King's Province, his successors of a century later were also men of great wealth and large landed possessions. Farms of fifteen hundred acres were very common. The



ordinary farms contained three hundred acres. "They were improved by slaves and laboring Indians. The slaves and horses were about equal in number." Douglass, in a summary, printed in 1760, says of the Rhode Island Colony: "It is noted for its dairies, whence the best of cheese made in any part of New England, is called abroad Rhode Island cheese. The most considerable farms are in the Narragansett Country. Their highest dairy of one farm, *communibus annis*, milks about one hundred and ten cows, cuts two hundred loads of hay, makes about thirteen thousand pounds of cheese, besides butter, and sells off considerable in calves and fatted bullocks."

Very charming is the account that Updike, in his *Narragansett Church*, gives of those halcyon days: "Ancient Narragansett was distinguished for its frank and generous hospitality. Strangers and traveling gentlemen were always received and entertained as guests. If not acquainted with some family, they were introduced by letter, and an acquaintancè with one family of respectability was an introduction to all their friends. Public houses for the entertainment of strangers were rare." The landed aristocracy showed a proper sense of the value of education. For the instruction of their children the very best tutors possible were employed. In the families of Allison, the learned Irish clergyman, of Dr. McSparran, of Wickford, and of Dr. Checkley, the minister at Providence (and an Oxford graduate), many of the sons of Narragansett were educated. "Festivity was the natural outcome of a life of wealth and leisure. Excursions to Hartford, to luxuriate on *bloated* salmon, were the annual indulgencies of May. Pace races on the beach, for the prize of a silver tankard, and roasts of shelled and scaled fish were the social indulgencies of summer. When autumn arrived the *corn-husking* festivals commenced. Large numbers would be gathered of both sexes; expensive entertainments prepared, and after the repast the recreation of dancing commenced . . . the gentlemen in their scarlet cloaks and swords, with laced ruffles over their hands, hair turned back from the forehead and curled and frizzled, clubbed or queued behind, highly powdered and pomatumed, small-clothes, silk stockings, and shoes ornamented with brilliant buckles; and ladies dressed in brocade, cushioned head-dresses, and high-heeled shoes, performed the formal minuet, with its thirty-six different positions and changes . . . At Christmas commenced the Holy days. The work of the season was completed and *done* up, and the twelve days were generally devoted

to festive associations. Every gentleman of estate had his circle of connections, friends, and acquaintances, and they were invited from one plantation to another. Every member of the family had his particular horse and servant, and they rarely rode unattended by their



A Bit of Wickford.

servant, to open gates and to take charge of the horse. Carriages were unknown . . . The fox-chase, with hounds and horns, fishing and fowling, were objects of enchanting recreation. Such were the amusements, pastimes, festivities and galas of Ancient Narragansett."

A very easy life the slaves of Narragansett led in those days. They assumed among themselves the power and the rank of their masters, and many of their amusements were borrowed from the dominant race. Every year, on the third Saturday in June, they elected a governor, and the electioneering expenses were comparatively more expensive than those of the gubernatorial elections in Rhode Island of to-day are supposed to be. The masters of the respective candidates paid all the election expenses. It is told of the late E. R. Potter that after one of these elections he summoned his servant, the governor for that year, to him and announced that one of the two must give up politics or both would be ruined. On election-day the horses upon the plantations were all surrendered to the use of the colored servants. The election proper commenced at ten o'clock, though, of course, many weeks before had been devoted to electioneering (*parmateering*, i. e., parliamenteering, the negroes called it.) At that time tables would be spread and loaded with various refreshments. Of these viands all the friends of the candidates were

invited to partake, and at one o'clock the vote was taken. The friends of the respective candidates were ranged in two lines under the direction of a chief marshal, and no one was allowed to change sides until the vote was counted. Then the marshal announced the result, and proclaimed the victor governor for the year. A "treat," as extensive as the means of the master permitted, followed the election. As the number of slaves decreased these elections became more and more rare. About the year 1800 they ceased to be held.

A century and a half ago a very considerable trade was carried on between the planters of the King's Province and those of the West India Islands. Great numbers of a famous breed of horses, the "Narragansett Pacers," were exported at that time. Dr. McSparran, in his *America Dissected*, termed these horses "the best in the world." "I have often," said he, "rode fifty, nay, sixty miles a day, even here in New England, where the roads are rough, stony and uneven." In another place he writes: "I have seen some of them pace a mile in little more than two minutes, a good deal less than three." The motion of these horses is described as differing from all others, in that "the back-bone moved through the air in a straight line, without inclining the rider from side to side as the common racker or pacer of the present day." The pacers were of great power and endurance, although small in size, like the mustangs of the western plains. They could easily perform journeys of one hundred miles in a day, if properly cared for. Like the mustangs, they were of Spanish origin, having been introduced into Rhode Island from Andalusia. By the Narragansett planters they were raised in great numbers for the Cuban market. One gentleman raised about a hundred each year upon his estate, and often sent in one season two cargoes of them to the West Indies. The breed is now extinct. Before the Revolution, the pacers became so much sought after in Cuba, that all the better animals were shipped thither. Thus it happened that when the war broke out only inferior horses were left upon the farms. During the war a taste sprang up for trotting-horses. Most of the great landed proprietors were ruined by the contest, and no care was afterward taken to restore the pacer to the place he had once held in the popular esteem.

The Dr. McSparran whose name has been several times mentioned in this chapter, was an Irishman, born of Scotch parents in the County of Derry. He came to America in June, 1718, as a licentiate of the Presbytery in Scotland. Shortly after his arrival in



Boston he went to Bristol to visit one of his relatives who was residing in that town. The pulpit of the Bristol church (Bristol was then a town of Massachusetts, and its church was of the "standing order") was vacant at the time, and in it the young Irishman was invited to preach upon the Sunday following. His wonderful oratory made such an impression upon his hearers that he was shortly afterward invited to settle in the town as its pastor. This invitation having been accepted, a day was set apart for his ordination. Mr. McSparran was not destined to become the pastor of the Bristol church. Although he had been in America but a short time, he had yet managed to draw upon himself the implacable hatred of the Rev. Dr. Mather, of Boston. No sooner had he accepted the call to Bristol, than Dr. Mather wrote to the people, "by no means to settle him." Very soon the air of the little town was full of the most scandalous reports concerning the pastor-elect.

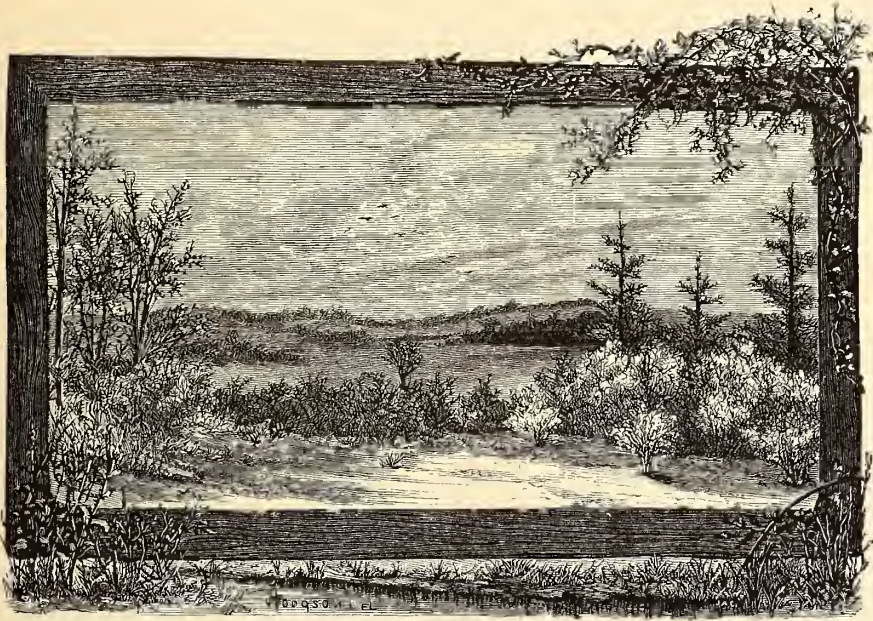
Never since that time have the people of Bristol been so bitterly stirred up. Mr. McSparran bravely faced his accusers, and soon showed that he was innocent of the charges brought against him. A second day was set apart for his ordination, and a second time Dr. Mather interfered to prevent it. The ferment was greater than before, and its result is a curious commentary upon the times. The young minister offered to go to Ireland to procure a confirmation of his credentials, the genuineness of which had been called in question. He went, but he never came back to the Congregational Church. Somewhat less than a year from that time he was admitted to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on the 23d of October, 1720, he was commissioned by the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," its missionary "to Narragansett in New England, who is to officiate as opportunity shall offer, at Bristol, Freetown, Swansey, and Little Compton, where there are many people, members of the Church of England, destitute of a minister."

The life of Dr. McSparran in Narragansett furnished the best possible answer to the accusations that had been brought against him in Bristol. Long and useful it was, and its years of usefulness were entirely blameless. Never in the slightest degree was the good name of the missionary seared by any breath of scandal. With his change in religious belief he had taken away from Dr. Mather the power to influence his career in America, and the stern old partisan from that time forward troubled him no more. Mr. McSparran continued from

1721 until his death in 1757 to be the missionary of the "Propagation Society," and the rector of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. In 1731 he received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from the University of Oxford, an honor more unusual in those days than at present. In 1868, by authority of the diocese of Rhode Island, a monument was erected to his memory in the old church-yard of North Kingstown. His portrait is still preserved in the cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

The old church in which Dr. McSparran officiated for so many years was, in 1800, removed from the spot upon which it was erected (in 1707), and carried to Wickford, then a large and prosperous village. In 1847 it had become unfit for further use, and was consequently abandoned. Battered by the storms of more than a century and a half, and shorn of its olden comeliness, it is yet standing, the oldest Episcopal church in New England. Sometimes, in the pleasant days of summer, the doors of the old building are opened, and the people of the parish again assemble to worship within it; but the quaint structure, with its old-fashioned arrangement of pulpit, pews, and gallery, belongs to the past and not to the present, and it seems almost a desecration to expose the aged walls, that are hallowed by so many precious associations, to the carelessly-curious gaze of a nineteenth century congregation.

The story of the "Unfortunate Hannah Robinson" was one very familiar to the people of Narragansett half a century ago. She was the most celebrated beauty of her day; as gentle and as accomplished as she was beautiful, her praises were daily upon the lips of all who knew her. A young gentleman of Newport with whom she had been acquainted from childhood, and who was in every way worthy of her love, became greatly attached to her. His affection was reciprocated, but from some unknown reason the father of the young lady refused his consent to their marriage. Mr. Robinson was harsh, and stern, and unyielding. When he had once made up his mind respecting his course of conduct neither entreaties nor arguments could move him from it in the slightest degree. He adopted the most violent and unreasonable measures to prevent the, to him, hateful union. The conduct of his daughter was "constantly subjected to the strictest scrutiny; if she walked her movements were watched; if she rode a servant was ordered to be in constant attendance; if a visit was contemplated, he immediately suspected it was only a pretence for an arranged interview; and even after departure, if the most



The Site of the Old Swamp Fort, South Kingstown.

trifling circumstance gave color to the suspicion, he would immediately pursue and compel her to return. In one instance she left home to visit her aunt at New London; her father soon afterwards discovered from his windows a vessel leaving Newport and taking a course for the same place. Although the vessel and the persons on board were entirely unknown to him, his jealousies were immediately aroused, conjecturing it was Mr. Simons, intending to fulfil an arrangement previously made. He hastened to New London, arrived a few hours only after his daughter, and insisted upon her immediate return."

The obstacles Mr. Robinson threw in the way of the lovers only served to strengthen their attachment for each other. His daughter, though entirely unlike him in other respects, yet showed his steady determination in this, the great crisis of her life. Her maternal uncle, sympathizing with her in her misfortunes, and knowing well that her resolution could not be broken down by any measures of her father, however tyrannical they might be, contrived at his house meetings between the young lady and Mr. Simons. These interviews were fraught with exceeding peril. For such was Mr. Robinson's ungovernable temper, that he would undoubtedly have killed the man to



whom his daughter was so deeply attached, had he discovered them together.

At last the unhappy maiden, seeing no prospect of ever reconciling her father to her marriage, consented to make arrangements for an elopement. "Having obtained her father's consent to visit her Aunt Updike, near Wickford, she left home, accompanied by the servant who usually attended her. On arriving at the gate that led to her aunt's house, Mr. Simons was in waiting with a carriage, as had been previously arranged, and, disregarding the expostulations of the servant, who feared for his own safety should he return without her, she entered the carriage, and that evening they were married in Providence. The intelligence of the elopement, when communicated to Mr. Robinson by the servant, roused all the fury of his ire. He offered a reward for their apprehension, but no discovery could be made. Every friend and relative became accessory to their concealment. Even the name of the clergyman who performed the nuptial ceremony could never be ascertained."

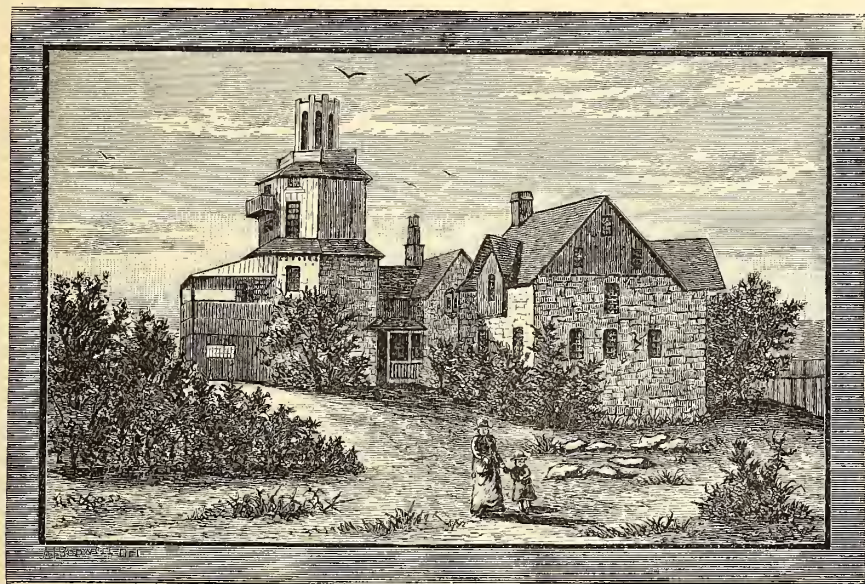
"But the anticipated happiness of the beautiful and ill-fated lady was destined to be short lived. The severity with which she had been treated, the unkind and harassing perplexities she had endured, had so materially affected her health and preyed upon her constitution, that in a few short months the fairest of her sex exhibited evident symptoms of a speedy decline. At the urgent solicitations of her mother, Mr. Robinson finally permitted the daughter once more to return; but it was too late: the ceaseless vigils of a mother's love could not restore her; and in a few short weeks, this beautiful and unfortunate woman — the victim of a father's relentless obstinacy — expired in the arms of her husband."

An English ambassador, about to leave his native country upon a foreign journey, called one day at the studio of the famous painter, Benjamin West. "I am going abroad," said he, "and wish to have my portrait painted — what artist would you recommend?"

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. West. "To the United States," was the answer. "Then, sir," said Mr. West, with great emphasis, "you will find *there* the best portrait painter in the world, and his name is Gilbert Stuart."

Gilbert Charles Stuart was born in what is now North Kingstown, in a gambrel-roofed house, not far from the head of Pettiquamscutt River. His father, Gilbert Stuart, was a Scotchman, brought over from Glasgow by Dr. Moffat, to build a snuff-mill upon his mill

stream. The mill which the father built was the first of its kind in New England, and was a very profitable investment for its owner. Gilbert Charles Stuart was the youngest child of the Scotch millwright. His middle name, Charles, was due to the Jacobite principles of his sire. Stuart never used it after he had grown to manhood. He was about thirteen years old when he began to display his artistic talents. Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch gentleman who was ostensibly a painter, but was surmised to have come to America upon a political mission,



Hazard's Castle, Narragansett Pier.

was his first instructor. With Mr. Alexander young Stuart made a tour of the Southern Colonies, and also went to Scotland. He afterward studied for a time in London with Benjamin West, the great historical painter of the day. The earlier years of his life as an artist were years of struggle, but after all his genius was not long in making itself felt.

When he had achieved a wonderful reputation, and was living in a style of unusual splendor in Great Britain, he suddenly refused any new engagements in England, and came back to his native country. "His great ambition was to paint Washington; it overcame all other entreaties, and seems to have been the great object of his mind." One of his best portraits of the great President hangs to-day in the State House at Newport.

Mr. Stuart was not only a wonderful artist, but a man of varied accomplishments, and of remarkable conversational powers. When he first went to London, his unusual musical abilities secured for him the position of organist in one of the churches, and the means of pursuing his studies as a painter. The anecdotes that have been presented respecting him would fill many pages.

“He was traveling in England in a stage-coach with some gentlemen who were strangers to him, but all were sociable and lively. The party stopped to dine at an inn, and after dinner, the conversation being animated and various, Stuart became conspicuous in it, not only for his wit and humor, but for his correct judgment, rapid thought, and apt phrases. The curiosity of his companions was aroused, and with Yankee-like inquisitiveness, they desired to know who and what he was.

Mr. Stuart, with a grave face and in a serious tone of voice, replied that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. “Oh! you are a hairdresser, then,” returned one of the company, with a somewhat derogatory stare. “What! do I look like a barber?” demanded the *incognito* artist, sternly. “I beg your pardon, sir,” replied the subdued cockney; “but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to inquire what you are, then?”

“Why, sometimes I brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and adjust his cravat.” “Oh! you are a valet, then, to some nobleman.” “A valet!” retorted Stuart, with mock indignation; “indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.” “Ah! you are a tailor!” “Tailor! do you take me for a tailor? I'll assure you I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.”

By this time the joke was beginning to be fully appreciated, and the whole company were in a roar of laughter. “What in the world are you, then?” demanded another gentleman, taking up the office of interlocutor. “I will tell you,” said Stuart, with great apparent sincerity; “be assured all I have told you is strictly true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust cravats, and make coats, waistcoats and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, *at your service*.” “Oho, a boot and shoe maker, after all,” contemptuously returned the questioner. “Guess again, gentlemen,” continued Stuart, good humoredly. “I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet or legs; yet all I have told you is true.” “We may as well give up guessing; it is of no use.”



The fun-loving painter, checking his own laughter, which was on the point of bursting forth, and stimulating a fresh flow of spirits by a huge pinch of snuff, said, gravely, as if bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, "Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces." He then screwed up his countenance and twisted his features in a manner the most skillful clown might have envied. When the loud peals of laughter had subsided, the company with one accord declared that they "had all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre;" "they all knew he must be a comedian by profession." But when Stuart informed them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely inside of a play-house, their chagrin and astonishment equaled their previous merriment.

"Gentlemen," said Stuart to his companions, as he was about to leave them, "you will find all I have said in regard to my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call upon me at York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *a la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and *make faces* for you."

While taking a parting glass at the inn, he was asked in what part of England he was born. He told them he was not born in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. "Where, then?" persisted the English Yankees. "I was born in Narragansett," replied



Hazard's Gate, Narragansett Pier.



Bathing Scene, Narragansett Pier.

Stuart. "And where is that?" "Six miles from Pottawoom, and ten from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Conanicut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought," was the instant reply. "In

what part of the East Indies is that, sir?" inquired a pompous Englishman. "East Indies, my dear sir! It is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and the Connecticut River." And with this novel lesson in geography, Gilbert Stuart took leave of his traveling companions.

Narragansett Pier, in the town of South Kingstown, has within a few years become a noted summer resort. Tourists sometimes call it "a city of hotels." Many of its buildings are large and commodious structures, furnished with "all the modern conveniences," and placed in positions chosen for their "prospect far and wide over the sea." These are some of the leading hotels, and the number of guests each will accommodate: The Atwood House, James A. Tucker, proprietor, 150 guests; the Revere House, James H. Rodman, 125 guests; Atlantic House, Abijah Browning, 100 guests; Massasoit House, N. G. Burr, 150 guests; Elmwood House, F. P. W. Tefft, 125 guests; Metatoxet House, J. H. Caswell, 100 guests; Narragansett House, E. S. Taylor, 50 guests. Besides these are the Mount Hope House, the Continental Hotel, the Mathewson House, the Delevan House, the Hotel Columbus, the Tower Hill House, the Ocean House, the Sea View House, the Congdon House, and the Whalley House.

JAMESTOWN.—In the days before any Europeans had settled upon the shores of Narragansett Bay, Canonicus, the great sachem of the Narragansetts, had his royal residence on the island of Conanicut. He ruled over all the tribes from the borders of Connecticut to Cape Cod, and was "a wise and peaceful prince, aiming to advance



his race in the arts of civilized life, even before any contact with the English had made them acquainted with the means and appliances of civilization. When conquest had secured his kingdom, war was laid aside ; commerce and manufactures—limited and rude to be sure—were encouraged, and the Narragansetts became rich as well as strong, spreading the knowledge of their language and the customs of their tribe over a region of more than six hundred miles in extent.” In his dominions the settlers of Rhode Island found a refuge from the oppression of their own countrymen. By the Indian chief they were always treated with kindness, and from him they received many grants of land. The jealousy engendered among the other colonies by his treatment of these “ exiles for conscience sake,” was a princi-



Narragansett Pier.

pal cause of the subsequent misfortunes of his family and nation. He died in June, 1647.

When Aquidneck was purchased from the Indians, only the *grass* upon the neighboring islands was conveyed in the deed ; the *land* still remained the property of the Indian tribe. In January, 1654-5, the town of Portsmouth appointed a committee to treat with Newport as to the joint purchase of the islands. Two years later Conanicut Island was purchased from the Indians by William Coddington and Benedict Arnold, Jr. In a short time others became associated with these as proprietors, and sturdy farmers, many of whose descendants still occupy the land, established their homes upon the island.

November 4, 1678, Conanicut was incorporated as a township under the name of Jamestown, so called in honor of King James I. The commission William Coddington obtained from the English Par-





Indian Rock, Narragansett Pier.

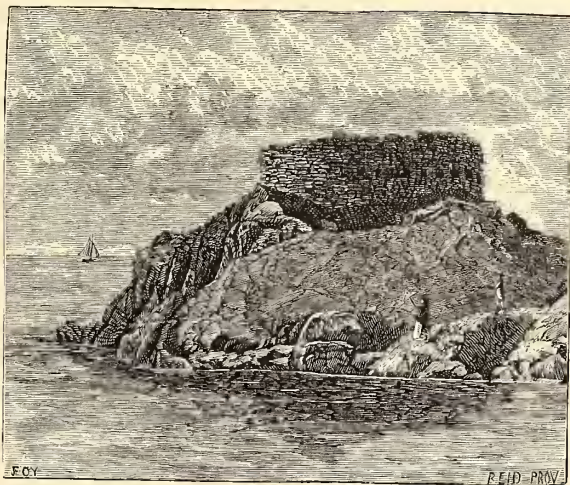
liament in 1651 gave him authority "to govern the islands of Rhode Island and Conanicut during his life." Towards the close of King Philip's War, when the Indians were becoming disheartened, many of them went to Conanicut and delivered themselves up to the Rhode Island

authorities. In 1704 the whole island was surveyed. Highways were laid out upon it, and the boundaries of the farms were more carefully defined than had been possible under the rude system of surveying which had prevailed before that time.

Conanicut is at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. It lies between the island of Rhode Island and the townships of North and South Kingstown on the main land. It is nine miles in length by about two in breadth, and is divided into two unequal parts by Mackerel Cove. The southern portion, which is much smaller than the other, was thought to resemble a beaver, and from that fancy its northern point was called Beaver Head, and its southern Beaver Tail. The light-house on this last named point was first established in 1749. The physical features of Conanicut are similar to those of the adjacent main land. Owing to the limited extent of the island, there are no streams to furnish water-power, consequently in early days there were no attempts at manufactures. Power for the working of grist-mills has been obtained by means of wind-mills. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is agriculture. Sheep-farming is carried on to some extent.

In the Revolutionary War the inhabitants suffered greatly. During the years of the British occupation of Newport they were continually exposed to the ravages of the English forces. Some continental troops were stationed for a time upon the island. By reason of their batteries they became so annoying to the enemy's vessels in the bay, that it became absolutely necessary to dislodge them. "A British force landed on Conanicut at the east ferry, and crossing the island,

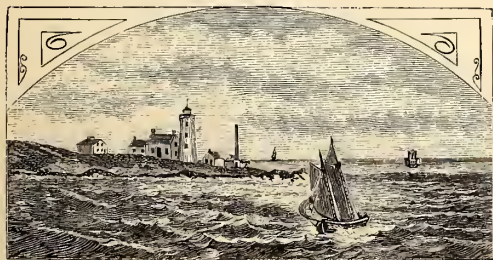
burned all the dwellings near the road, twelve in number, besides barns, plundering the inhabitants, and carrying off a quantity of live stock." After this raid many of the inhabitants fled to the main land, and did not return until the restoration of peace. In June, 1775, a packet was detained by the British frigate "Rose," and the demand of the colonial



Fort Dumpings.

authorities for its restoration was not only disregarded, but the vessel was converted into a tender for the frigate. Capt. Abraham Whipple, in command of a war sloop in the service of the colony, captured this tender after a sharp fight. The action occurred off the Conanicut shore, and is said to have been the first naval fight of the Revolutionary War.

Ferries were early established between Conanicut and the main land on one side and the island of Rhode Island on the other. In the year 1700 they were both in operation, and in succeeding years additional accommodations were from time to time provided for the increasing travel. The colony purchased all the ferries in 1748, but two years afterwards ordered them to be sold at public auction. In 1872 the steam ferry now in operation was established between



Point Judith.

Newport and Jamestown. The "west ferry," from Conanicut to South Kingstown, is run only as passengers and business require. At the east landing is a little hamlet; from it the principal thoroughfare of the island extends to the west landing. Near the

east landing once stood a brick building that was occasionally used for a dancing-hall. A terrible accident prevented the last dance arranged to take place within its walls. Just at nightfall the party of gay young people left Newport in a sail-boat. The wind was rising at the time, but they paid no heed to it. When they were still at a considerable distance from the landing a tremendous gale was sweeping over the waters. A great wave swamped the boat, and all on board were drowned. Into the hall that was to have resounded with the tread of their flying feet, slowly the pitying islanders bore the dripping corpses. No more parties were afterwards held within the building.

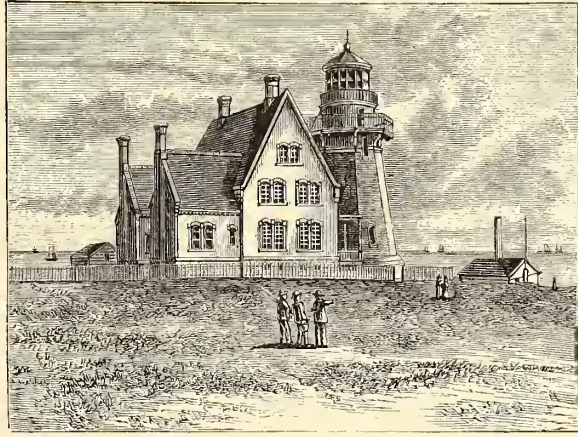
Jamestown also includes Dutch and Gould Islands. These are both quite small. The first is situated about midway between Conanicut and the main land; its area is about three hundred acres. Before settlements were made at Providence or Newport it was used as a trading-station by the Dutch. It was purchased from the Indians in 1658, and for many years was a common pasturage for sheep and cattle. In 1864 it came into the possession of the United States government. At that time the erection of extensive batteries designed to command the entrance to the bay were begun. The fortifications have not yet been completed. During the War of the Rebellion it was the rendezvous of the Fourteenth Regiment, Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. Dutch Island Harbor is one of the best havens of refuge on the New England coast. Hundreds of vessels flee to it each month for shelter. Gould Island, on the east side of Conanicut, is about one hundred acres in extent, and is the property of the New York Yacht Club.

Of late years Conanicut Island has begun to assume some importance as a summer resort. Near the east ferry-landing many summer residences have been built, and considerable land in its neighborhood has been laid out in lots suitable for building purposes. A tract of more than five hundred acres of land in the northern part of the island, now known as Conanicut Park, was purchased in 1873 by the Conanicut Park Association. The grounds have been tastefully laid out. During the summer the steamers of the Continental Steamboat Company and the boat that runs from Wickford, touch at the park on their passages to and from Newport. From this park many beautiful views of the bay are obtained.

The following notice is taken from the *Providence Daily Tribune* of Jan. 10, 1857: "James Howland, the last of the Rhode Island



slaves, died at the residence of John Howland, Jamestown, R. I., on the 3d inst., at the ripe old age of one hundred years. He had always been a faithful servant in the Howland family. Up to the time of his death he retained all his faculties unimpaired, and on the night of Jan. 2 at-



Block Island Light.

tended to his usual duties about the house. On the morning of the 3d he rose, dressed himself, and was about to ascend the stairs from his chamber, when he fainted, and expired in a few moments."

The first religious services held on Conanicut were conducted by members of the Society of Friends. At one time the Quakers were very numerous. At present the houses of worship on the island are one Friends' meeting-house, two Baptist meeting-houses, and one Episcopal chapel. This last is an outlying mission of one of the Newport churches.

"Circled by waters that never freeze,  
Beaten by billows and swept by breeze,  
Lieth the Island of Manisses."

BLOCK ISLAND, by which unromantic name the "Island of Manisses" is known to us, lies thirty miles southwest of Newport, and twelve miles from the nearest main land, a solitary island exposed to the full fury of the storms which sweep the Atlantic. Its general shape is that of a triangle, its greatest length being from northwest to southeast. There are three very noticeable features about this island,—its absolute destitution of forest trees, its hills, and its ponds. "Lonely and windshorn, woodforsaken,"—that is just the impression which one receives upon seeing it, an impression which is not in the least affected by the few fruit and shade trees around the cottages near the landing, all of which may be seen at a single glance. It is customary to say in explanation of this barrenness, that trees will not grow here on account of the bleak winds from the

ocean. But Verrazani, who first reported the existence of the island in 1524, explicitly states that it was "covered with trees." The Rev. Samuel Niles, in an account of a sea-fight which took place off its shore in 1689, more than one hundred and fifty years later, says that the artillery echoed from the woods on shore. Besides these statements, there is ample historical evidence that for years after its first settlement, there was an abundance of timber upon the island. Of course, some of it was used for fuel and for building purposes, but there has never been any adequate explanation of the total extinction of the primeval forest. In 1874, the oldest inhabitants had no personal knowledge of the previous existence of forest trees upon the island.

Verrazani reported that the island was "full of hills." Of its remarkable surface, the Rev. S. T. Livermore gives the following graphic description. "No person ever saw the surface of the ocean more uneven than is the land of Block Island, excepting those who witnessed the flood in the days of Noah. . . . Imagine several tidal waves moving in nearly the same direction, from west to east, each rising about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and their bases nearly touching each other; and on the tops, sides and intervals of these, 'chop waves' in every conceivable shape and position, covering completely the tidal waves; and when the reader has done this, he has an outline of the view under the observer's eye who stands in a good light upon Beacon Hill."

Nestled among these hills are numberless ponds, varying in size from the little ones in which the farmers' geese and ducks swim, to the "Great Pond" which covers a thousand acres. It is on the west side of the island and is separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land. It is fresh, although undoubtedly fed by the sea, which, according to Lord Bacon, "passing or straining through the sands leaveth its saltness." The highest and most beautiful of all the ponds is "Sands' Pond." It is situated more than one hundred feet above the sea, whose nearest point is more than a mile distant. The interest excited by its natural beauty is enhanced by the mysterious manner in which it is fed. No streams of any account flow into it, and yet, although having but few feet of average depth, it is never dry. The nature of the soil forbids the suggestion that it is fed from the higher land at the southeast, and there are no signs of volcanic origin. Its waters are very clear, and fish are to be found in them. The whole number of ponds on the island which do not become dry once in ten years is not less than a hundred.

The aborigines of the island were the Manisses, who, notwithstanding their "soft-flowing" name, were a particularly warlike and turbulent tribe. They were constantly at odds with the neighboring tribes on the main land and Long Island. An incident of one of their wars with the Mohegans illustrates their ferocity and utter want of all soft feelings. They were on their way to the country of the Mohegans, some forty miles away. When but a short distance from their own shores, the moonlight revealed to them the canoes of the Mohegans, on their silent way to the shores of Manisses. Hastily turning back, they escaped unseen, and landing, hauled up their canoes on the shore, and concealed themselves until the enemy had landed. Hastening down to the shore, they waylaid the latter, stove their canoes into pieces, and drove them to the opposite side of the island, until they came to some cliffs which overhung a perpendicular height of nearly two hundred feet. Here, penned in with the pitiless sea before, and the still more pitiless enemy behind, without shelter, food, or water, they all perished miserably.

That the Manisses did not make themselves particularly troublesome to the first settlers, whom they far outnumbered and whom they could easily have destroyed at one fell swoop, was probably owing to the fact that at almost their first intercourse with the English, they were taught to stand in wholesome fear of the firearms, which, even when few in number, had proved so much more destructive than the multitude of their own arrows. In the year 1636, Captain Oldham, of Boston, visited the island on a friendly trading voyage. The contents of his boat tempted the cupidity of the natives, who determined to get possession of them. "Having laid the plot, into the boat they came to trade, as they pretended; watching their opportunities, knocked him on the head and martyred him most barbarously." When this became known in Boston, Governor Vane sent a hundred men under Capt. John Endicott, Captain Underhill and others, to mete out justice to them. They killed several of the Manisses, burned a good deal of property, and "peaceably departed," carrying with them such spoils as "well wrought mats" and "delightful baskets." This expedition only punished the islanders. It by no means conquered them. A second attack, by a company commanded by Israel Stoughton, so far reduced them that Miantonomi, grand sachem of the Narragansetts, to whom the Manisses were tributary, acknowledged the claim of Massachusetts to the island by right of conquest. In 1658 it was transferred to John Endicott,



Richard Bellingham, Daniel Denison, and William Hawthorne, who in 1660 sold it to a company of sixteen men. In the year 1672 it was incorporated as a town of Rhode Island, under the name of New Shoreham, a name which has not wholly succeeded in displacing that of its sturdy Dutch explorer, Adrian Block.

During the terrible French and Indian Wars, as also during the Revolution, its exposed condition laid it open to constant attacks and depredations. The inhabitants could expect but little aid from the settlers on the main land, who had all they could do to defend themselves. But they fought their own battles bravely, and kept up stout hearts to the end. When the War of 1812 broke out, Block Island was proclaimed neutral. So well was this proclamation respected by the English, that the island did not suffer at all during the war. These were, in fact, halcyon days for the islanders, for not only were they exempt from military duty and taxes, but they also found a ready market for their produce on the English men-of-war which frequently anchored off their shores.

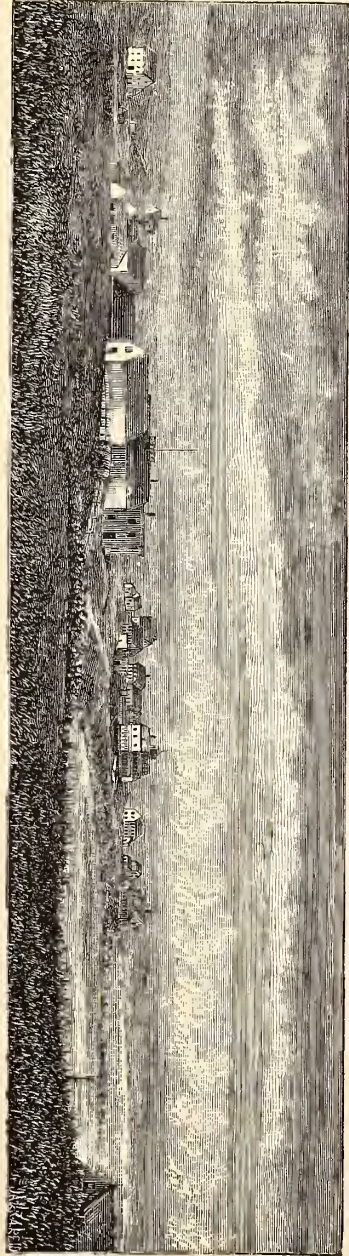
For the last twenty years the "Isle of the Manisses" has been steadily rising into prominence as a summer resort. Since the erection of the government break-water, and the more frequent trips of steamboats consequent thereupon, several excellent hotels have been built, and the island has each season been crowded with summer visitors. The principal hotels are the Ocean View Hotel, Nicholas Ball, proprietor (accommodations for 350 guests), and the Spring House, B. B. Mitchell, proprietor (150 guests); among the other hotels are the Highland House; the United States Hotel; the Connecticut House; the Woonsocket House; the Central Hotel; the Bellevue House, and the Sea Side House.

Of the traditions which hang about this island, none is more fascinating, and at the same time more unreliable in its details, than that of the "Palatine." The versions of it are numerous, but the one most commonly received is that which Whittier has used as the foundation of his poem, the "Wreck of the Palatine." According to this version, the "Palatine," a Dutch trading-vessel, lured by false lights from her course, was driven ashore near Sandy Point during the equinoctial. The wreckers descended upon her, and after barbarously murdering all on board, despoiled her, set her on fire, and watched her burn to the water's edge. Retribution soon overtook them, however, in the shape of a phantom ship which from time to time blazed up and burned itself out before their frightened gaze.

This tradition places the early inhabitants in a very repulsive light, and the historian of the island has been at great pains to compare the different forms which it takes, and to sift all the attainable evidence in order to vindicate them from its unjust aspersions. The result of his researches is as follows :

About one hundred and thirty years ago, the Dutch trading-vessel "Palatine" was either cast ashore, or else anchored here. She put ashore several sick and dying passengers. Most of these died, and were buried on the land now owned by Mr. Jeremiah C. Rose, where the "Palatine graves" are still to be seen. The vessel was neither wrecked nor burned, but in due time sailed away to other shores, and, according to the records of the Dutch Trading Company, was wrecked years after, in 1784, in the Bay of Bengal. Among the passengers left on the island was a low-bred woman called Kattern. She recovered and married a negro. She enjoyed the reputation of a witch and fortune-teller. Ignorant and vindictive, she gained considerable ascendancy over others by fostering their superstitious fears. It is to her that the story of the burning of the "Palatine" is to be traced, she having taken this childish way of revenging herself upon its captain for leaving her upon this foreign shore. Undoubtedly the phenomenon which came to be known as the "Palatine Light" gave color to the story. That such a light has been seen is too well established to admit of doubt. Whether it

New Shoreham — Block Island.



suggested the tradition, or whether the tradition already in existence gained credence because of the light, no one can say. But it is quite certain that an unexplained light has been seen at various times off Sandy Point, where the vessel is said to have gone ashore, and been seen, not only by the islanders, but by credible witnesses on the main land. A suggestion that it is caused by an inflammable gas rising through the water, is the nearest approach to an explanation of its origin which has ever been attempted. Dr. Aaron C. Willey, in a letter to Dr. Samuel Mitchell, of New York City, gives a detailed account of this remarkable apparition, which he witnessed twice during a residence of several years upon the island. His residence was six miles from the shore, and shut in from it by high land. The sight was so familiar to the dwellers upon the shore, that they never thought of notifying those inland of its appearance. These are the reasons why he saw it but twice. He says :

“This curious irradiative rises from the ocean near the northern point of the island. Its appearance is nothing different from a blaze of fire. Whether it actually touches the water or only hovers over it is uncertain, for I am informed that no person has been near enough to decide accurately. It beams with various magnitudes, and appears to bear no more analogy to the *ignis fatuus* than it does to the aurora borealis. Sometimes it is small, resembling the light through a distant window, at others expanding to the highness of a ship with all her canvas spread. When large, it displays a pyramidal form, or three constant streams. In the latter case the three streams are somewhat blended together at the bottom, but separate and distinct at the top, while the middle one rises higher than the other two. It may have the same appearance when small, but owing to distance and surrounding vapors cannot be clearly perceived. The light often seems to be in a constant state of insulation, descending by degrees until it becomes invisible, or resembles a lurid point, then shining anew, sometimes with a sudden blaze, at others by a gradual increase to its former size. Often the instability regards the lustre only, becoming less and less bright until it disappears, or nothing but a pale outline can be discerned of its full size, then returning to its former splendor in the manner related. The duration of its greatest and least state of illumination is not commonly more than two or three minutes. This inconstancy, however, does not appear in every instance.

“After the radiance seems to be totally extinct it does not always

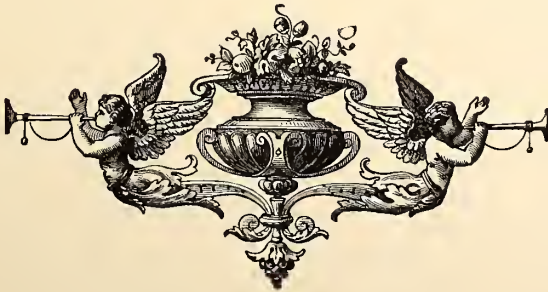


return in the same place, but is not unfrequently seen shining at some considerable distance from where it disappeared. In this transfer of locality it seems to have no certain line of direction. When most expanded this blaze is generally wavering like the flame of a torch; at one time it appears stationary, at another progressive. It is seen at all seasons of the year, and for the most part in the calm weather which precedes an easterly or southerly storm. It has, however, been noticed during a severe northwestern gale, and when no storm immediately followed. Its continuance is sometimes but transient, and it has been known to appear several nights in succession.

“This blaze actually emits luminous rays. A gentleman whose house is situated near the sea, informs me that he has known it to illuminate considerably the walls of his room through the windows. This happens only when the light is within half a mile of the shore, for it is often seen blazing at six or seven miles distant, and strangers suppose it to be a vessel on fire.”

That this phenomenon has no connection with the ship “Palatine,” except in the distempered and easily inflamed imaginations of the ignorant and superstitious, no one would have the hardihood to doubt. And yet, who is there that willingly, even under the pressure of the most reasonable of reasons, casts aside his belief in the traditions endeared to him by age and constant repetition? Let us still seem to believe that the Palatine Light *is* the Palatine Light, although in our inmost consciousness we are well assured that it is not.

“Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray,  
‘It is known to us all,’ they quietly say;  
‘We, too, have seen it in our day.’”



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